PENTHOUSE

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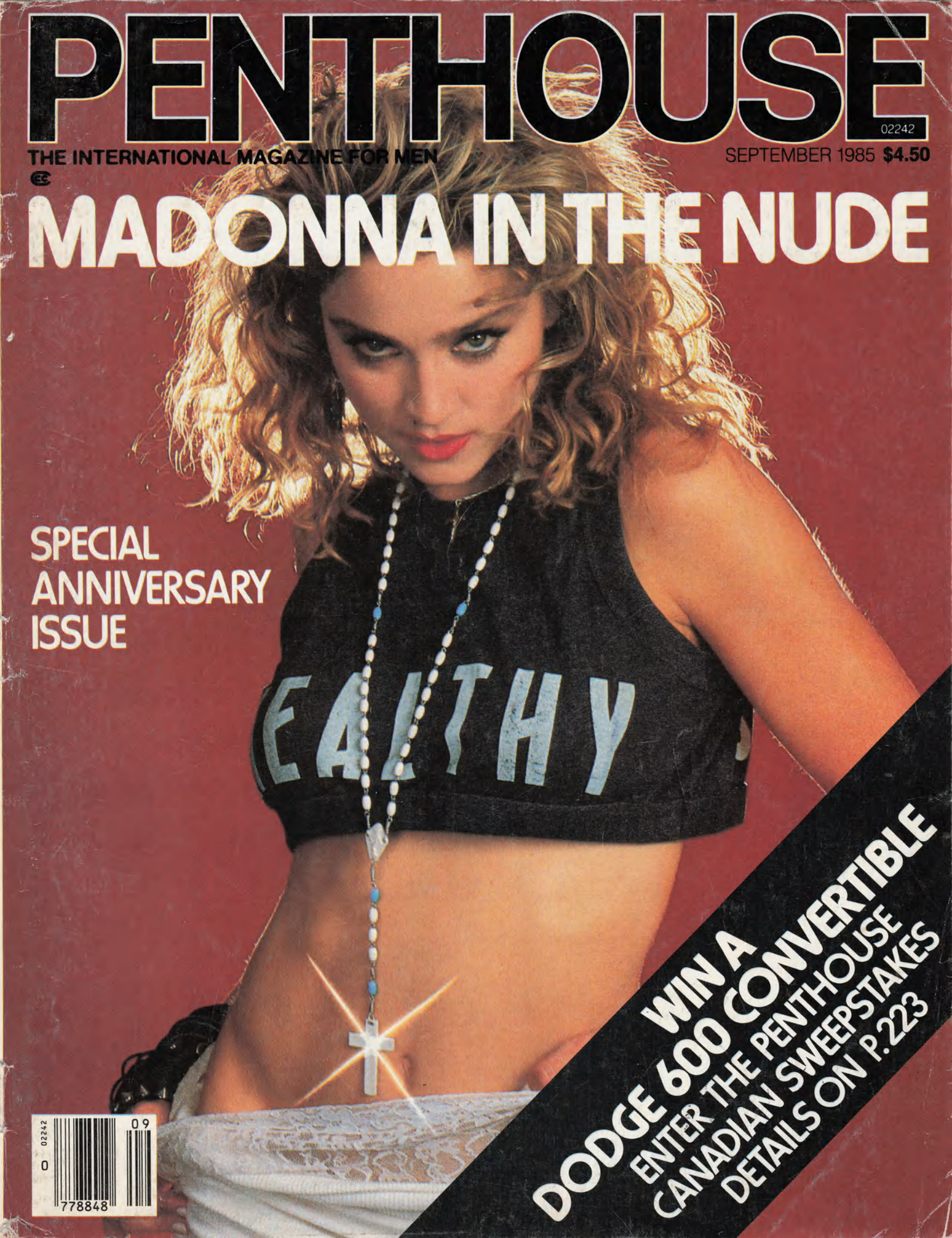
THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

SEPTEMBER 1985 **$4.50**

MADONNA IN THE NUDE

SPECIAL ANNIVERSARY ISSUE



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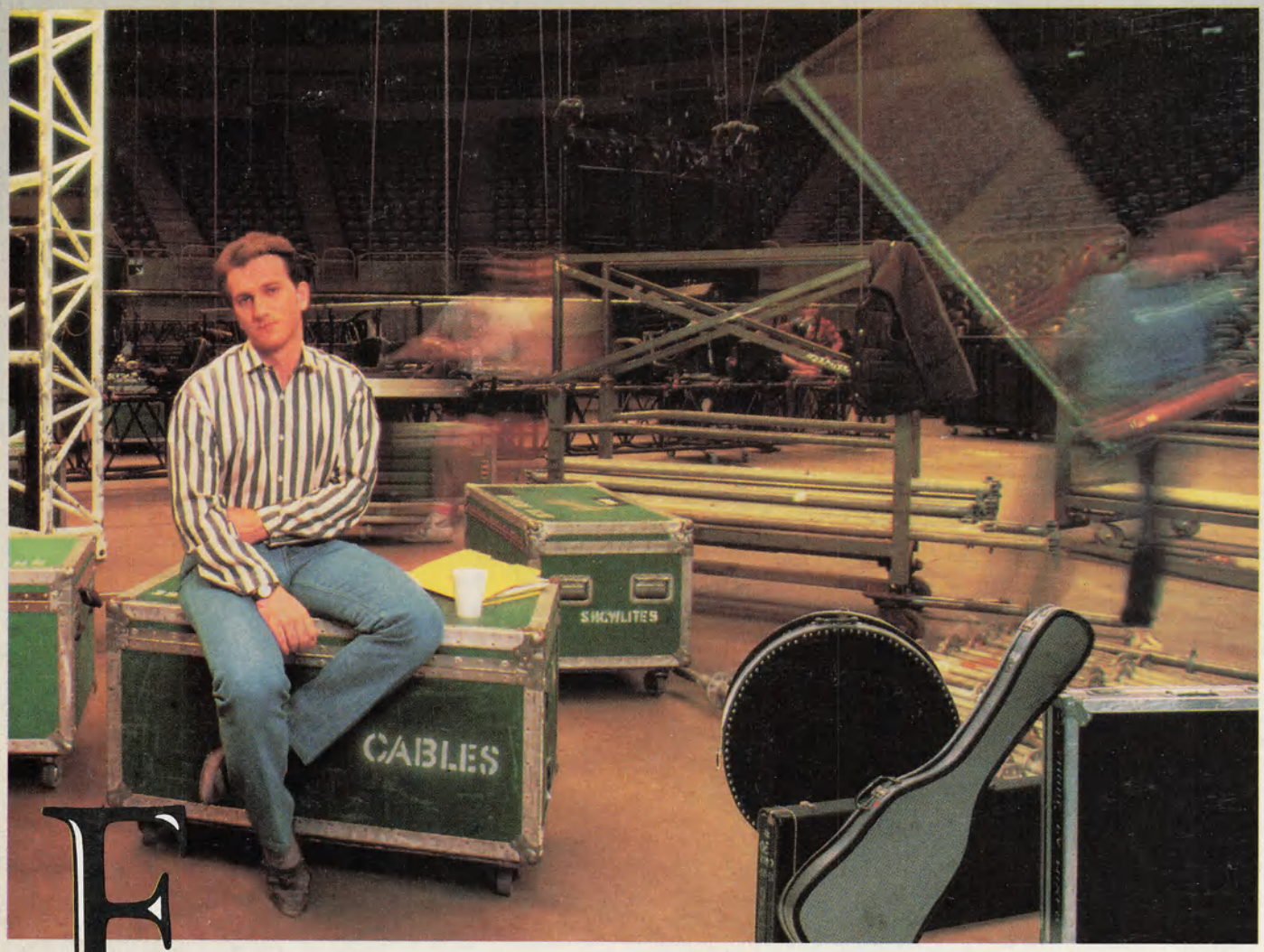

Every night tour manager Brian Doyle sees that 130 tons of lights, amplifiers, guitars and musicians get on stage. As well as 290 lbs. of Daryl Hall and John Oates. So he received a 2 lb. bottle of V.O.

The reward.

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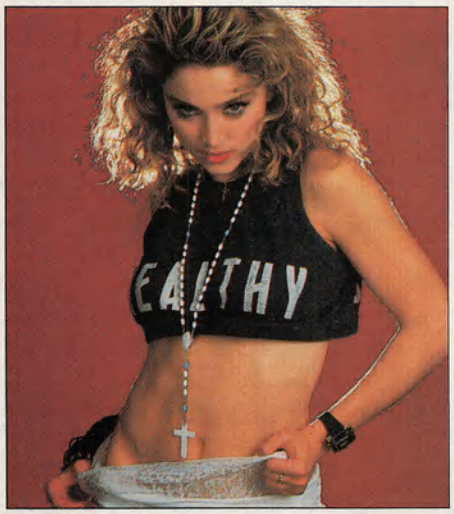

This month's cover features Madonna, who was photographed by Ken Regan, Camera 5. For information on the equipment used to produce the pictorials in this issue, see page 214.

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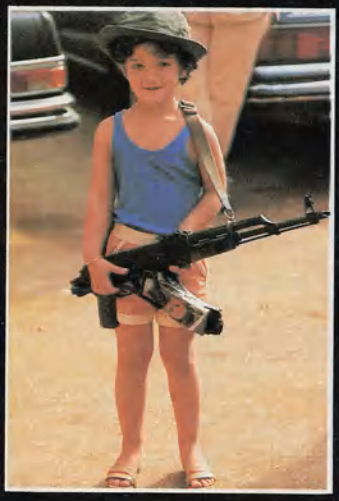
HOUSECALL

SWEET SIXTEEN
This is our 16th birthday celebration and, as you can see, we're partying in grand style! This spectacular Anniversary Issue is your open invitation to join in—and to be welcomed by none other than the sex goddess of the 1980s, America's "Material Girl," in stunning photographs taken by Bill Stone during the years that she was just beginning to cleverly program herself as the last word in contemporary sensuality. These photos, combined with the insightful commentary of noted rock writer Nick Tosches, offer a new perspective into the phenomenon of Madonna Louise Ciccone, who singlehandedly is making this the longest, hottest summer in recent memory.



MEDICAL GENOCIDE
One of our proudest hallmarks throughout these 16 years has been our commitment to investigative journalism. In this issue, health-consumer advocate and science reporter Gary Null begins what promises to be one of the most important series of articles we've ever published: a complete, in-depth examination of the wretched state of medical care in the United States today. If you remember Gary's hard-hitting "Politics of Cancer" series, you'll know that he is one medical writer whose controversial views focus on the implications to the patient—not to the doctors, hospitals, or pharmaceutical companies, who have made health care an industry worth over $355 billion a year.

SEX IDOLS
Madonna may be the sex goddess of the eighties, but for many of us, Marilyn Monroe will always be the all-time champion in that department. Ted Jordan, who first knew and loved Marilyn when she was still called Norma Jean, writes about his teenage love affair with her and shows how, even before she became a star, the seeds of destruction were sown deep within her. Jordan's *Penthouse* book on Marilyn will be published next year.

WAR GAMES
All kids love to play war—but in "Children of War," a horrifying photo essay, you'll see some kids who are *forced* to wage rather than play war by power-mad leaders around the world. Journalist Omar Rivabella reports on how child abuse of all kinds is a growing international scandal. . . . A scandal closer to home is the ferocious effort by fascist feminists and Moral Majority goons to stop Americans from viewing, saying, and reading what they want. Dr. Edward Donnerstein, a leading researcher, explains in this month's interview how his findings on sexually explicit material and sexual violence have been distorted by those groups whose fanatic fear of sex has led them to advocate the dissolution of our liberties.

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS
Not content to celebrate our birthday with a treasure trove of exciting articles and photo features, we've also scattered 16 clues throughout this issue to guide you in finding thousands of dollars in prizes in our second annual Great Penthouse Treasure Hunt. See pages 37–40 for details. . . . And for details on the highs and lows of modern life, you won't want to miss our all-new monthly column, "Dreams & Diversions," in which the candid, the absurd, and the far-out become a work of art. . . . Japanese illustrator Ajin makes his *Penthouse* debut in "Paper Work," a collection of unique three-dimensional caricatures that have to be seen to be believed. . . . Viewing our more natural works of art will definitely make a believer out of any skeptic amongst our readers—we're referring, of course, to our special anniversary Pets, who gladly share their treasures with us to make this our happiest birthday ever!

How to pick a video system with your eyes closed.

by Ray Charles

"I look at video systems a little differently than you.

I look with my ears.

And, frankly, since the beginning, video has sounded pretty sad.

Then along comes Pioneer with LaserDisc. And suddenly, my ears get very happy.

The sound of LaserDisc is as good as anything I ever heard on my stereo.

Maybe better.

And while I was impressed with the sound, the video experts were floored by the picture. They tell me nothing else even comes close.

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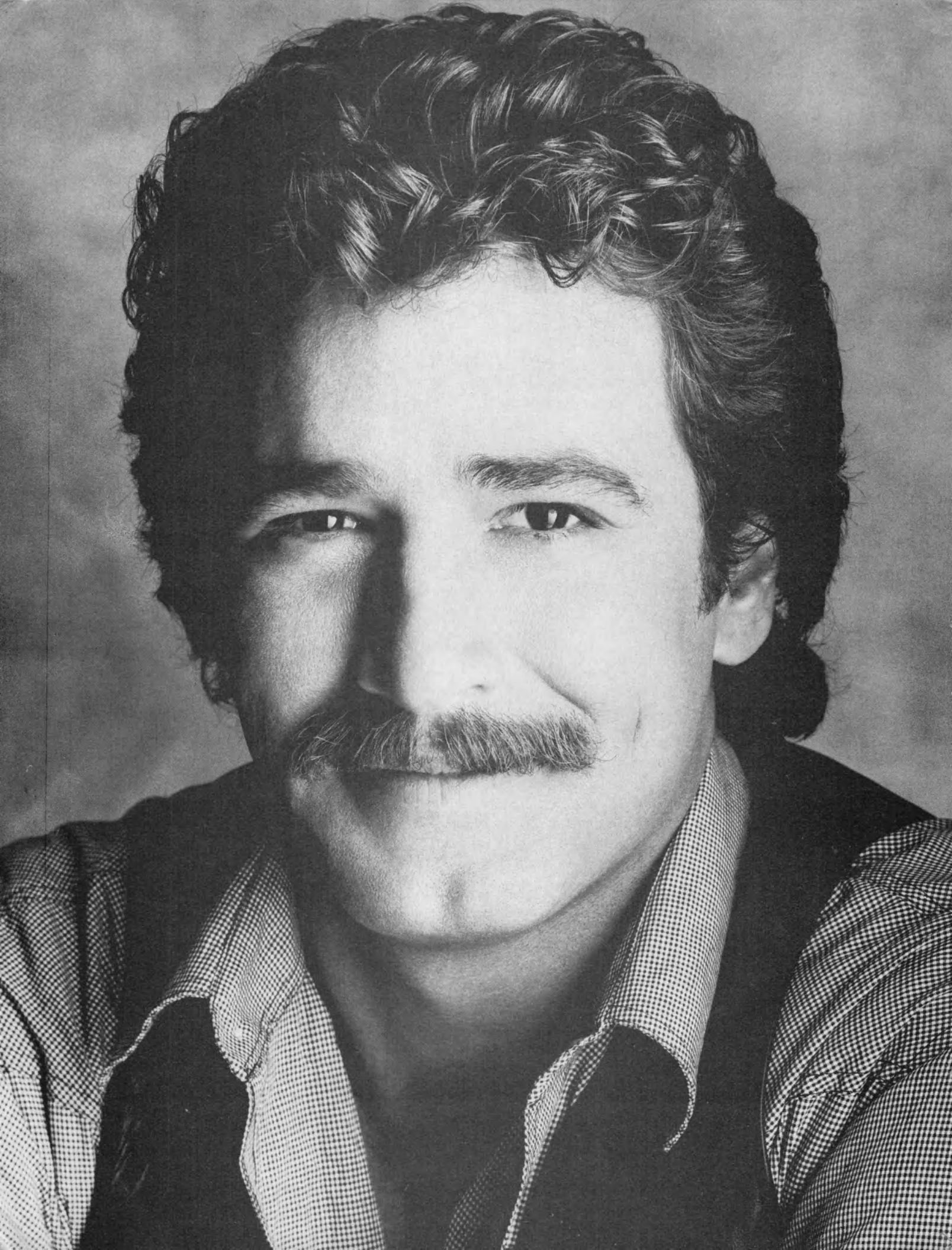

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"Jill was nude and ready for the grand finale. When I plugged in the clippers, the buzzing sound sent a shudder through me as well as her."

PENTHOUSE FORUM

SHEAR PLEASURE

I am an avid fan of *Penthouse* and always zip to "Forum" the minute my subscription arrives each month. Finally, after many years of amazement with each month's reading, I have gone through an experience that I consider excellent enough to share with my fellow readers.

For a long, long time I've been fascinated by the stories you publish about lovers who shave each other's heads, crotches, or whatever else. I find this a real turn-on. Even the idea of a girl sitting in a stylist's chair awaiting the whack of the scissors has always been enough to get my blood boiling. Many nights I have sat outside hair salons stroking away while watching the stylists relieve customer after customer of their long, gorgeous locks. For a period of time I was into picking up garbage bags from the dumpsters of various salons, taking them back to my apartment, pouring the loads of freshly cut hair onto the floor and envisioning the stray locks as my handiwork. Of course this never failed to give yours truly a satisfying, explosive orgasm.

Recently I played host to a couple of former college classmates who were in town on business. These two friends, whom I hadn't seen for a few years, were certainly a welcome sight. Jill is around five foot five, perfect from head to toe, with long golden hair to her waist. She was always kind of off-the-wall but great to be around. Our relationship was never really sexual except for a few occasions when, after some intense partying, my offer of a ride home would sometimes end with a quick fuck in the backseat or a tremendous headjob while I was still behind the wheel.

Liz, on the other hand, had been engaged to the same guy for what seemed like forever, so the two really created the ultimate "odd couple." Liz is more plain in appearance than Jill but still very pleasing to the eye. Her most outstanding attribute is her thick, curly mass of auburn hair.

When I arrived home the first evening, the girls had already started in on my liquor. After a few hours, we all decided to turn in with a great buzz still fresh in our heads. The girls unloaded their sleeping bags and before long were set up and snoozing away.

The next move was mine. Once I was assured they were both sound asleep, I grabbed a small pair of scissors and headed into the living room. I quietly knelt beside Liz and tried to find an inconspicuous curl for cutting. With such a thick head of hair, choosing one was no problem. After a quick snip, it was done. Not wanting to get caught, I quickly returned to my room. All through the next day, I kept wondering if Liz had noticed my handiwork. It went undetected.

The next evening I followed the same pattern, only this time it was Jill's turn. As I crept into the room, I noticed that she had fallen asleep on the couch with her hair dangling over the edge. This made it easy for me to gather a few of her long, silky blond strands. I was successful again.

The following day Liz was called away on business, but Jill decided to stay on a few extra days. When we returned from taking Liz to the airport, Jill grabbed a couple of beers from the fridge and, once we were seated on the couch, proceeded to tell me that she had been awake when I was cutting Liz's hair as well as her own. She also said that she found my practice a real turn-on and that for the last few months she had been shaving her pussy and really enjoyed the feeling of being "bald." I was totally stunned.

She said that she had considered shaving her head. We came to the conclusion that we could satisfy each of our wants by letting me have control of the scissors. Once it was decided, we wasted no time. After running a comb through her hair, we began.

I raised a handful of her hair and slowly worked my scissors until I claimed my prize. I lifted my souvenir high into the air in triumph. To prepare for what was to come, Jill leaned back into the chair until she was comfortable. Starting on one side, I slipped my scissors into her soft, shiny tresses and began the transformation. Soon her shoulders, as well as the floor, were covered with wisps and strands of hair. I continued without hesitation until I had made my way around the back and to the other side.

After the initial haircut, Jill was left with a chin-length bob, but the job had only begun. Aroused by her new look, she made the next move. As I stood in front of her, she eased herself out of the chair, taking me by the hand and guiding me into the

In PENTHOUSE FORUM, editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capitals, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

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SEPTEMBER

chair where she had been sitting. Once there, she massaged my crotch, undid my fly, and lowered my jeans to my ankles. Smiling, she took my cock into her mouth and gave me an extraordinary tongue-lashing, reminiscent of our college days. Once I had emptied my blast, she glanced up at me and asked if I was ready to complete the task. Anxious to get on with it, I went into my closet and returned with an old set of hair clippers.

I found Jill seated once again in the chair. She was nude and wet and ready for the grand finale. When I plugged in the clippers, the buzzing sound sent a shudder through me as well as Jill. I raised the clippers to her head. As the remaining clumps of gold hair fell to the floor, she whimpered.

With each passing buzz, Jill buried her fingers inside her hairless pussy. Within minutes, her waist-length silky mane had become mere stubble. Covering her head with shaving cream, I removed the nubs with a razor, leaving behind only her shiny scalp. She ran her hands over her head, saying how incredibly great it felt.

Needless to say, I spent the next few days accepting her numerous appreciations. I can say that I've never spent so many hours in ecstasy. She even talked me into letting her shave my crotch. She's got quite a nice touch herself.

Of course, all good things must end: Jill left yesterday. We plan on getting together as often as possible to repeat this blade-running experience. Until then I guess I'll have to settle for my collection of Liz's curls, my bundle of Jill's gorgeous blond locks, and the memories of my day as the man with the shears.—*Name and address withheld*

ORAL THRILLS

I am 19 years old and am attending my first year at a university. One of the classes I am enrolled in is French. It happens to be my favorite class because of my incredibly gorgeous teacher. She is a tall blonde with a fantastic figure.

All first-year students are assigned a teacher as a student adviser. Jane was mine. A couple of times a year I am required to visit her. Obviously, I looked forward to these meetings, but the real surprise came at the end of the semester during my orals.

It was five o'clock when I showed up. I was the last one scheduled for the day. I knocked on her office door and went in. Part of my assignment was to read some French text. Once I sat down, Jane pulled out a magazine and instructed me to turn to a specific page. As I searched through it, I kept seeing photographs of nude men and women fucking in various positions. This really turned me on. Finally I found the page and began to read.

As I read I kept finding words I had never seen before. I tried my best to pronounce them. After I finished she asked if I had understood what I had read. I confessed that I hadn't. She then translated it for me. The article was a detailed account of an older woman and a younger man and their exploits in bed.

As she read she slowly raised her skirt to reveal one of the most beautiful pussies I have ever seen. I couldn't resist her. I dived at her cunt and began to lap at her moist lips as she read on. When I found her clitoris she had an earth-shattering orgasm.

I almost came just by watching her. But now it was my turn. I stood up and began to remove my pants. Jane helped me. She released my cock from its confinement and began to lick it like a lollipop. I leaned back on the desk while she expertly sucked on my balls.

All of a sudden she stopped and started to remove every strip of clothing she had on. I did the same. When she let loose her terrific tits, I just had to squeeze them. I sucked and pinched her rosy nipples. After a while Jane pulled away and knocked everything off the desk. She pulled out a jar of petroleum jelly from the top drawer and in a seductive voice said, "Tit-fuck me. I want to feel your cock between my breasts."

I slowly eased her onto the desk and began smearing jelly on her body. When she was well-greased, I mounted her and began to glide my cock back and forth through her lovely tits. I started to move faster and faster. Then she took my penis in her mouth. She sucked hard and I promptly shot my load. We collapsed on the floor and rested. But it wasn't long before we were at it again. More on that interesting lesson later.—*Name and address withheld*

UNMATRICULATED

I had heard rumors that the state college had a good supply of wild-and-woolly women, so when my old buddy Joel invited me up for a weekend visit, I looked forward to checking out the 15,000 young, vivacious females.

I arrived at Joel's apartment and took a quick shower. After a few hits of vodka (the standard eye-opener), we made the downtown bar scene. Joel, who's hung like a brontosaurus, wore tight terry-cloth shorts with nothing underneath. He said that the chicks loved it.

Our first stop was Maxwell's, where we sat at a table against the far wall so Joel could prop up his legs and give the ladies a peek. A gorgeous Asian-looking girl, whose steamy, slithering dance routine put everyone else to shame, gave us the eye while heating up the dance floor. Joel nudged my arm and gestured toward the door. Once outside, I told him we ought to hurry back to meet the chick. "Patience," he said. "These women know what they want." His cock, looking like a thick hose, bulged against the constricting terry cloth.

Finally we went back inside. Sure enough, the doorman told us that the Asian girl had a message for "the guy with the shorts." We spotted her table and

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walked over. When she saw us, she tongued the lip of her mug, stood up, and led us back to the door. "Let's get acquainted," she said.

Ten minutes later we were back at Joel's place. She was, it turned out, an Eskimo. Her skin was a light-chocolate color. Her legs were smooth and taut. Dancing, she said, had trimmed her body to this lean, muscular look.

Blasting the stereo, we smoked a joint, and the girl, whose name was June, peeled off her jeans to reveal tight black panties. She kept her blouse on. We sucked down vodka after vodka, and I was starting to feel a little like Gumby without the iron. The three of us were dancing to Bruce, who was wailing out of the speakers. Then the phone rang. Joel's neighbors were calling to complain about the noise. They had to study, they said. Joel told them to loosen up and stop hassling him, then he hung up.

When I turned back to June, she smiled and started fondling my crotch. She unbuckled my belt, slowly pulled down my zipper, and then yanked my pants down to my ankles. Even in my dreamy, half-drunk condition, my cock throbbed to life. She slipped her lips around it and started sucking with long slow strokes.

Just then someone knocked on the door. Joel opened it a crack. His neighbors, two studious-looking freshmen nerds called the "Toomey Brothers," started bitching about the noise. I felt too damned good to worry about who was at the door. June's lips were sucking and pulling at my cock with slick, wet strokes. She finally buried my cock in her mouth and used one excruciatingly long slurp to torture me. I groaned and felt my come spurting down her throat.

Joel flung the door open wide. "You want to study?" he yelled at the nerds. "Study this!" Exhausted and a bit drunk, I fell to my knees. The Toomeys stared; their jaws dropped. June, a thin rivulet of come sliding down the corner of her mouth, unbuttoned her blouse and wriggled out of it. The brothers stood transfixed in the doorway. June unsnapped her bra. She had beautifully firm, round breasts. She walked up to the Toomeys, took their hands, and placed them on her breasts. She kissed the taller Toomey with her soft, full lips. Next, her come-drenched tongue circled the second brother's ear.

Then something snapped in the nerds. They moaned and began pawing at her. She turned and marched back into the living room, with the boys following as her black panties bounced in time to the music. Joel smiled and shut the door.

Still not facing us, June stripped off her panties, closed her eyes, and sat back on the couch. Her untanned crotch was a light cream color. "Eat me," she said. In seconds the boys were between her parted thighs, licking and tonguing her. She placed her feet on each brother's back as they frantically bit and lapped at her crotch. June kept her eyes shut, and a wistful smile covered her face.

"Enough!" Joel yelled. I turned. He had taken off his shorts and this unbelievably huge, rock-hard penis hung quivering in midair like a swollen pink billy club.

The boys scurried away from between June's legs. She opened her brown eyes, saw Joel, and slid to the floor. "Nail me," she said.

Joel quickly obliged. His enormous cock, almost three inches thick, plowed into her cunt. Her face registered surprise, then pleasure.

"Yes!" she cried.

Joel's huge club plunged in and out, in and out. She cried out in pleasure. She begged him to stop, then never to stop. She gurgled and whimpered, grasping his buttocks as if her life depended on that great throbbing cock gouging a path through her body.

A full 20 minutes later, Joel finally came. Blistering spurts of come burst from his cock's lips, spattering June's belly and breasts with thick, hot, snow-white drops.

I'm now addicted to life at State. And even though I'm not a student, I've rented an apartment here so I don't miss any of the good times.—*Name and address withheld*

EAU DE POOZLE

After years of reading "Forum," my wife and I feel it's time to share one of our own erotic adventures. First, I should mention that my wife is 26 years old and a walking wet dream, with beautiful, full breasts, a slim waist, and an ass many men would die to touch. Couple this with a gorgeous face and brains and wit, and in my book you have an unbeatable combination. I should also mention that we are both bisexual and have, as you will find out, very intense sex drives. As for myself, I am 30 and have an ever-ready seven-inch cock.

Recently, we decided to visit a local party house to check out the action. Arriving at the house, we were somewhat disappointed to see that the crowd was mainly male, and not very attractive. But we decided to stay and see what developed. After a little small talk, and much avoiding of the fat and horny old men, we were finally approached by a handsome young man named Bill. Sensing a good thing, we retired to a more private area to get to know each other.

My wife began to play with our hard cocks, alternating her talented mouth from one to the other. In no time Bill was practically frantic, so I settled back to watch this lucky man get the fuck of his life. He began to fuck her slowly at first, then harder as she milked his cock with her pussy. I enjoy seeing my wife receiving pleasure, and I began to jerk off as he banged away at her. She came after a few minutes, but she was just warming up. With Bill's hard cock in her pussy, she grabbed my own rock-hard cock and began to suck me in a slow, sensuous rhythm. This continued in various posi-

tions for about an hour until Bill had come in her twice. This was particularly enjoyable as I lay below her and sucked her hot clit while Bill banged her from behind. Afterward, Bill just lay there exclaiming that it was the best fuck of his life. (This came as no surprise to me.)

No sooner had Bill pulled out when another young couple introduced themselves and told us how much we turned them on. They also mentioned that there was another couple there, and they too would like to join us. After a few minutes' rest, they joined us on a mattress for the most unbelievable sex any of us had ever had. With three hot pussies for me, and three stiff cocks for my wife, we were in heaven for over four hours. Forming chains of writhing bodies, we sucked, licked, and fucked everything in reach. We all descended on one woman. My wife began by licking the stranger's pussy. I fucked her while my wife stroked herself. Another woman and her husband sucked her tits. Another man shoved his cock in her eager mouth. Her body was shaken by multiple orgasms. Finally, all six of us came.

As I shot hot come deep inside this woman's already come-soaked pussy, I will never forget the sight of driving her insane with pleasure. I could go on for pages with all the variations of that night, but instead I urge your readers to give it a try. If you love each other, have a good marriage, and jealousy isn't a problem, you will most likely be closer because of it. We finished the night by making love at sunrise in our own bed, capping the night's adventures with one last explosive fuck. I have never tasted a sweeter pussy in my life. And she sucked the pussy juice off my throbbing cock, while I took in the bouquet of my pussy-soaked mustache. The smell of three different pussies mixed together was beautiful. At last we fell asleep in each other's arms.—*Name and address withheld*

HOT ROD SUMMER

I'm a 24-year-old staff sergeant currently stationed at an Air Force base on the East Coast. I'd like to share an experience I had late last summer that will always stand out in my memory.

I was living with a lady whom I'll call Louise. She's an extremely cute blonde. To augment her good looks, she packs a killer smile and speaks with a truly knockout southern accent. We had just taken ownership of a new sports car and had talked about "breaking it in" in the most classic way a new car should be broken in. Well, one warm weekend night after a few drinks at the officers' club, we decided to go through with the "break-in" ceremony.

We originally had intended to check out the band at a local heavy-metal bar, but I guess the rum in her and the whiskey in me wouldn't let us wait. The moistness between her legs and the stiffness between mine required immediate atten-

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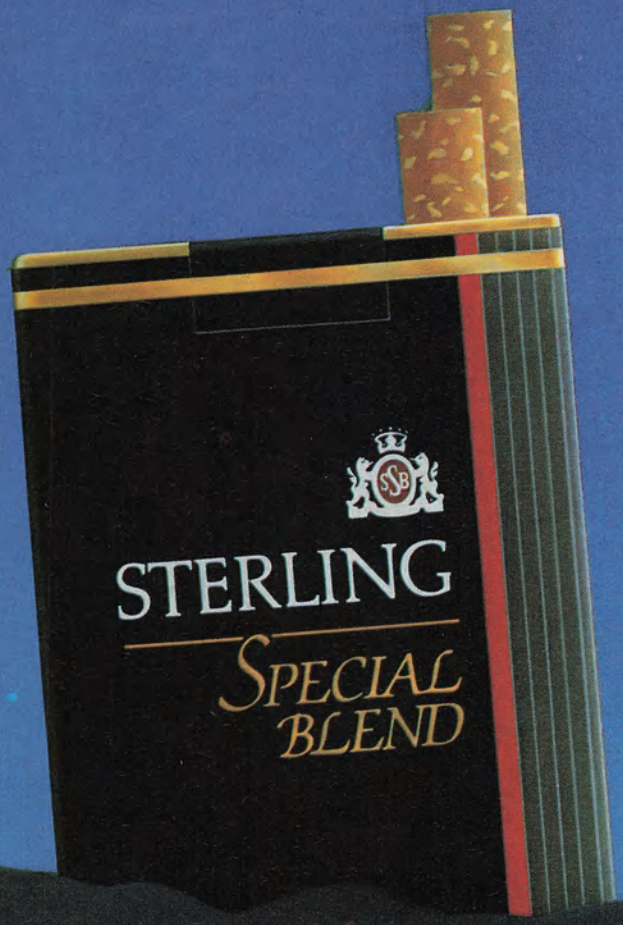

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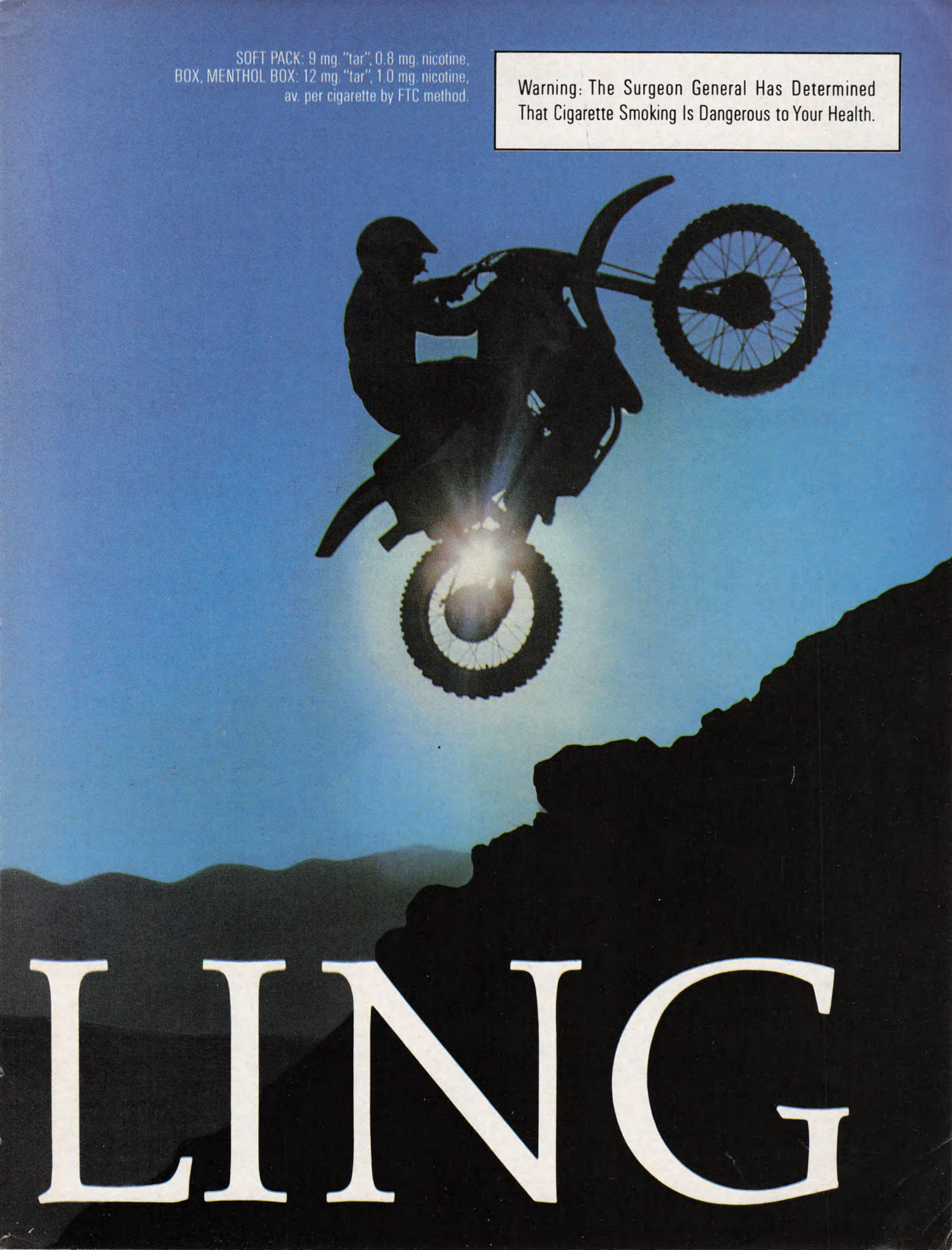

LING

tion of a pleasant sort.

Louise and I didn't have a set plan, so a few minor details caused some delay. We didn't have a designated place picked out and I was running low on gas. Driving around an air base at two in the morning in search of a secluded spot is one of those things that's funny to look back on but was as tense as a third-and-long situation during the Super Bowl. Especially since my sweet girlfriend and I were heavily under the spell of one of man's strongest instincts.

Finally we decided on a parking lot near the base. I parked the new mobile between two trucks. It was dark except for the faint moonlight coming through the windows.

By this time my arousal was at the zipper-busting level. Obviously Louise didn't want to waste any more time either. She just flashed me that angelic smile of hers as she reclined her seat all the way back. I didn't even feel any pain as I bashed my knee on the gearshift when I moved to get on top of her. All of my awareness was focused on the meeting of our lips. When they finally did meet, our tongues wrestled and explored each other's mouths. My hands squeezed her nice tight ass, and Louise hugged me tighter yet as we engaged in this passionate kiss. Eventually we had to pause and catch our breath, and I sat back in my own seat.

Slowly, I took off my shirt. As I did so, she reached over to gently caress my chest and started to kiss my neck, then my shoulders, then my chest. Slowly but surely she reached "greener pastures."

She started to undo my belt and lowered the zipper. Half of my cock was already exposed above the elastic waistband of my briefs. As she lowered them, I saw her blink as my impatient cock brushed her cheek. I looked at that young innocent face of hers smothering my main piston with tender slurping licks and kisses, and I thought I was going to explode as I lay back squirming, wondering what else a guy could ask for. Stretched out in my new sports car with an angelic blonde deftly working over my dick—this was a dream come true. Not wanting to come quite yet, I managed to pull Louise away and moved her back to the passenger seat. Was she ever a sight to behold under the moonlight!

She wore a pink blouse embroidered with dainty flowers, white cotton pants, and the sweetest, most sensuous expression on her face. This image has been etched into my brain forever.

It was pure joy to undress her. I slid her pink blouse smoothly over her milky white skin to reveal her well-shaped breasts with nipples standing proudly. I was fervently sucking on one and rolling the other between my fingers as I proceeded to take off her sandals and pants with one hand. Meanwhile I was feeling tingles all over my body as she massaged my back and ass.

As Louise kicked off her pants, her delightfully musky scent filled the car. I lightly moved my hands down from her breast to her thigh as she lifted her ass to take off her drenched panties. The sight of her glistening lips and bush really drove me nuts. Almost instantly, I had two fingers probing her pussy as my thumb rubbed her clit. Her breathing got quicker, and her hips followed my fingers' rhythm. I was barely aware of the synchronicity of our movements as I moved to her side and spread her legs. I found myself kneeling in front of her, hands on her smooth shoulders, as her head swayed from side to side, occasionally nibbling on one of my fingers as I gave her pussy a thorough tongue-lashing. Again, through her sweet southern moans and the rock 'n' roll on the stereo, I somehow collected my thoughts and reveled at the fact that yes, things can't get much better than this.

Louise shuddered as I buried my face in her crotch. As she orgasmed, the tense muscles of her body slowly relaxed. I moved up, and she met my mouth with a deep, appreciative kiss while the tip of my cock rubbed against her cunt lips. I felt her hands move downward. Louise spread her legs open as the head of my cock entered her smoothly.

Slowly at first, her hips started squirming as I went in and out until I started plunging harder, momentarily grinding her clit on the downstrokes. Soon we were in a real frenzy. I finally came with such intensity that we were both pushed up on the seat about a foot; her head was off the front headrest and on the backseat. I lay on top of her, but her still-moving hips maintained my erection. At this point in time, my whole universe was the car floating through space. Louise and I were the only creatures in existence. I looked at her sweet face, and when our eyes met, I knew that she felt exactly the same way I did.

I came two more times without ever pulling out of her, and if it weren't for the deejay blurting out, "Good morning! It's 5:25 in the A.M.!" Louise and I would probably still be there, entwined in our own universe. During those few hours, Louise and I were like teenagers again, sharing the excitement of making love in an unconventional setting. And since then I've wondered how often a person can tell himself, "This is it . . . it doesn't get any better than this!" and really mean it.—*Name and address withheld*

A PHONE, A BOOTH, A STRIPPER

My name is Jim and I am a college senior who enjoys having sex *very* much, but I am very shy when it comes to older and very beautiful women. Yesterday I met three of my friends in the city for a couple of beers. After several drinks they took me to one of those porn shops with booths upstairs with live women. At first I did not

DEWAR'S PROFILE:

GARY JOBSON

HOME: Annapolis, MD.

AGE: 34

OCCUPATION: Yacht-racing tactician; author; lecturer; editor-at-large, *The Yacht*.

HOBBY: Trying to stay home for more than a week at a time.

LAST BOOK WRITTEN: *Storm Sailing*.

LATEST ACCOMPLISHMENT: Tactician of a 1983 America's Cup contender; created the Liberty Cup, a new world-class yacht-racing event in New York Harbor.

WHY I DO WHAT I DO: "When you can make a living doing what you like most, you don't really have a choice."

QUOTE: "If you can't tie good knots, tie plenty of them."

PROFILE: Has a talent for being at the right place at the right time. Namely, the finish line.

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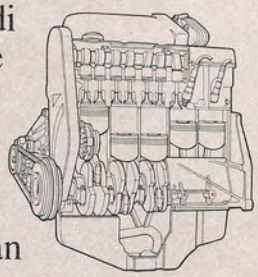

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want to go in, but they finally convinced me. Once upstairs I purchased five dollars' worth of coins and started to walk around, looking at each individual girl. There were a lot of good-looking ones, but one made my dick get hard, so I decided to go for her. Before I went in I walked by her several times to give her the once-over. She knew that I was interested, because she would casually reveal her firm round breasts to me by lifting her flimsy top. When she winked and blew me a kiss, I almost spilled my load right then and there.

Inside the booth I put the dollar coin in the slot and the blind went up. Before me stood this blond, beautiful, well-built woman. Slowly, she took her clothes off. First she removed her silky top. Her tits were even better looking from the view that I had now. She proceeded to caress her large firm tits with both hands and then she lifted her right tit to her mouth and began to suck her erect pink nipple. By now my cock was as hard as a steel rod, just begging for her. The next thing I knew the blind began to go down, but my penis remained erect. I grabbed another dollar coin and started to put it in the slot, when in all my hurry and anxiety I dropped it on the floor. I started to look for it, but could not find it. The girl must have realized what had happened, because she came to my rescue with a cigarette lighter. I thanked her, and all she did was smile.

She went back into her booth and I put the dollar coin in. Again the blind went up and she started to undress. Because of the embarrassment that I felt from dropping the coin, my cock was no longer hard. She changed that in a flash when she sat down on her stool and spread her legs right in front of me, giving me a clear view of her pink snatch. She started to finger her pussy, playing with her clit and spreading her lips. I could see everything. Again the blind went down and again I put a coin in. This time she could tell that I was hot by the bulge in my pants. She told me to pick up the phone. I picked up the receiver. The entire time she was fingering her cunt, ramming her middle finger in and out, farther and faster. On the phone she told me to pull my cock out. I unzipped my pants and released my throbbing tool. She was awed at the sight of my pulsating cock. Then she began to tease me by falling to her knees and pretending to give me a headjob. By now I had had all that I could stand, so I started to stroke my meat. She again picked up the phone and told me to stay in my booth and not put another coin in when the blind went down. When it lowered, I heard her leave her booth.

I continued to get my rocks off, when all of a sudden she walked into my booth and told me that it would be a shame for me to waste my come on the wall when she could love my tool with her mouth. Before I knew it she was on her knees and my cock was in her mouth. She proceeded to give me a blowjob that I will never forget. She licked my cock and balls with her magical tongue, sucking on my balls while stroking my cock with her right hand. After sucking each ball for a while, she worked her way up my cock and began to go down on my meat. She then took my dick out of her mouth and started to kiss my swollen red head. Some precome came out, which she began to lick away by orgasmically swirling her tongue around my head. She began deep-throating me. She then took her right hand and started to fondle my balls. I was on the verge of losing it, which she could sense. I started to come profusely into her mouth. She swallowed my entire load until I was flaccid. I gave her a $20 tip and left to tell my friends of my orgasmic experience.—*Name and address withheld*

"Don't think about the blood. Think about the money."

SNEAKY TWOSOME

I've been a reader of "Forum" for many years now and have often considered writing you, but felt no one would be interested in my adventures. Many of the activities in the column I've also experienced, and when I read about them, I found it nice to know that other people enjoy sexual variety as much as I do. I've decided to write now, not so much to share my experiences as to make a public tribute to the girl I've shared them with. All are true events.

Tamara and I are both in our mid-thirties and attractive, and even though she doesn't have 36D tits and I don't have a ten-inch cock, we've managed to have outstanding sex for several years. I thought it would be nice to share the highlights of these experiences, rather than to just give details of one particular marathon session.

Tamara is always hot, and manages to come (with or without my help) in a variety of ways and places. I work not too far from home, and the best fuck she ever had (according to her) took place on the floor of my office. It was a hot fuck that seemed to last forever. She has also come on that same floor with minimal body movement, just the muscles of her cunt and the twitching of my cock causing several intense orgasms. She's also come while dancing slowly with me, surrounded by friends, relatives, and strangers. One of the best fucks took place in the car. Less than two minutes in the car and less than two minutes from home, her pants were off and my fingers were inside her (a fragrant event).

She was so hot that night that I pulled over to the side of a street in our residential neighborhood. She practically ripped off my pants and sat right on my cock. The intensity was incredible. We've fucked in every room in the house: kitchen, bedroom, dining room, basement, etc. One afternoon we fucked in

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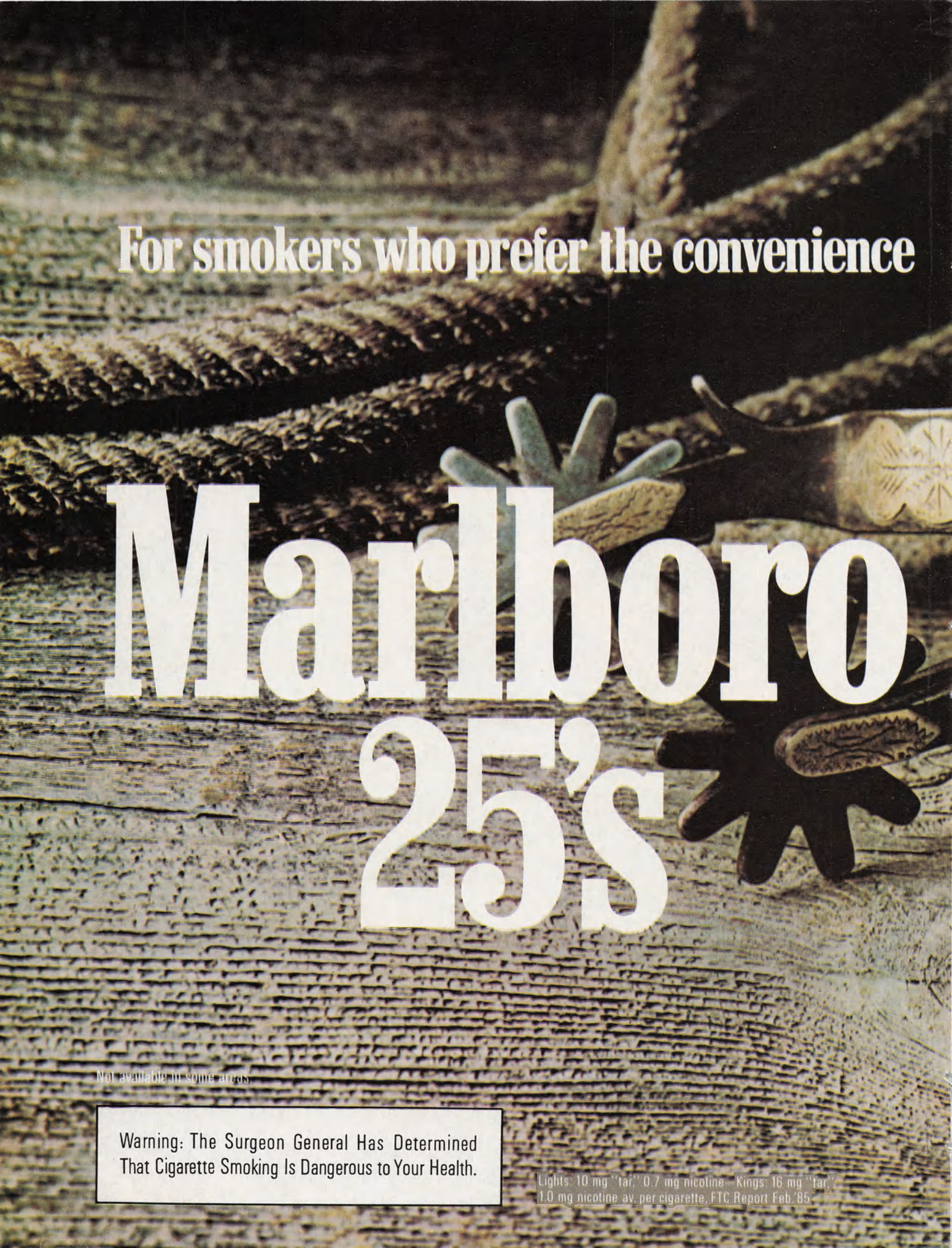
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the bedroom while a repairman worked in the kitchen. Sometimes while we're fucking, the phone will ring. I always make her answer it. While she's talking to the friend or relative, I'll bring her to the peak of excitement with my cock and fingers. She won't come until she is off the phone, but the tension of holding back makes it all worthwhile.

Her entire body is orgasm material. I can lick her ears and whisper to her my plans for the evening, and she will get off. I can suck her tits and she'll come. She comes while sucking my cock. And needless to say, her cunt is an endless source of pleasure. She says the sound of my voice makes her wet, and I believe her. Often in the morning I'll call her from work and usually catch her just coming out of the shower. I have her lie on the bed and play with herself—her tits and cunt. She tells me how wet she is and that she wishes my cock was there for her. After climaxing she'll take her fingers from her cunt and tell me how wet and creamy they are, and then she'll lick them clean, telling me how good she tastes (as I well know).

Her cunt, as I've said, is always hot and wet for me, and together we've put many objects there. Aside from our fingers and my cock, there have been vibrators, benwah balls, cucumbers, bananas, underwear, and other things. Once I had her close her eyes and cooled her hot cunt off with ice cubes—something I now frequently do, and she loves it. What she didn't know was that I also had an ice pop all ready. When she felt that frozen cock enter her, it was instant orgasm. And fucking that frozen cunt afterward was great, guys.

She also loves the feel of my cock in her mouth. She says she prefers my cock over any that she's ever had. She often begs me to come in her mouth because she can't wait to taste me. At parties I'll look across the room at her and know she's hot. I'll walk over and ask if I can freshen her drink. Into the bathroom I go to masturbate into her drink, then bring it to her. It's exciting to know she's tasting me in front of everyone. She'll also make a trip to the bathroom and put an hors d'oeuvre inside her, play with herself until she comes, then bring me the tasty morsel to savor.

I could go on and on with other interesting and hot events, but I think you get the picture. We try a lot of mutually satisfying and stimulating activities, in various places, sometimes risky, but always fulfilling.

So thank you, Tamara, for all the wonderful times we've had together, both in and out of bed.

By the way, Tamara and I are married, but not to each other. We're neighbors, and many of these events have taken place in the company of our respective, but unknowing, spouses.—*Name and address withheld*

"Oh, the usual. Eatin' Christ's flesh . . . drinkin' His blood. And you . . .?"

WILD WEEKEND

I like reading "Forum" because I pick up on some ideas that I can use on my wife when we're making love. I used to think *Penthouse* employed a group of writers to write the stories. I really didn't believe everything I read. Well, let me tell you of an experience of mine.

My wife, Kathy, and I work during the week, so weekends are usually spent running errands, shopping for groceries, and paying bills. One particular weekend I had to stop for gas. Kathy waited in the car while I went inside to pay for it. At the register, I noticed that the new *Penthouse* had arrived. I bought a copy and, as I waited for my change, I thumbed through the pages, looking at the models. Suddenly I spotted a model that closely resembled my wife. I immediately got an erection. Luckily the attendant gave me a brown paper bag, which I quickly put in front of me. It hid my erection but did nothing close to making it go away.

My wife saw something was wrong when I got in the car, still holding the bag in front of me. "You look like you've seen a ghost," she said jokingly. I told her everything was cool. She asked why I was driving with one hand and holding on to the bag with the other. With that, she grabbed the bag and opened it. She also saw my erect penis, which had grown even bigger. She said nothing, but turned the pages and looked at the models. "So that's what got your pecker up," she said slyly, looking at me out of the corner of her eye. "This girl looks like me and she's made you hard. You poor baby." Kathy laid the magazine down and eased closer to me and put her hand on my rigid cock. Giving it a pat, she said, "Let's go home and help this poor little fellow out." Then she moved even closer and nibbled on my ear.

I had a million things to do that day but I suddenly forgot all about errands and bills, even the grocery shopping. My mind was on only one thing—going home—an idea I pursued even to the point of running two red lights. When we got home my wife led me straight to the bedroom. Wasting no time, she unzipped my pants and unbuckled my belt. Letting them fall to the floor, she grabbed for my briefs, yanking them down as I stepped out of them. I unbuttoned my shirt and dropped it on the floor along with the rest of my clothes. I stood naked in front of my wife, my cock fully hard, waiting for her to relieve the pressure which had swelled it.

She was wearing tight jeans and a halter top. Kathy doesn't wear undergarments. She likes freedom. I unbuttoned her jeans and slipped them down her sleek long legs. She turned her back to me and I undid the strings of her halter. I let it fall to the floor. My wife and I have been married for six years and we have done quite a lot of screwing. We have

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done it in every possible way we could dream of. So sex to us is no odd subject. Over the years my wife has maintained her trim figure and good looks. I think her firm round ass and breasts are her greatest assets, not to mention a nice snug cunt buried in a big bush of brown hair.

Kathy turned toward me and took my penis in her hands. She stroked it a couple of times, then knelt in front of me and took the tip of her tongue and circled it around the head. This made me tremble and weak in the legs. She took my cock head into her mouth. Slowly she withdrew. She went back to my penis again. This time she cupped my balls in her hands as she sucked me. I could feel the come build up in my balls. Suddenly she stopped and stood up, looking into my eyes with a look of need on her face. "Do me now," she said as she moved back and lay on the bed.

I started to kiss her feet as I held one in each hand: Her toenails were painted bright red. I kissed her legs as I spread them wide and placed them on my shoulders. My kisses turned to long strokes as I worked my way to her fur-covered cunt. I kissed and licked around the outside of her cunt. She was already wet and the juices had already oozed out of her cunt onto the sheet. A tiny wet spot lay beneath her.

I kept working on her cunt with my mouth, running my tongue along the lips and then inside. Gently, I nibbled at her clit. This made her shudder and tremble. I did this twice, then stopped. She reached out and pulled me up to her. She spread her legs wider as I eased my hard cock into her hot, dripping love box. She wrapped her legs around my waist and pushed up at my every stroke. Arching her back, she moved her legs even higher as I moved in and out. As I pumped away she lay beneath me with her head held back and her eyes closed. She gritted her teeth and I could feel the hot come move out of my balls and down my shaft. As I gave one last shove, I shot my hot jism into Kathy's hot, drenched cunt. She gasped loudly and fell back on the bed, breathing heavily, her breasts rising slowly and falling. I too was a bit weak as I lay down and pulled her close to me.

We spent the rest of the day in bed, sucking and fucking our brains out. We never got anything done that day. As a matter of fact, we spent Sunday in bed sleeping, and we called in sick the following Monday.—*Name and address withheld*

GOOD AND PLENTIFUL

It was evening, and we were both just lying around on the bed. We began to caress each other. I kissed her gently. Her lips were warm and soft as she darted her tongue teasingly about my mouth. Her body was warm, her flesh smooth. Her areolas stiffened to attention as I pulled and rolled them gently between my fingers. She stroked my back and pulled me to her, face-to-face. The coarseness of her hair tingled my hardness as I rubbed my hips against hers. She responded with movement: a slow, sensual churning to match mine.

I rolled off and lay beside her. Grasping her hand I guided it to her crotch. Pressing it against her mound, I rubbed her hand between her legs as I kissed her neck and ears. She took over and stroked herself, her hips moving up and down to meet the touch. Her breathing became heavier; tiny sounds of pleasure purred from her throat. I spread the lips of her pussy and fingered her hole. The wetness seeped out and coated my agile fingers.

After kissing the length of her body, I positioned myself between her legs. I cupped my arms under her legs and held her hips, lifting her slightly. Pressing my lips against her, I filled my mouth with her sensualness. The aroma filled my head as I breathed deeply. I kissed her, licked her, sucked her gently. Running my tongue up and down her slit, I explored the firmness of her clit and inner lips.

She stroked her breasts and pulled her nipples. Her hips moved up and down as I massaged her clit with my tongue. She took her hand and smoothed back the hair of her pussy and spread her lips. I attacked her hungrily. She grasped the back of my head, and her body arched upward. Her breathing became rapid. Her legs tightened against my head, and she pushed my face into her pussy as she bucked rapidly. I held on tightly, pulling her lips toward me. With a sated groan, she exploded. I drank from her, but my desire was not satisfied.

She twisted from side to side, trying to escape my tongue. I rose up and leaned over her. I slid into her slowly. She gasped as I filled her with my wide shaft. As I pushed in deeply, she groaned. With each thrust, the passion doubled in its force. At last I burst forth. The ecstasy shot forward, filling her, and then spilled out between her buttocks. Her body shuddered, and a light glow seemed to shine from her body.

I rolled her over onto her side. From behind I bit the mound of flesh at the bottom of her neck and lifted her leg so that I could reenter. She drew her knees up and I pounded her from behind. One hand held her breast, the other rubbed her clit.

I positioned her above me, straddling my chest. I grasped her hips, pulled her to my face, and kissed her pussy. She then lowered herself onto my firmness and fed me an excited nipple. I feasted on her as she stroked my enraged firmness with her convulsive pussy. She fucked openmouthed while I drilled to the end of her well.

She lifted herself off me and turned around, lowering her pussy onto my face. I spread her pussy and began to suck

"Miss Stevens, bring me everything you have on your tits."

her clit as she attacked my pole. She worked the shaft with her hand and bobbed her head up and down. She sucked, licked, and teased until I couldn't control myself any longer and poured out in a fury. She held on, squeezed out the last of my cream, and massaged it over my shaft and belly.

She turned around to face me and we kissed, delighting in our mutual pleasure.—*Name and address withheld*

GORGEOUS GROOMERS

Being a customer of the same barbershop since childhood, I have been watching three luscious blondes fluttering around me trimming hair for many years. During this grueling time, all I could do was watch as these three well-endowed beauties teased me.

Finally, one cold February day I went in for my usual trim. I was pleasantly surprised when I noticed all three girls bustling about. I was lucky to have my usual 10:30 A.M. appointment with beautiful Pam. I gave all three girls a warm smile and noticed I was the only customer in the place.

Pam motioned me over to the closest sink and showed me to my seat. I couldn't help but get excited when I turned around and saw her two large breasts almost staring me in the eye through a white cotton shirt. As she wet my hair I could feel her thighs gently rubbing against my hand. Out of the corner of my eye I saw a small smile on her face. With my hair being soaked by the powerful tap, her hands gently caressed my scalp and her breasts swayed above me. At the risk of being slapped I reached my hand up toward my face, as if to scratch my nose, and brushed her tit. Her nipples stiffened. I then decided to shoot her a line. Provocatively, I asked if being beautiful was a prerequisite to working there. She looked flattered and quickly answered, "No, it's not!"

I decided there was no time to waste, since she had already begun cutting my hair. As she trimmed my bangs her luscious breasts dangled before my astonished eyes. Risking it all, I brought both hands up and dangerously placed them on the ripe melons. I caught a look of surprise on her face, a look that soon turned to desire. Pam quickly pulled me up and motioned me to a back room. Once there I let go of all my inhibitions and hastily unbuttoned her bursting shirt. I pulled her down onto the ground and went to work. She had huge shining nipples, which by now were as hard as stone and as erect as my pulsating penis. I sucked and kissed her big breasts as I unfastened the button on her jeans. After doing away with these (she wore no panties), I teased her juicy vagina by not allowing my dick to fully enter her.

All of a sudden there was someone at the door. To my amazement it was her two shapely partners looking for some excitement. The taller one was wearing

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a tiny yellow miniskirt, and from my position on the floor I could see she had already removed her mesh panties. The two then started to daintily remove the rest of their clothes. I had no choice but to fuck my first barber while her more than friendly friends masturbated beside me.

We all got to our feet except Pam, who stayed on her knees and gave the best blowjob I ever had, while her friends' 36-inch busts overflowed my mouth. We continued to fuck and suck for three hours. After we were all winded, we decided it was time to stop. It took every ounce of strength I had to leave. We agreed that I should return on the first Monday of every month. Ever since then the gorgeous groomers have been my only barbers.—*Name and address withheld*

STROKE OF LUCK

Let me describe myself. I am about six feet tall with a normal build. I don't have a "wonder dick," just a normal one. I am fairly good-looking and usually can get my share of women.

Recently, I attended an industry trade show in a western city. On my first night in town, I decided to stop at a bar with the intentions of picking up a girl. I had no luck. Coming out of the bar, I stopped at a newsstand and picked up a local "swingers" newspaper.

Reading through it, I found an ad from a "big-breasted redhead who does it all. Call in evenings." Sensing I could be on to something, I called the number listed. A girl named Jade answered, and we chatted about her ad. After I described myself she said to grab a taxi and come over right away.

When I arrived, she was wearing an extremely tight sweater and skirt. After some conversation and a few drinks, she asked if I'd like to watch TV while she freshened up and changed clothes. I said sure and she put an X-rated video-cassette in the tape machine.

While she took a bath and changed in the other room, I got really hot watching the film. In it a blonde was getting fucked while she sucked off another guy. Both guys started to come at the same time. Withdrawing from her openings, they came all over her. Suddenly I realized the blonde was Jade—in a wig. The tape continued with the three of them fucking and sucking all over the place. Just as I was about to go to her bedroom and get her, she opened the door. The sight of her was unreal.

She was wearing only a garter belt and black hose. She smiled at me and pinched her extremely large nipples. Then she inserted two fingers in her cunt and licked the juices from her fingers. She told me to get in bed and relax. With all of my clothes off she started to suck me—first the tip of my dick, then she jammed the whole thing down her throat. She swung around and we sixty-nined for what seemed like hours. Soon she started to come, flooding my face. After she recovered, she began some serious sucking. Unable to take it, I came in her mouth. We slept for a while, awaking a few hours later to fuck in her shower. The next morning she asked if I'd like some friends of hers to join us the next night. I said I thought it would be a lot of fun. Boy, was I right!

The following night I arrived ready for sex. I was hard all day thinking of what lay ahead. I was surprised to find another woman—a beautiful black girl—and three other men. The black girl was introduced to me as Tanya. She was of medium height. Her face was very pretty. The men were introduced as Bob, John, and Terry. I couldn't help but get the feeling I was going to know all of them better. Jade, of course, looked great—even though her tempting body was "covered up" by street clothes.

We all fixed drinks and sat down to watch a porno movie. In this one, a guy ate out a girl while she jacked off two other guys. True to form, they all ended up in a sea of come and moans, which really got us hot. Jade then asked me to be the guest of honor. I was pleased to be asked. I was told to go in the bedroom and strip. Soon, the beautiful Tanya came in completely naked. She had smaller tits than Jade, but her nipples were just as large. Her cunt was shaved and appeared to be dripping.

She climbed over me and sucked my massive hard-on. She ran her tongue all over my dick. This drove me nuts. Just as I was about to come, she asked Terry to come in. He was naked and his dick stood straight out. She then jammed her cunt onto my hard cock and leaned over to start sucking him. Just when we were all about to come, she got off me and called in the rest of the gang.

Jade climbed on my face as the black beauty resumed her position on my cock. Bob and John were getting handjobs from Jade while Terry once again had his dick sucked by Tanya. Again, just as I was about to come, Tanya got off my dick. She moved over to the side of the bed then directed Jade to move down and tongue me.

Jade looked up from licking my nuts and told everyone to beat off until they came all over each other and me. I was delirious with excitement. Tanya then took over and sucked my cock. She licked my balls, then my shaft up to the tip, then over the tip. With excruciating slowness, she opened her mouth and swallowed my dick down her throat to my balls.

Jade, meanwhile, stood and said, "Come on, you big dicks, come. Come on each other. Spray your jism on me. Look at their pretty dicks. Beat off. Beat off. Make your hard dicks come."

All at once, Bob and Terry came all over her tits and ass. They used their dicks to

CONTINUED ON PAGE 214

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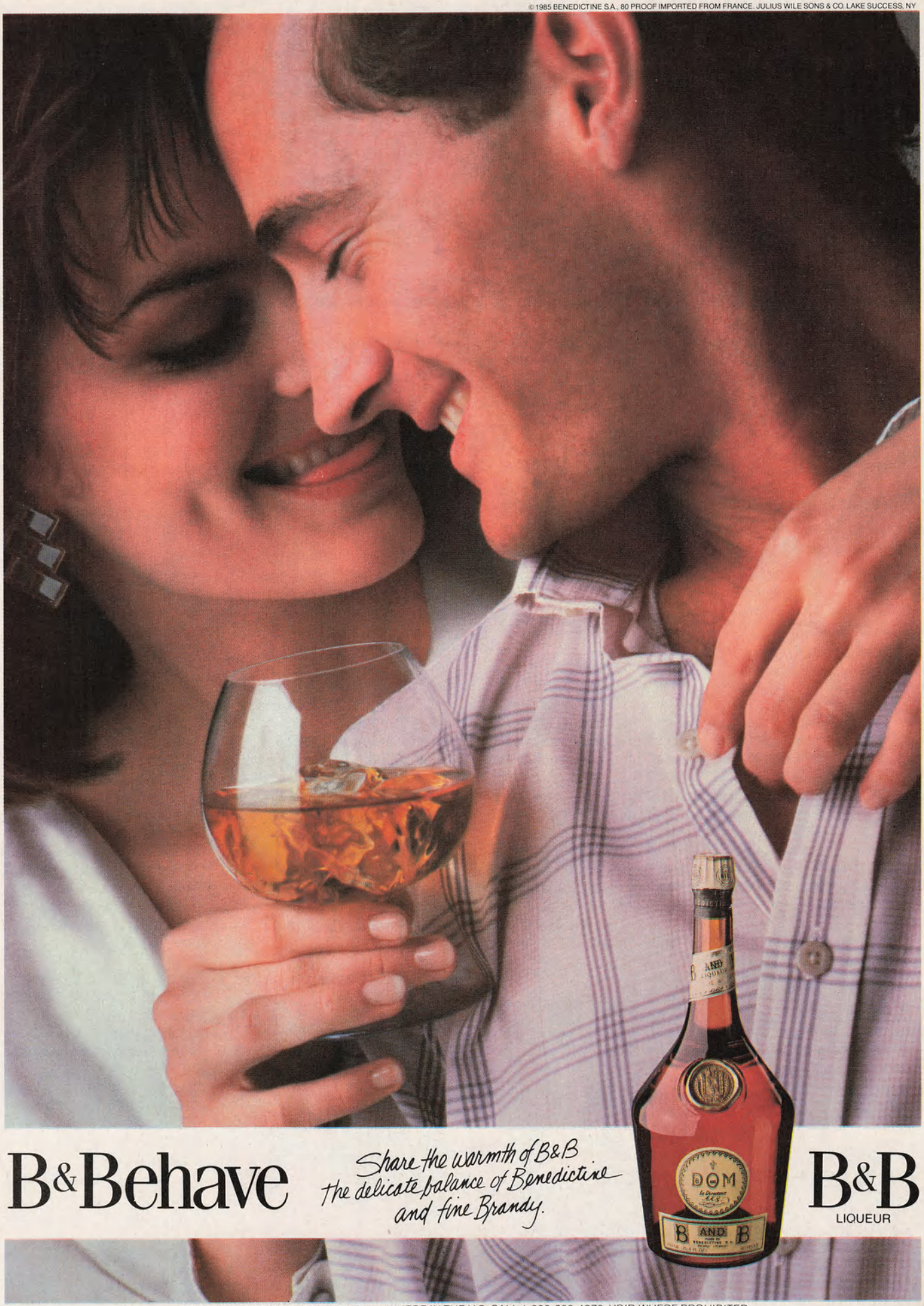

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PET FORUM

Christy

HEAVENLY TASTIN'
Dear Christy Canyon,
Wow! I am in awe! Never before has a model from *any* magazine excited me the way you have. Of course, I am referring to the 11 red-hot pages of your February 1985 "Hot Shot" pictorial [photographs by J. Stephen Hicks].

I am thoroughly impressed with your overall beauty, especially that angelic face of yours. I find myself gazing at your photos so often that each page has worn thin and fallen out.

Could you please send me an autographed photo, along with a message? I also have one final request: I'd like to spend one glorious evening with this gorgeous woman, and that woman is you. I would just like to have a little taste of heaven *before* I actually get there.—*Jim Salamone, Tonawanda, N.Y.*

Dear Jim,
I don't know about you, but I try to make a little heaven here on earth every day. Forgive me for having to refuse your request. You see, the powers that be will be vexed if, after having me, you find heaven a big disappointment.—Christy

BODY LANGUAGE
Dear Fasha,
There is no way to describe the beauty of your body. It is beyond my grasp of the English language to put down on paper what I felt when I first saw you blazing out of the pages of *Penthouse* ["Loving Dangerously," April 1985, photographs by Earl Miller].

How can someone be so outrageously beautiful? Fasha, I love your hair. I love your eyes, your lips, and the way that you stare at me when I look at you. Is there anything in the world I could do for you in order to have an autographed picture, my dangerous lover?—*Name and address withheld*

Fasha

You're terrific for my ego! This girl you describe as beautiful was once an ugly duckling. You've made me feel like an elegant swan.—Fasha

WILLING CAPTIVE
Dear Lari Jones,
It's been three years since your July 1982 *Penthouse* debut ["Meet Me at the Fair," photographs by Bob Guccione], and I was wondering if you've strayed from that rustic lifestyle you described in your pictorial. Or are you still just a "backwoods girl from the boondocks"?

To be honest, it wouldn't matter to me from where you came, just as long as you did. And preferably with me. What I would give to be the prey you took alive and let die slowly with ecstasy.—*C. Griffiths, Des Moines, Iowa*

I guess you could call me a big-city girl with a country-fried soul. I've often said that living in two worlds can make one all the more interesting.

To tell you the truth, I haven't been hunting in years, but I'm sure I could lay a few traps that are sure to snag you. But hell, why die slowly from ecstasy? I like my lovin' straight up and alive!—Lari

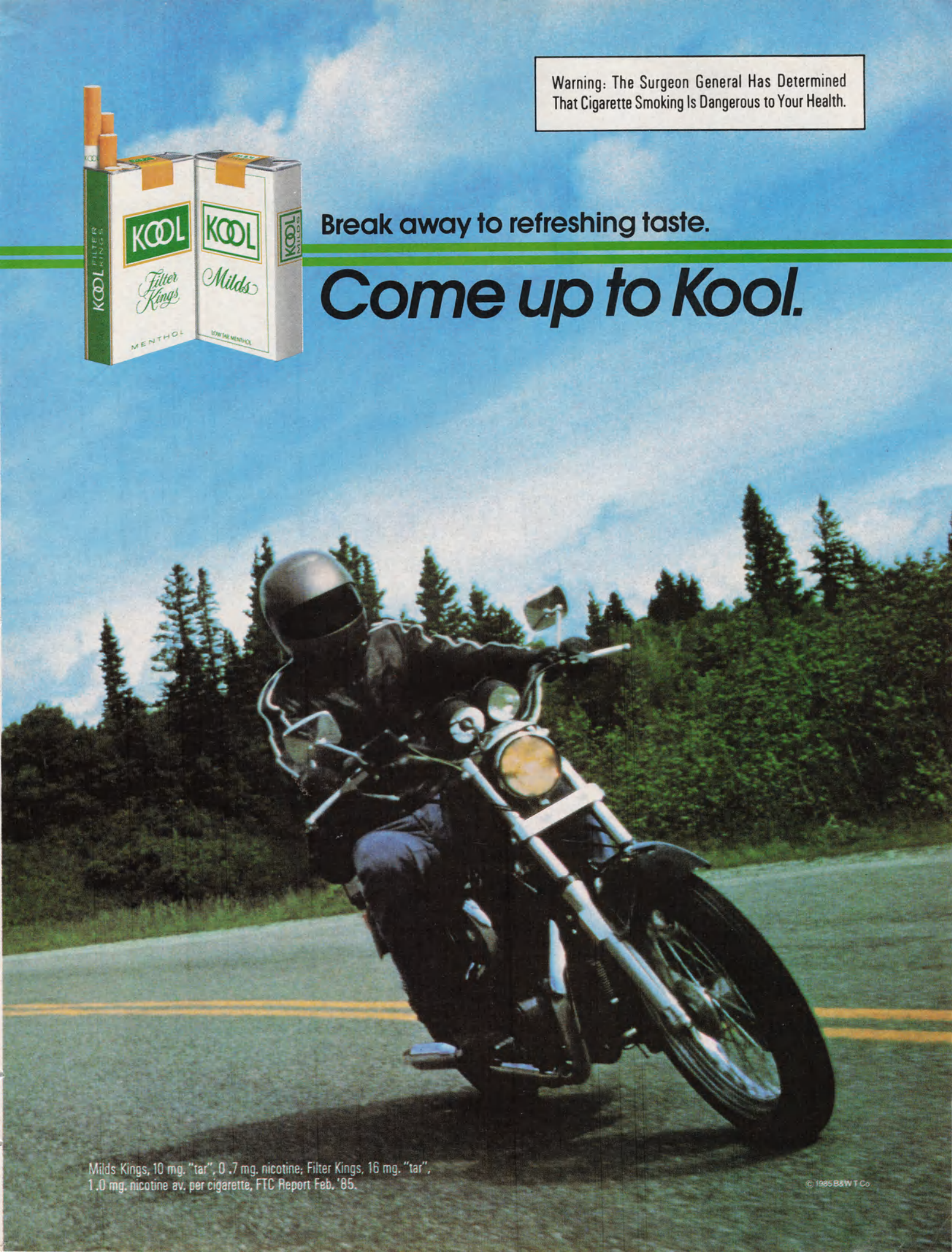
Brittany

INSANE FOR DANE
Dear Brittany Dane,
One can only thank heaven for beauty such as yours ["Fast Forward," February 1985]. It is beauty beyond belief. I know I speak for most readers of *Penthouse* when I say, thank you, Bob Guccione and staff, for such taste in loveliness. And thanks also to J. Stephen Hicks for a sexy and stylish look at the woman of my dreams.

Brittany, you're the lady I've been looking for all my life; a Taurean rocker with the face of a goddess and the smile of an angel. Thanks for turning on this 23-year-old musician from the heart of Brooklyn.—*M. McNair, Brooklyn, N.Y.*

You certainly have hit the right chord with me. If your music can make me feel as good as your letter does, your stardom is guaranteed. Should we make music together, it will have to be an instrumental: one with a frenzied tempo. I've been told I have a feisty rhythm.
—Brittany

In PET FORUM, our readers can open a dialogue with our Pets in order to exchange information and discuss topics of mutual interest. Letters should carry name and address (in capital letters, please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Letters become the property of Penthouse. Send to Penthouse Pet Forum, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.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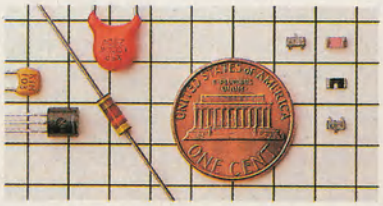

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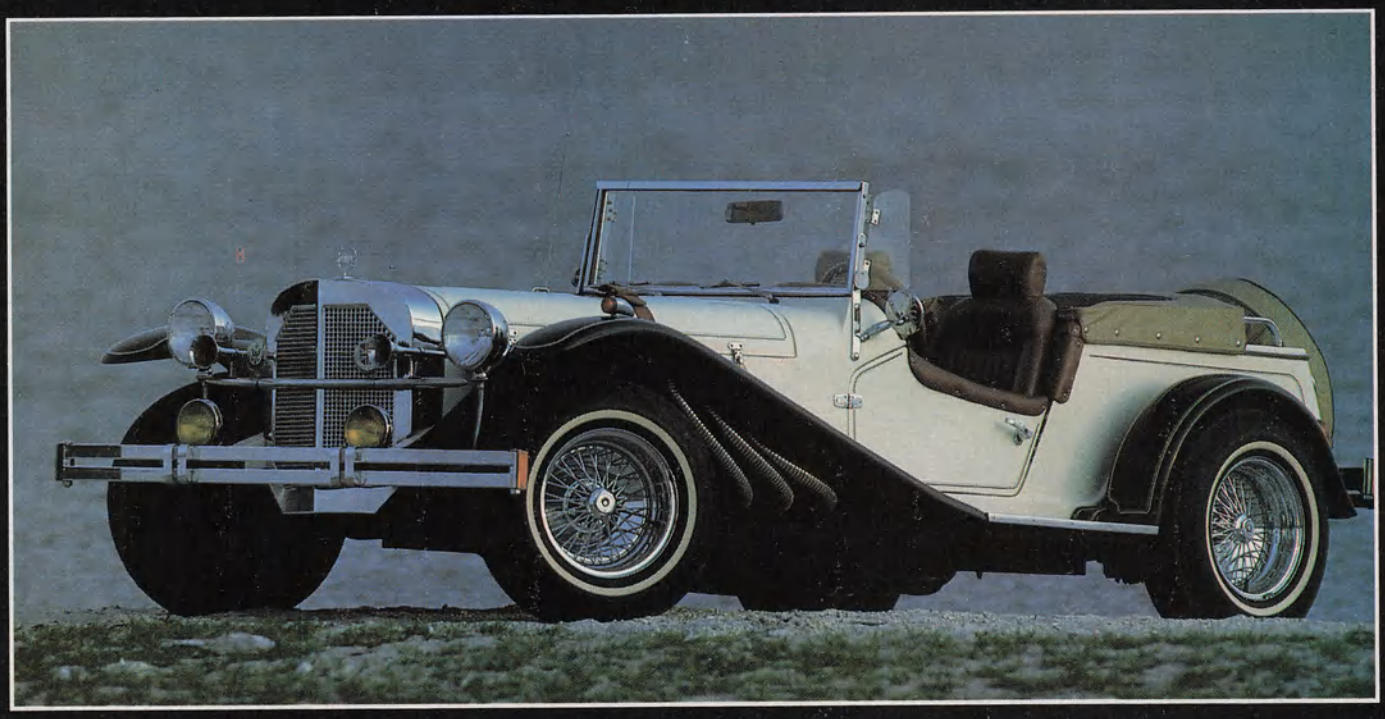
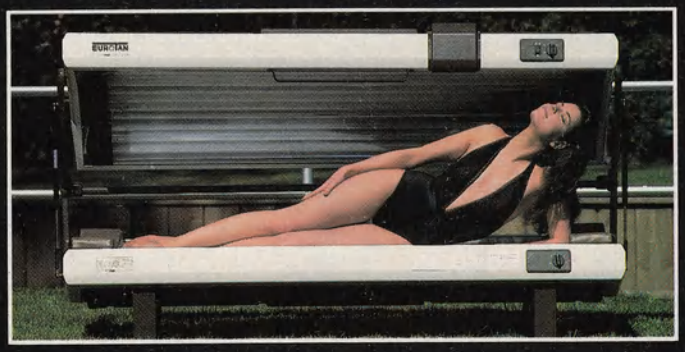
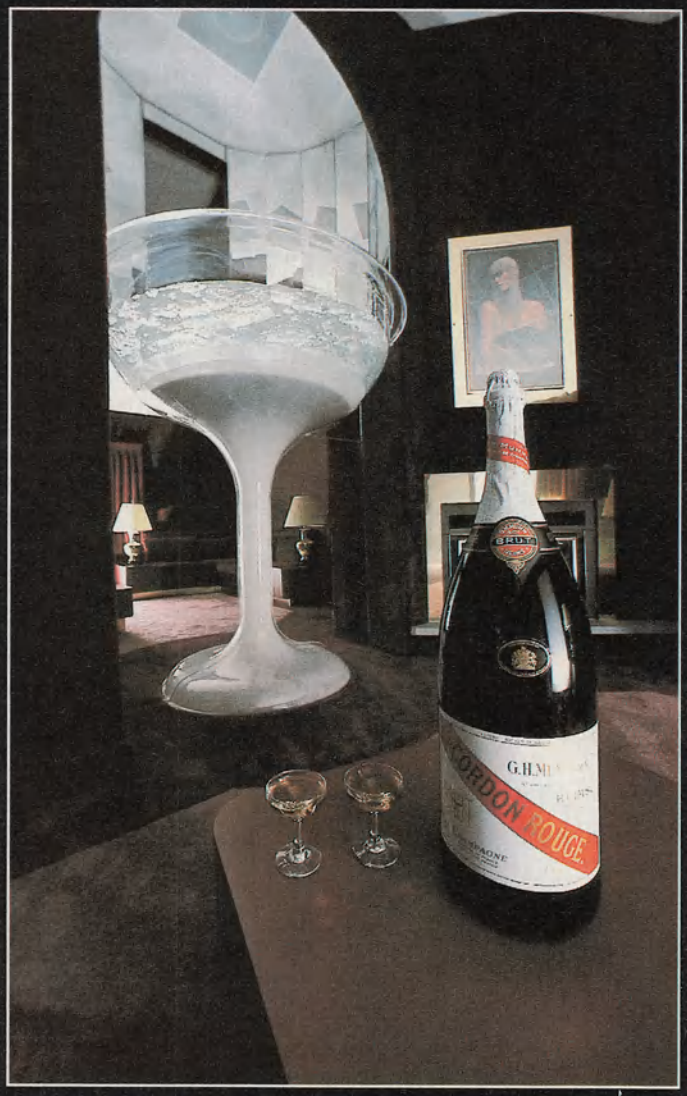
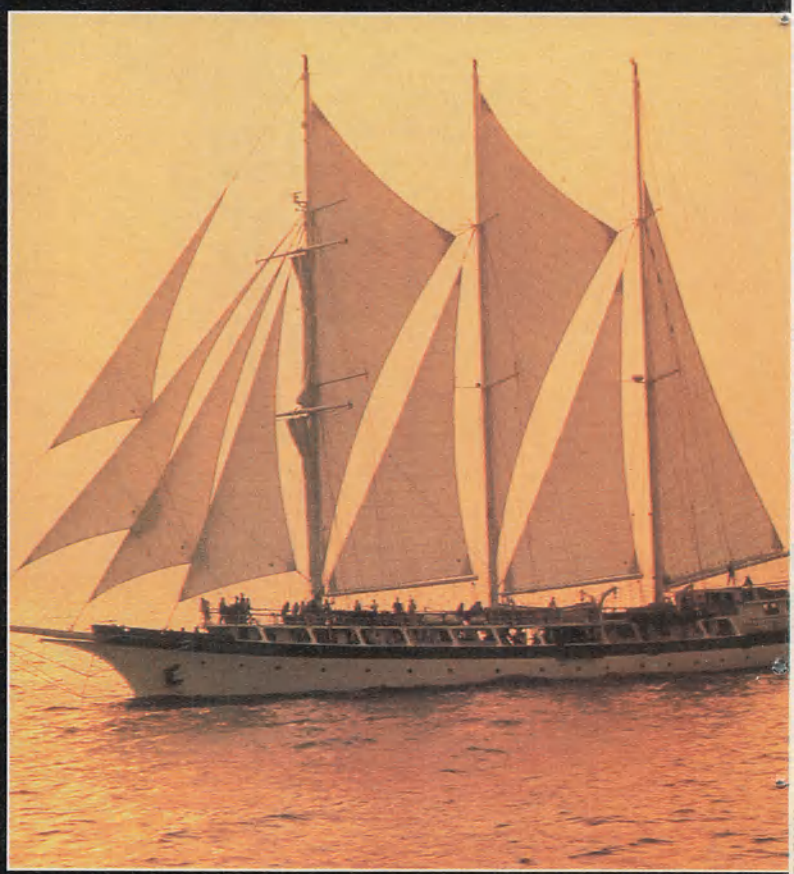




If you've ever dreamed of winning big, The Great Penthouse Treasure Hunt is your golden opportunity. And lest you think we use the term "golden" loosely, feast your eyes on the prizes that could be yours if you find the 16 clues buried in this issue. If you're our Grand Prize winner, you could drive off in the "Gazelle" Model Touring Car from Classic Motor Carriages, valued at $27,000 (top). Second Prize is "The Silver Hawk," a $15,000 Model Ship crafted of 24kt gold vermeil (left). Third Prize is a Jasmine White Mink Coat from Flemington Furs (center). Fourth Prize is a Eurotan Tanning Machine (above right), and Fifth Prize is the racy Honda V65 Sabre Motorcycle (below right). For other prizes, turn the page.





(Above, clockwise) a weekend for two in the Champagne Tower at Caesar's Pocono Resorts; $500 bottles of Mumm Champagne; deluxe Casio Sound Studios; a Sparkomatic Car Stereo; a Sansui Sound System; a spectacular Windjammer Cruise for two; and a fully stocked bar, compliments of Heublein. On the opposite page: a glorious New York City weekend for two with your own Skyline Limousine; matching his and hers Brooks Leather Outfits; and a $1,000 shopping spree at Tower Records; a plush week for two at the Barbados Hilton, courtesy of the Barbados Board of Tourism; Bell Tronics Radar Detectors; a Nautilus Lower-Back Machine; a Nautilus Abdominal Machine; and you could win two coach airline tickets to anywhere in the mainland U.S.A., Hawaii, or one of 12 Caribbean islands, compliments of M.S.W., our own corporate travel service.

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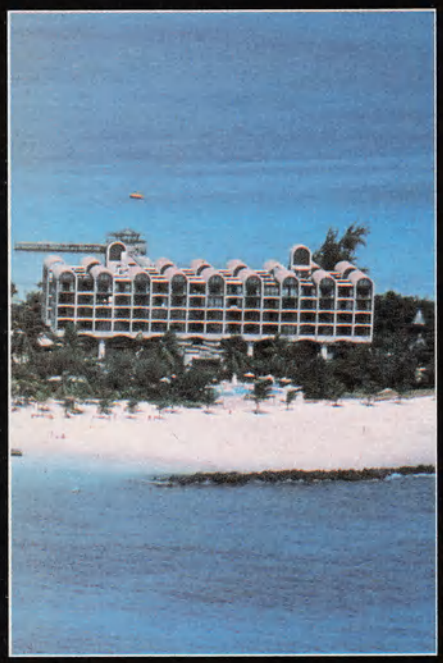

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THE GREAT PENTHOUSE TREASURE HUNT RULES

SEE PAGES 37–39
FOR PHOTOS OF INCREDIBLE
PRIZES TO WIN

This copy of the September issue of *Penthouse* could be worth more than a thousand times its cover price. Handle with care! Because you could be one of the big winners in the second annual Great Penthouse Treasure Hunt, and take home one of the fabulous prizes pictured on pages 37–39. (See list of prizes below.)

To find the buried treasure in the 1985 Penthouse Treasure Hunt, simply read each page in the September issue. On 16 different pages you will find the page number printed upside down.

Add them all up. The solution to the Treasure Hunt is the total of those 16 page numbers. Once you've determined the solution, read the Official Rules below to find out how to enter and win one of the fabulous prizes.

OFFICIAL RULES

1. No purchase necessary. On a 3x5 card, print your full name, address, and zip code, your solution to the 1985 Treasure Hunt, and the name and address of the magazine dealer where you find *Penthouse*. Mail your entry to Penthouse Treasure Hunt, P.O. Box 583, Lowell, Ind. 46399. You may enter as often as you like, but each entry must be mailed separately. All entries must be received by November 30, 1985. Not responsible for lost, illegible, misdirected, or late mail.

2. Winners will be selected from among all correct entries received in random drawings conducted by Ventura Associates, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final. Winners will be notified by mail and may be required to sign and return an affidavit of eligibility within 21 days of notification. If completed affidavit is not received within 21 days, alternate winner may be selected. Winners agree to use of their names and likenesses for publicity purposes without additional compensation.

3. Sweepstakes is open to residents of the contiguous United States, 21 years or older. Employees and their families of Penthouse and its subsidiaries, their advertising and promotion agencies, and Ventura Associates, Inc. are not eligible. Void where prohibited by law. All federal, state, and local laws and regulations apply. Odds of winning determined by number of eligible entries received.

4. Prizes are not transferable, assignable, or redeemable for cash. Prizes with an alcoholic content (Heublein Spirits and Mumm Champagne) will not be awarded in states where prohibited. No substitution for prizes other than may be necessary due to availability. No duplicate major prizewinners. Taxes are the responsibility of the winners.

5. For a list of major prizewinners, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: 1985 Treasure Hunt Winners, P.O. Box 739, Lowell, Ind. 46399, no later than January 15, 1986.

6. To receive a copy of the solution, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope and 25¢ for handling to: 1985 Treasure Hunt Solution, P.O. Box 656, Lowell, Ind. 46399, no later than January 15, 1986.

This is a complete list of all prizes being offered in the Great Penthouse Treasure Hunt:

One each of the following: Classic Car (Gazelle); Silversmiths International Model Ship (Silver Hawk); Flemington Mink Coat; Eurotan Tanning Machine; Honda V65 Sabre Motorcycle; two round-trip coach tickets to any city in the mainland U.S., Hawaii, or the Caribbean; Windjammer Cruise for two; Barbados Hilton Week for two; Skyline Limousine and New York City Weekend for two; Caesar's Pocono Week for two; $1,000 Tower Records Shopping Spree; Sansui Sound System; Collection of Heublein Spirits; Sparkomatic Car Stereo.
In addition, we will be awarding:
Two bottles of Mumm Champagne; two Nautilus Machines.
Three Brooks Leather Outfits; three Casio Sound Studios.
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"By agitating for the abolition of all sexual literature, many antiporn groups are doing the women's movement a grave disservice."

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK

MICK JAGGER
The Mick Jagger interview [March 1985, by Allan Sonnenschein] was the best he's given yet.

Mick Jagger is the king of rock. He has shaped our musical thoughts in more ways than we'll ever know.

Thanks, *Penthouse*. You're outstanding.—*Sean Gallagher, San Rafael, Calif.*

AFRICAN SLAUGHTERHOUSE
The article "African Slaughterhouse" [by Karen Schwarz] in the April 1985 issue of *Penthouse* was one of the finest I have seen in your periodical. It made a definite stand—moral and ecological—which I found refreshing and commendable.

I was sorely disappointed, however, when I reached page 135. To see you glorify "the elegance of ivory, *au naturel*" in the manner depicted in this preview of your new magazine *Newlook* was in incredibly bad taste. It made a mockery of a serious problem.

Do you people believe in nothing but sexual exploitation and making a few more bucks? Do you take nothing seriously (with the exception, of course, of an oversize pair of tits)? I suppose it certainly is safer to play both sides of any issue—it probably sells more magazines. But considering the fact that you call yourselves "The International Magazine for Men," your lack of conviction is distinctly unmanly.—*Anne Hughes, New York, N.Y.*

Having recently returned from Gabon in western Africa, I was pleased to read "African Slaughterhouse," an article in your April 1985 issue speaking out against the butchering of elephants for their ivory tusks. Unfortunately, my belief in your good will was short-lived. In the very same issue, in a supplement advertising a new magazine, *Newlook*, the reader was asked to "take a newlook at the sublime," in particular, "the elegance of ivory." Perhaps I'm missing something, but these two outlooks don't seem to fit together very well. It makes me question the sincerity of *Penthouse* and Mr. Guccione.—*Michael Cox, Chicago Heights, Ill.*

Nothing in "African Slaughterhouse" negated the obvious fact that ivory is beautiful and elegant. What we were reporting on was the illegal poaching of many elephants in Africa by unscrupulous profiteers. But in addition to deploring such destructive thievery, the article made clear that much ivory is harvested through legitimate and legal means that do not threaten the extinction of the elephant species.—The Editors

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS
I am a heterosexual woman who reads *Penthouse*. Ironically, I was confronted today with both Karen DeCrow's article "Strange Bedfellows" [May 1985, "Advise & Dissent"] and a copy of *The Backlash Times*, the publication of Feminists Fighting Pornography (FFP). I would like to disabuse *Penthouse* readers of what is evidently a misconception on Ms. DeCrow's part.

DeCrow asserts that "the time is long overdue to be rid

of the myth that if one believes in equality between the sexes, one is against erotic literature. Being a feminist means you are against sexism, not against sex." She is referring to a frightening attempt by the Right to impose censorship on the American public, and she is, in my opinion, justified. However, by insinuating that organizations such as FFP are "against sex," she misinterprets *their* fears and concerns. The FFP states that it is "against pornography and for erotica." According to this group, pornography is that which depicts sexualized degradation, humiliation, or violence; erotica consists of that which is sexually arousing and which depicts mutual pleasure, not pleasure at the expense of a subjugated woman.

Granted, the First Amendment should not be threatened, and by agitating for the abolition of all sexual literature, many antiporn groups are doing the women's movement a grave disservice. However, I feel that by propagating the idea that FFP-like organizations are extremists who group all erotica under the heading "dangerous porn," Ms. DeCrow has done the readers of *Penthouse* a disservice as well.—*Elisabeth Leedham, New York, N.Y.*

Karen DeCrow replies:
My article "Strange Bedfellows" did not attack Feminists Fighting Pornography. My purpose, as an attorney and a feminist, was to show why so-called "antiporn" ordinances, such as those introduced in Minneapolis and Indianapolis, are neither necessary nor desirable in the campaign for equality between the sexes, and represent dangerous precedents in American law.

As to the difference between "erotica" and "pornography," good luck to those who try to make the distinction. One person's pornography is another's erotica. Black's Law Dictionary *defines "pornographic" as "that which is pertaining to obscene literature," and "obscene" as "tending to stir the sex impulses."*

*Perhaps we can be no more successful than Mr. Justice Stewart in his attempt to make the clarification (*Jacobellis *v.* Ohio, *1964): ". . . I shall not today attempt further to define the kinds of material I understand to be embraced within that shorthand description; and perhaps I could never succeed in intelligibly doing so. But I know it when I see it."*

PENTHOUSE FEEDBACK is a serious dialogue between readers and editors concerning the editorial content of *Penthouse*—its aspirations and its areas of interest. Letters for publication should carry name and address (in capitals, please), although these will be withheld, on request, by the Editor. Send to Penthouse Feedback, Penthouse International, Ltd., 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

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Networking simply boils down to the old adage, "It's not who you are, it's who you know."

POWER GAME

BY MICHAEL KORDA

"Networking" is the new buzzword among the under-30s, so much so that I recently heard a senior corporate officer ask to have it explained to him. Interestingly enough, nobody present could define it, though everyone agreed it was important to institute it between departments. "If other companies have networking," the CEO said crisply, "I want us to."

Well, the truth is that networking isn't new, or a Yuppie invention. For those over 30 (hands up, please!), it simply boils down to doing favors for your friends—or, if you like, to the old adage, "It's not who you are, it's who you know."

The key to networking is mutual support, *not* friendship as such. Some of the people you network with may be friends or become friends, some not. It doesn't matter. Members of a network are there to further their own careers by helping each other.

This form of the "buddy system" is as old as mankind. Primitive people formed networks because they knew that sooner or later their own survival would depend on the willingness of others to help. The same is true in most rural societies, including our own, today. If your neighbors don't come to help out when there's a problem, you're in trouble, and they won't come for you if you don't come for them.

If this seems like a revolutionary idea to young people today, it's because we've become an urban nation in which our neighbors are mostly strangers, many of them hostile. In a society where everybody lives behind locked doors and minds his or her own business, the idea of a social contract seems unfamiliar.

For those entering the corporate world, the importance of networking cannot be overestimated. However, like everything else, there are certain rules that have to be followed. First of all, you have to bear in mind that a successful network *within* a corporation cannot be based on people who are in the same department as you, or who do the same kind of job. A network works best when it crosses departmental lines and when it avoids, to the greatest possible extent, rivalry for the same promotion. Your direct competitors make poor networkers, since you're all pursuing the same goal. You can't expect a fellow networker to help *you* get the job he or she also wants. Human nature doesn't extend that far.

The value of a network within a corporation is to link people of roughly the same age and status who do different jobs in different departments. Your road to the top will be much smoother if you've made friends with someone in the financial department, someone in purchasing, or someone in the legal department, because when you want something done or need a piece of information, you have only to pick up the telephone to get it. Needless to say, when called upon, you have to respond in kind.

Put at its most basic, there should be somebody who "owes you one" at every important point in the company. Naturally, you have to deliver. If you get promoted on the fast track, you'll have to make every effort to see that *they* get promoted, too. Besides, it's in your interest. You're developing what amounts to a management team, spread throughout the company, whose members rise to positions of power at the same rate that you do (or, ideally, one or two steps behind).

Outside your own company, of course, networking should be concentrated on people who do the same thing as you do. Lawyers network with lawyers, advertising account executives with other account executives, and so on. The object is to find out what's happening in your profession and industry, to hear of job opportunities, and to have friends spread out in other places in case you ever want to (or have to) leave.

Thus, there are at least two different kinds of networks—one internal, the other external—and each grows out of different needs and is formed for different purposes. Basic networking rules, however, apply to both:

1. *Never lie to your fellow workers.* A network is only as good as the reliability of its members.

2. *Before adding anybody to your network, consider the cost.* Everybody in a network has to provide something in the way of an asset, and everybody will have the right to make certain demands of you, too. Some people may not have enough to offer—or will want too much in return. Get to know them, first.

3. *Beware company spies and finks.* Whatever you expect a network to do, its existence is likely to be regarded as subversive by higher management, so take care not to include people who will report everything to higher authority. In networks, loyalty matters!

4. *Don't confuse networking with friendship.* Networkers should be interested in getting ahead, not in having a good time.

5. *One purpose of a network is to learn*—therefore cast your net broadly, and be prepared to listen.

6. *The other purpose of a network is to stick together*—so don't hold anything back that the others will find useful.

7. *Finally, a network is a living organism, so there will be changes in its membership.* This means it can't be rigid. It also means that any effect it has on your career, or on the other members' careers, will be gradual.

Be patient. The real payoff of a network is when you've all risen to the top—at which point your network will control the company!

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The biggest myth about nutrition is that sufficient vitamins and minerals are provided by a "good, mixed diet."

FITNESS

BY MICHAEL COLGAN, Ph.D.

Since I started running about two years ago, I have noticed a gradual decrease in my "staying power" when in bed with my wife. We are both health-conscious and have good eating habits, like those you suggest in your articles. Our relationship has not changed since I started running and I'm happy in my job, so I don't think it is a psychological disorder getting in the way of my prowess. I'm 28 years old and run three miles every morning. What might be the problem?—Name withheld, Syracuse, N.Y.

The correlation between your decline in sexual function and running is probably a coincidence. At 28 years of age, with normal health and good nutrition, running three miles a day can do naught but good. A recent study by the University of Florida Center for Physical and Motor Fitness shows that moderate exercise (45 minutes on a stationary bicycle) significantly increases the sex hormone testosterone in the bloodstream. One of the problems we have with very fit athletes, given proper nutrition, is a big *increase* in desire (with little increase in opportunity).

Poor nutrition will lead to a loss of sexual function, which in turn will be further diminished by exercise. The most frequent offenders are mild zinc or vitamin B_6 deficiencies. Both nutrients are essential cocatalysts for normal sexual function, and both are often deficient in the American diet. If you eat cereals, milk, and breads, then a lot of the zinc in other foods is unavailable to the body, because the calcium in milk and the phytates in grains bind with the zinc and prevent the body from absorbing it. Government studies, such as the Nationwide Food Consumption Survey, show that one in three households have diets deficient in B_6, despite its easy availability in fish, wholewheat breads, and cereals.

It may be that deficiencies in these nutrients are responsible for a loss in "staying power." Put more zinc in your diet with oysters, eggs, and whole grains. Extra B_6 can be gotten by eating more fish, wheat germ, and nuts, especially walnuts. Vitamin supplements of zinc or B_6 should be avoided. Excessive amounts of zinc, especially, will upset your stomach.

I have followed your nutrition program for three years now and have used it with some of my patients. I have noted great improvements in people who frequently felt "under the weather." Some of my colleagues maintain that it is mostly a placebo effect. Conventional medical opinion is still that people need no more than the recommended daily allowances (RDAs) of vitamins and minerals to be healthy.

I would like to be able to tell these skeptics exactly why the RDAs are not really a good guide when trying to improve a patient's nutrition.—R. Johnson, M.D., Los Angeles, Calif.

Anyone who holds the opinion that people need no more than the recommended daily allowances of vitamins and minerals to be healthy only displays his or her ignorance of the origins and purpose of the RDAs.

From its very first report in 1943, the organization now called the Food and Nutrition Board of the National Academy of Sciences, which formulates the RDAs, has denied that RDAs are optimal requirements for any person. The current handbook states clearly that "RDA should not be confused with requirements for a specific individual," and that "RDAs are recommendations for *healthy* populations," which do not apply to people who are sick. Any physician, therefore, who uses RDAs as a standard for patients is in serious error.

The RDA committee has emphasized that RDAs "are not recommendations for the ideal diet," and that the term "recommended allowance" was adopted to avoid any implication of optimal requirements.

There are more serious problems. RDAs are supposed to be the amounts of nutrients necessary to prevent certain deficiency diseases. But the measures of deficiency currently used by the National Academy of Sciences are heavily weighted in favor of crude clinical manifestations of diseases, such as beriberi, caused by a deficiency of vitamin B_1 (thiamine). The latest research on thiamine, however, shows that detrimental changes in brain function occur with low thiamine intake long before any of the usual clinical signs emerge.

The current RDA for riboflavin (vitamin B_2) has been found to be insufficient to maintain normal riboflavin levels in healthy young women. Exercise doubles the deficiency. Chromium rated only two sentences in the 1968 RDA handbook, which stated that the element has "a possible role in human nutrition." In the current handbook, chromium gets two pages and is considered essential. But there is still no listing for chromium on the RDA table, which many people use as a trusted guide.

The biggest myth about nutrition is that sufficient vitamins and minerals are provided by a "good, mixed diet." Every government nutrition survey shows major nutrient deficiencies, even at the RDA levels, despite our abundance and manifest overeating of supposedly nutritious food.

Your question is so important I will return to it in a later column, as we have barely scratched the surface here. As they stand now, the RDAs are a sad compilation of guesses, half-truths, and compromises, which have no place in research on optimum nutrition.

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THREE'S COMPANY

Something fabulous has happened recently, a course of events I never would have dreamed possible. My wife and I bought a house several months ago, one much bigger than we needed. A slight setback at work meant that the monthly payments put a real strain on our budget.

Things got tighter as the year went on. One of my wife's friends (Kate, a single parent with two kids) was having trouble, too. Annette asked me if they could move in and share expenses. I agreed out of necessity, for it would be at least three months before things got any better.

The first couple of weeks were awkward. Kate was sleeping in the room next to our master bedroom. Annette was afraid she would hear us, so she didn't want any sex. Her horniness finally got to her and we returned to our nightly fucking, knowing that Kate couldn't help but hear.

She never said anything. Then one night about a month later, Annette had a cold and didn't feel like sex and, as usual, didn't want to do anything to satisfy me or let me satisfy myself. It was on one of those nights that I figured I'd have to wait until she fell asleep before I masturbated. We were lying there in the quiet when we heard some moans and cries from the next room. All I knew was that it was driving me crazy.

Then the unbelievable surprise. My totally jealous wife (we'd fight after parties if an attractive woman even talked to me) said, "Why don't you go see if Kate wants to fuck." I was flabbergasted and told her so. She then said that she really loved orgasms but hated sex, and if I had someone else, maybe I wouldn't bother her all the time. She would let me know when she wanted sex. The more she talked the more obvious it became that she wanted some relief.

I finally believed her and, with the noise coming from the other room, I knocked at the door. Kate asked who it was, and I asked if I could come in for a minute. There was some quick rustling and she invited me in.

It was awkward for about a minute. I was standing there in my shorts, my hard-on bulging out. She asked what I wanted and I stammered, asking her if she wanted a partner in her pleasure. Then Annette called out that she was going to sleep and it sure was okay with her.

"God, yes! I'd love a hard cock!" And Kate pulled back the covers as I stripped off my shorts, springing to rigid attention.

Her cunt was really juicy, and her breasts were flushed and nipples taut as I moved toward her. My cock rammed in up to the hilt as soon as I was between her thighs. "It's been too long. Fuck me good, honey!" And we were off.

It was great! She was so hot she came almost immediately, then again and again as we fucked. Kate set the pace moving with me. Then she held me tightly as she ground against me.

She was amazed at my staying power. We kept it up until my cock felt so hot and full that I started fucking furiously and slammed deep inside her as I came, collapsing on her chest.

I told her what had gone on. She told me that our sex noises had been driving her crazy and she'd be glad to take me off Annette's hands any night.

Then she started hugging me passionately. Her hand reached down to fondle me, and she started kissing her way lower. I shivered in anticipation (Annette would never suck my cock) as she started to lick me, then slowly took me in her mouth and sucked me to hardness.

My hands were clawing at the bed, as the pleasure was so wonderfully intense. "Oh, darling, don't stop, don't stop, don't stop!" was all I could say.

I kept arching up to fuck her mouth, not wanting it to end, yet knowing I'd go crazy if I didn't come soon. From deep inside I cried out and Kate greedily swallowed the whole load. It took me a long time to regain my composure, then I told her I wouldn't mind if Annette sent me away every night as she hugged me tight.

I wanted to taste her cunt. Annette likes me to eat her in foreplay, but I've never been able to make her come that way. I sensed it would be different with Kate.

Her pussy was sweet and

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musky, and it was special to be eating a pussy full of come. (Annette always runs to clean up as soon as I come and makes me clean up, too.) Kate reached down to pull back the folds, exposing her hard, red clit. My tongue just couldn't stay away.

Kate loved to be licked, and she was hot with excitement. Then, when she wanted to come, she pushed my meat tight in her crotch and I fucked her clit as fast as I could. She seemed to be as wild and crazy as I'd been just a few minutes before.

Finally, she pulled me up to tell me how satiated she was and we fell asleep. We woke up at 5 A.M. and Kate rolled me on my back and slid that hot cunt down my shaft. It was long and leisurely. Kate got off several times as I fondled and kissed her bouncing tits. Then she humped me so rapidly I cried out once more. After several passionate kisses, I stumbled back to my room.

Annette was very cheerful the next morning. It seemed as if she'd been relieved of a tremendous burden. We settled into a pattern. When I wasn't traveling, I'd spend three or four nights with Annette. I'd eat her in foreplay, then make her come while she was on her hands and knees, my thumb in her cunt cupping her mound as she humped hard. Then she'd get in the missionary position and I'd fuck her to three or four more orgasms before I'd come. Then we'd clean up and go happily to sleep.

The other nights were devoted to wild, glorious sex with Kate. Ignorance may be bliss, but the knowledge that I could keep having pleasure all night long has really improved my outlook. It may not last forever, but I'll take it as long as it does. I think that's the right attitude—don't you?—E. J.

Did you ever see an old movie called *The Captain's Paradise* starring Alec Guinness? It was the story of a man who reckoned he had finally found the perfect lifestyle. He was the captain of a ship that sailed between Gibraltar and Tangier. The secret of his existence was that in Gibraltar he had a straight, very upright English wife, who stayed home and cooked for him. In Tangier he had an exotic, hot-blooded Spanish girlfriend whom he spent his shore time with partying and visiting nightclubs. In between, he had the intelligent conversation of men at the captain's table on board his ship. It all went fine until he muddled up presents for them. He gave the English wife the bikini he had bought for his girlfriend, and the Spanish girl got the apron intended for his wife. It turned out that the girl who was always partying wanted to stay home and cook. The mousy little housewife wanted to get the hell out of the house and live a little. The shit hit the fan.

By chance rather than good management, you seem to have come up with a delightful arrangement where you have all the advantages of having two wives without the financial responsibilities. I wish you all the luck in the world. But you will have to play your cards with great care. We women are notoriously jealous, emotionally more than sexually. To keep two women happy is going to require stamina, careful planning, and a lot of tact. What are you going to do when Kate doesn't want you to return to your wife's bed, for instance? What about Kate's children? What is their role? Are they going to look on you as their father? Does your wife want children of her own? Does she consider this a convenient, temporary arrangement, which takes some of the load off her back (or from between her legs)? As long as you are always considerate to both your ladies and bear all these things in mind, your enjoyable situation might last.

"An unusual technique! Most neurosurgeons use a drill to enter the skull."

OFFICE OVERTIME

I'm excited and scared at the same time. I was in the office over the holidays and no one else was around. I took a break from my work and walked around. As I went by Jill's office, I glanced in and saw a bag (she's a jogger) with a pair of panties on top.

For some reason I got a raging hard-on. Jill is totally professional in her work, but has a deep sensual allure. All of a sudden, there were wild visions of fucking her running through my mind.

I walked into her office and reached into her bag for her panties and found a filmy, lacy, silk bra, too! I was almost quivering. I took the bra and put it in my shorts and walked back to my office with a throbbing cock. Somehow I got some work done before the urges got too strong. The security guard had just gone by, so I knew I wouldn't be interrupted.

I unzipped my pants and pulled down my shorts to release my hard tool. I fondled it, caressing the shaft and tip with the silky material. Then I molded one flimsy cup around me, tying it tight with the straps, caressing myself with the other silky cup.

My cock was aching in anticipation. But I knew I didn't dare come, bringing myself so close again and again. Then I had this wild idea. I unwrapped myself, letting things relax. The drops of precome oozed from the end of my cock: one big drop in the middle of each cup and more in the lace. Then I ran to her office and rubbed the rest in the crotch of her stolen panties.

I went back to my office and masturbated. It seemed like the come would never stop flowing when I finally got my release. I finished my work and went home for dinner and was still so horny I couldn't wait to get my wife into bed.

Tuesday afternoon I saw Jill go out jogging and then come back wearing her office clothes. I knew what she was now wearing underneath. I was so horny

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knowing that the spots I left were caressing her nipples and rubbing her cunt. It was driving me wild!

I really don't understand what's happening. I know that my fantasy of fucking Jill will never really happen. But I also know that I'll be spending some time at work at night when I know her bag is there. Then I can fondle myself with her bra (with visions of her small breasts) and panties (what a hot, wet pussy in my vision), and drive my cock to ecstasy while those lucky drops go places I'll never be. What do you make of this?—L. T.

When I was a teenager and still a virgin, I fell in love with a girl called Helga, at my school. I would do anything to get a glimpse of her naked body or just be with her. I even joined the rowing club of which she was a member. Another girl, also a member of the same club, fancied Helga as well. She was always surreptitiously touching her and trying to grab her firm, young tits under the shower. This drove me insane with jealousy and I wracked my brains for ways to get even with my rival.

One day, when I was rowing along in a two-scull skiff, I saw a used rubber floating past me in the water. (The Dutch canals have always been full of used contraceptives.) I grabbed the condom, which was knotted and loaded with some anonymous guy's sperm lightly diluted with dirty canal water.

When I got back to the boathouse, I could hardly step ashore carrying this horrible object, so I carefully tucked it into the pocket of my shorts. Once in the changing room, I searched for my rival's bulging bra. While she was in the shower, obviously making a pass at my Helga, I liberally anointed both the sagging D-cups with the sticky and smelly contents of the rubber.

I then washed my hands and awaited results. When my enemy returned from the shower room, I was delighted to hear her horrified screams on finding her smeared brassiere and the now somewhat tattered condom that I had tucked inside it. That night when I got home, I had difficulty in explaining to my mother what caused my rowing shorts to smell so bad.

This, of course, is the opposite side of the coin to your story. As you don't really appear to have a problem, what advice can I give you? Except to take yourself in hand and make sure that you don't stain her underclothes with incriminating gobs of come.

ROMANTIC COMEDY

I've got a doozy for you. My new girlfriend Elyse is a bang-up comedienne, a real character. She does impressions, one-liners, and improvisational routines that make me fall to the floor laughing. The problem is, she's such a card that she even carries her inborn talent to bed—and then she insists that she just can't help it!

Xaviera, how does a guy deal with a lady who's been guilty of the following:

She gets into bed wearing dog-chewed scuffies and pink curlers, carrying a copy of the New York Post. *Then she does a Jewish mother routine and reads the Joey Adams column while I try to fuck her dog-style. She laughs so hard when I'm in her that my cock is expelled from her hole.*

She makes Mary Hartman–type of remarks while I've just hit a peak of pleasure! For example, I gasp out: "Baby, I'm coming! Talk to me, talk to me!" And she paraphrases the Dow Jones stock report! When I say something erotic or romantic like, "Your heart's beating so fast!" she says: "Yeah, I guess I just got bronchitis or something. Maybe it's 'cause I forgot to wear my pacemaker."

Listen, Xav, I really dig this lady and she says she really digs me and making love to me, but she claims her antics are beyond her control. It's the only way she knows how to be. She's a riot, and all, but please! What are some practical solutions to our set of circumstances? She says she's willing to try some form of sex therapy or mental exercise in order to preserve our relationship—or at least give us a better sex life.—C. Y.

"You can't *leave me, Cynthia!*
You're an integral part of my complete home-entertainment system!"

Do you remember a song that went, "Do you want to make love, or just fool around"? I personally enjoy both, but in fact, great lovemaking is not much more than fooling around in a very sophisticated and imaginative way. The soft candlelit bedroom, the roses by the bedside, the perfumed sheets, the romantic music, the gossamer nightgown are all a wonderful turn-on. But if it is the same night after night, one yearns for a bit of variety.

You don't know how lucky you are. Whatever happens between you and Elyse, you will never be bored, you will never be quite sure what's going to happen next. Don't forget, the most erogenous zone of them all is the brain. Like all us women, your girlfriend is subconsciously playing hard to get, but she is doing it in a wonderfully entertaining way. Don't take it all so seriously. Sex is beautiful, but there is something faintly ridiculous about screwing. Look in any sex manual at the illustrations of some of the more unusual positions. There you can see that the way we are supposed to proliferate the species is definitely funny. So, if our creator had a sense of humor, be glad that your girl has one, too.

My advice to you is not to try to beat it, but join it. If you are not too good at ad-libbing, prepare a few routines. Hire a scriptwriter and learn your part. I am sure you can pick up some informative hints from watching comedy shows on television. Wait till Elyse is really horny and hit her with something so hilarious that even

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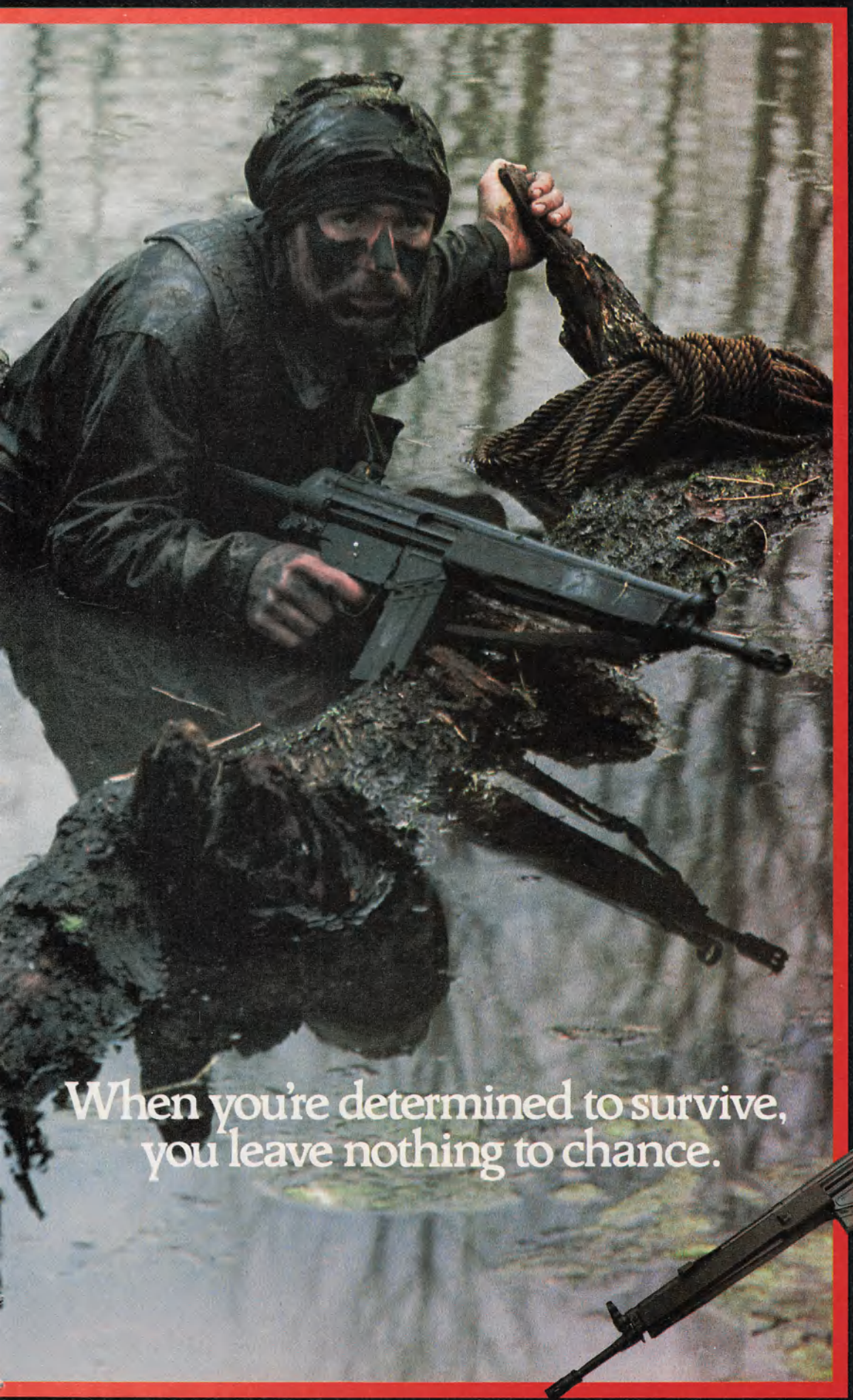

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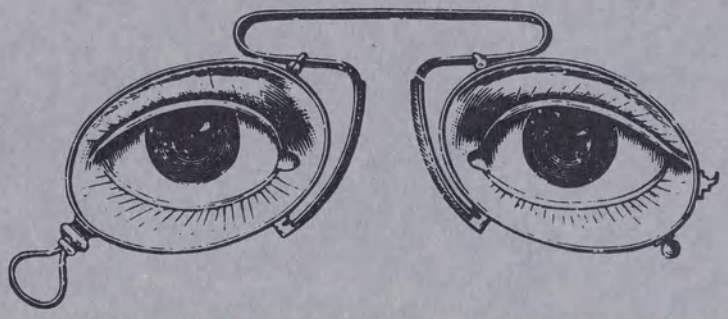


VIEW FROM THE TOP

STUN-GUN FUN

BY EMILY PRAGER

The recent allegations of stun-gun torture, the arrest of four officers, and the reassignment of the entire top command of the 106th Precinct in Queens, New York, form a brand-new wrinkle in the sagging face of the eighties. It's hard to believe, really—an entire precinct up for brutality. It would seem to indicate some communion of minds on the issue of torture, some covert, top-ranking, blanket approval, rather than the occasional Blue Knight flip-out from street stress.

I suppose we should have expected it. If you invent a new weapon, especially one that doesn't kill, there will be those who will figure out ways to abuse it. One tends to assume they will be criminals, not cops—but why? For a long time now, it has been clear that cops, though sworn to enforce the law, have no particular obligation or perhaps even training to obey it. The systematic abuse of traffic rules is the most obvious and mundane example. How many times have you seen patrol cars—not in pursuit, not in emergency circumstances—going the wrong way down a one-way street, going through a red light, going up on the sidewalk to make a U-turn, not signaling, etc., etc.? Always, right? Traffic law is common to everyman, and the police seem to be totally above it in all circumstances. Furthermore, they seem to feel no obligation to set an example to their fellow citizens. If you see someone breaking the law in a car, there are two possibilities: It's either a criminal or it's a cop.

It has always been said that there is a fine line between the hunter and the hunted, between the criminals and the police. Their love of the hunt and the streets binds them together. But with this stun-gun torture business, the line has all but faded away. Some would say that modern criminals require rougher treatment than a clogged court docket can dish out. Some are saying that the stun-gun stuff is a technological update of the old, condoned back-room rough-up methods that cops traditionally used on petty criminals. Maybe. But torture is pretty Third World. It seems that lately the cops have gone out of control.

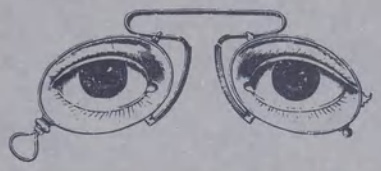
The only thing that makes a cop in a democratic society any different from a criminal is that, while enforcing the law, the policeman scrupulously upholds the law. Otherwise, he's just a member of the gestapo, an object of fear, not comfort. He is someone who, with the backing of the law, can get away with whatever evil he pleases. In a policeman's job, the temptation to drop to a criminal's level is always there. The honor of the job comes in being able to resist it.

I do think this torture incident is an inevitable by-product of an America chaired by Ronald Reagan. Our leader, Mr. Reagan, has shown himself to be a man with no gut reaction to violence. Perhaps this is because he never fought in a war; he just made *movies* about fighting war. When he spoke to the right-to-life people and pledged his allegiance—even though their fringe elements were already bombing abortion clinics—it never occurred to him to decry their violence until later, when there was a flap and he was forced to. Same thing with the Bitburg/SS incident—Reagan had no visceral reaction to World War II at all. In his mind Nazis are symbolic, characters in a movie script. Old stuff that's no longer box office.

He has an attitude of, Well, if you're gonna have an abortion, you might get roughed up; or, Well, if you're gonna be a Jew, you're gonna have to take the consequences.

I do not feel from him a visceral belief that no human being should have to endure racist savagery, ever. And this laissez-faire attitude toward brutality at the top filters down and influences just about everyone, but particularly those who, like policemen, are in positions of authority. If you add to this Reagan's distaste for blacks and the poor, you have a climate in which the police no longer need to feel a sense of honor in restraint. Rather, it's open season on the lowly, and in restraint lies wimpery.

Let's stun one for the Gipper, eh, boys?



VIEW FROM THE TOP

LAW

GOVERNMENT WASTE

You paid four dollars to read this magazine and look at the pictures. Yet the federal government—the same one that has cut hot-lunch programs for school kids—is spending three-quarters of a million dollars to have a former songwriter for "Captain Kangaroo" and her staff read and analyze all 660 copies of *Penthouse, Playboy,* and *Hustler* magazines. The stated object of this study, recently approved by the Justice Department, is to determine whether these widely read publications play a part in juvenile delinquency or the sexual exploitation of children. Its real purpose may be to secure more ammunition for the administration in its continuing war against what the study description calls "erotica-pornography."

As the staff of seven full-time and 12 part-time workers flips through the glossy pages of these magazines, it will be casting suspicious eyes on certain telltale indicia of "exploitation":

- "Sexual depiction of children with fairy-tale characters and themes such as Santa Claus, Dorothy and the Wizard of Oz, Snow White, etc."
- "Children involved sexually with 'influential' adults (members of government, police officer, doctor, teacher, counselor, military personnel, member of the clergy, etc.)."
- "Use of child paraphernalia, including teddy bears, hair bows, bobby sox and dolls, in cartoons, as well as pictures depicting adult women as 'pseudo-children.' "

The study will probably find some of what it claims to be looking for. Indeed, the study never would have been funded to begin with if those who proposed it could not make a preliminary showing that their conclusions would be supported by the "data." Why it will take so much money to peruse and catalogue a few hundred magazines is unclear. A project analyst in the Office of Juvenile Justice told a congressional committee that the study could be completed for less than one-tenth of the projected cost. But the Justice Department approved the greater amount, cutting only about $165,000 which was earmarked for the study of "non-sexually oriented magazines and literature." One must assume that the Justice Department expects to get its money's worth, and that it really doesn't care what impact, if any, nonsexual material may have on children.

What practical benefits could this kind of study have? Let us assume, for argument's sake, that some of these magazines do occasionally depict Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs in erotic burlesque; or publish stories about the pedophiliac proclivities of policemen or members of Congress; or adorn their models with bobby socks or teddy bears. Would this prove that such publications *cause* juvenile delinquency or the sexual exploitation of children? Does the Justice Department intend to introduce legislation that would prohibit magazines from using "fairy-tale characters" or teddy bears in a sexual context? Would any court uphold the constitutionality of such a preposterous statute?

Government fantasy: Kids are at the mercy of fairy tales.

The entire study is a misguided exercise in futility. It is also extremely dangerous. Whenever government gets into the business of regulating—or even "studying"—the impact of speech on conduct, the alarm bells of liberty should give warning. There can be little doubt that people are influenced by what they read, see, hear, and believe. Everything and anything can "play a part" in what people do. A million-dollar review of the Bible could surely uncover some themes that might lead a sick parent to kill a disobedient son, or a sexist employer to discriminate against a menstruating woman. A study of *Reader's Digest* would probably prove that among its millions of readers there are some who have gotten so angry at liberals that they have actually attacked one. And I would not be shocked if someone could demonstrate that the weighty *New York Times* Sunday edition has occasionally been used as an assault weapon.

The point is that many everyday phenomena contribute to an atmosphere conducive to crimes by and against children. The real questions that the Justice Department should be asking are: 1. Which of these phenomena contribute the most? 2. Which can be verified empirically? 3. Which are properly subject to government control?

A number of answers come to mind, including the easy availability of guns to teenagers, the absence of checks on some adoption and foster-home assignments, the dearth of creative programs to keep kids in school, and the astronomical rates of unemployment among the youngsters in the highest crime category.

But it is unlikely that we will see this administration financing any studies on the

relationship between poverty, guns, education, adoption, unemployment, and crime. The reason is simple. If the studies demonstrated any such relationship, there would be an increased burden on the administration to do something. And doing something meaningful would take real money and political courage—neither of which the Justice Department would like to see spent.

How much easier it is to misdirect public attention away from the real causes of exploitative crime and onto straw men like "erotica-pornography." The issues an administration chooses to "study" tell as much about its biases as the issues it chooses to ignore.—*Alan M. Dershowitz*

TV

LAST ACTS

It was either Aristotle or some guy in a bar who once said that all good things must end. Whoever it was, I'm sure he would agree that the great prime-time soap operas of our time are no exception. Somewhere down the line—perhaps not as far down the line as some might think—the Ewings and the Barneses, the Carringtons and the Colbys, the Giobertis and the Channings, the Fairgates and the Cunninghams will be banished to that place where the tears of Howdy Doody forever fall.

In a series of visions induced by Twinkies and Strawberry Yoo-Hoo, the ends of these mighty series have been revealed to me. I now share those visions.

As the final episode of "Dallas" opens, Jock Ewing, long presumed dead, returns to South Fork from the Glenn Miller Home for Disfigured Amnesiacs, where he has had himself redone in the image of Rory Calhoun. Incensed to find Clayton Farlow kicking in his stall, Jock tosses the interloper out on his ass. He turns then to Miss Ellie, who stammers defensively, "Jock, I don't know what happened. I woke up one day and I was Donna Reed, and there he was lying beside me." Jock doesn't buy it; she lands on her ass next to Clayton.

Alexis: sex and the senile girl.

Meanwhile, Ray Krebbs has realized that it wasn't Donna's career that was bothering him all along. When he returns from the clinic as Raeanne the Cowgirl, Cliff takes one look and says, "Wow!"

J. R. invites everyone to the last Ewing barbecue. Unbeknownst to all but him, the pig on the spit is none other than that no-necked little porker, Lucy Ewing. Jock digs in with relish. "Mighty fine," he smacks his lips. J. R. winks at the camera, and the credits roll.

On "Dynasty," Alexis, America's most alluring 67-year-old sex symbol, wins back Blake Carrington, who has discovered that Krystle dyes her hair. Krystle toys with the idea of slashing her wrists, but is unable to decide on what to wear for the occasion. Dex Dexter shows up and takes Krystle in his arms. "I love you, you're so old," he says. "Oh, Dex," she swoons, "you're so butch. Let's go shopping." Blake and Alexis wheezingly blow kisses to each other from opposite ends of the bubble bath.

As "Falcon Crest" ends, Angela Channing and her grandson Lance finally walk hand in hand toward the master bedroom. Across the valley, Chase Gioberti sells out to the Night Train people after receiving word that his wife, Maggie, has just won the Nobel Prize. As the credits begin to roll, Angela and Lance stand at the bedroom threshold arguing about who's going to get on top.

On "Knots Landing," Gary and Valene reunite after fucking half of the population of California without finding anyone quite as mediocre as themselves. Gregory Sumner (now played by Teddy Kennedy) and his daughter, Mary-Frances, discover that everyone in the community is slowly being transformed into Donna Reed. They flee west, toward the sea.—*Nick Tosches*

SOUNDS

PRINCE PRINTS

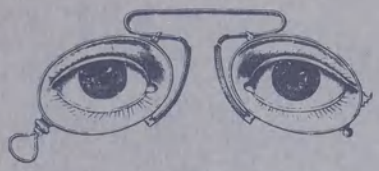
"I know you've already got a boyfriend," Prince snickered to the predominantly nubile

Prince: the seat of kings.

audience at one of the last shows of what he now insists was his last tour ever. Then he smirked. "But I betcha," he purred, turning slowly like a fashion model to give the girls a look at the goods, "I bet the brother hasn't got an ass like mine." The arena erupted in squeals.

Prince has an exceptional knack for writing catchy tunes. He plays, and plays very well, almost every instrument used in modern pop, from guitar, bass, and drums to piano and synthesizers. He knows the black and white pop and rock of the last 20 years or so backward and forward. Then there's his wizardly command of modern recording technology. And he's insisted all along on having total control of every aspect of his career. He even lists his accounting firms in the small-print album credits. All this and a winsome ass, too. The kid's got it *all* covered.

Or does he? Prince chose to follow *Purple Rain,* his



VIEW FROM THE TOP

multimillion-seller, multiple-award-winning, album-movie-concert blockbuster, with *Around the World in a Day* (Warner Bros.), an album that seems to have puzzled and confused almost as many fans as it's launched into inner-space orbit. As usual, Prince composed, arranged, produced, sang, and played almost every note on the album. But there's a catch.

Prince's hit singles and film-video performances have been two of his strongest suits. But if he continues to have his way, *Around the World in a Day* will spawn no singles, videos, or films. With the world at his diminutive feet and Warner Bros. reduced to playing yes-man, Prince seems to have decided that the time is right for a *heavy* album, a classic, a fucking *masterpiece.*

Most of the critics have been comparing the album to the Beatles' *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band* and/or *Magical Mystery Tour.* I'm more inclined to file it with the Rolling Stones' *Their Satanic Majesties Request,* an encapsulation (ha ha) of the late sixties' acid-addled *vibe* that's comically ambitious, richly rococo, frequently goofy, and, at its best, positively brilliant.

Rock's New Wave has been reinventing the fifties and the early and mid-sixties for the past few years, and 1985 is really 1967 in designer love beads. I've lost count of the number of new bands that are off on higher-tech acid trips; the latest Tom Petty hit even features an electric sitar. Prince sensed the drift, sized it up like the prescient pro he is, and exploited his hard-won artistic freedom to the max on *Around the World in a Day.* The title tune, an invitation to "Open your heart, open your mind," is awash in ouds, finger cymbals, and cellos, and "Paisley Park" is as trippy as its title suggests. "America" is a sixties-style protest song, but with a big difference: Prince paints the Commies as the bad guys and warns that if we aren't patriotic and proud of America, we'll end up fried in a mushroom cloud.

These songs are a bit of a giggle, but "Raspberry Beret" is flawless, melodious pop-rock; "Pop Life" is incisive, funny, and funky; and "The Ladder," which Prince wrote with his musician father, is a transfixing gospel hymn. The album closes with a guest vocal from God himself, played, of course, by Prince.

Overall, the album's something of a crazy quilt. It's also an astonishingly diverse collection of songs and musical moods, a work of superior craftsmanship, and, in its best moments, a worthy companion to the enduring classics it so evidently strives to equal, if not surpass. And it makes you wonder, seriously, what the kid's going to do for a follow-up. He's always got that knife-blade ass to fall back on, but somehow I don't think he's going to be needing it.—*Robert Palmer*

SEX NEWS

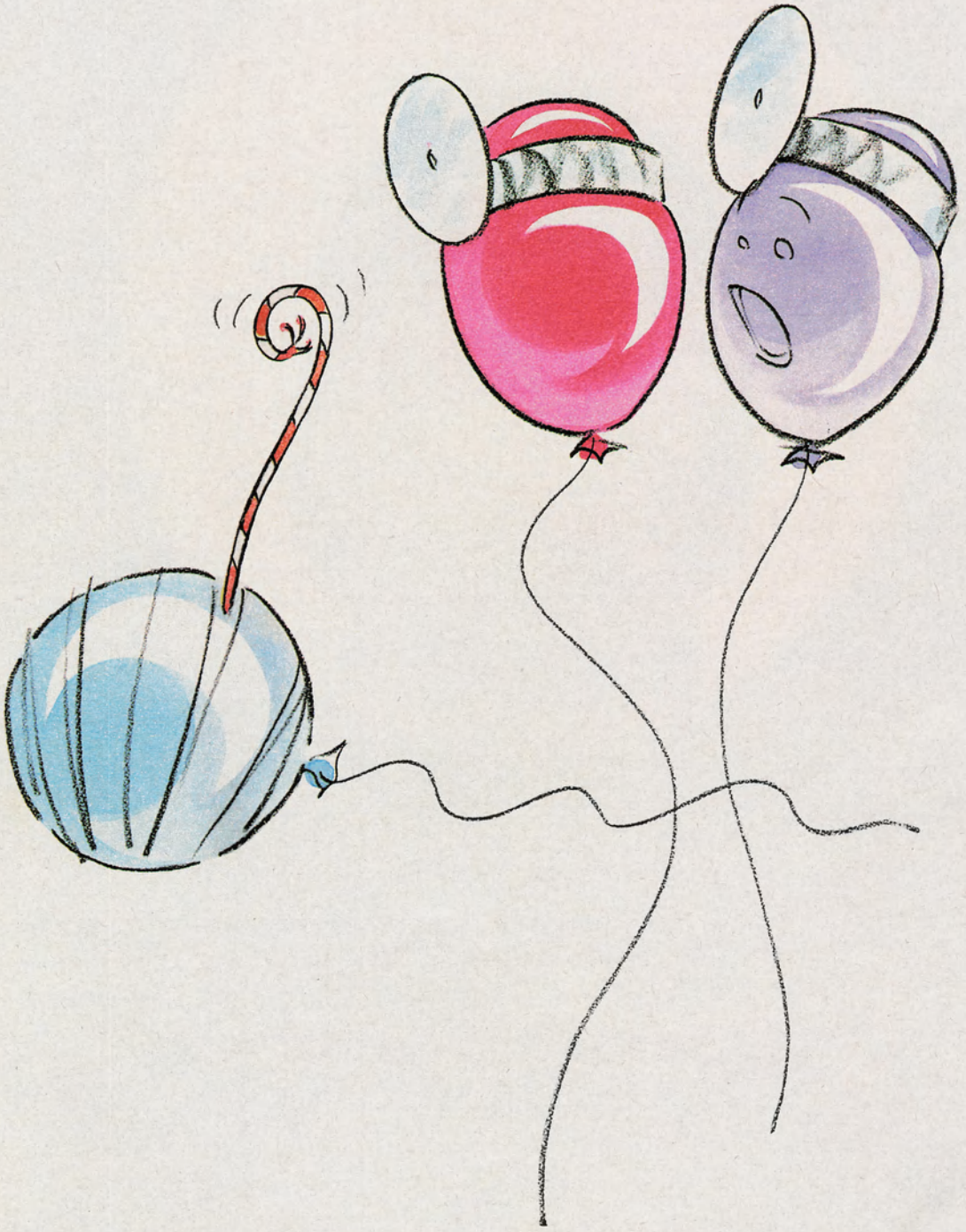
BITS AND PIECES

A Canadian government report on prostitution has recommended that hooking be decriminalized if it takes place in a home. The Canadian justice minister has said he will consider the recommendations contained in the 700-page report of the Special Committee on Pornography and Prostitution. The committee said penalties for prostitution had little effect and cited the United States as proof. While the report did not condone larger brothels, it said the government should not stop one or two prostitutes, if they were age 18 or older, from operating out of a place of residence. . . . Adult-oriented products have disappeared from the video stores of Sun City, Arizona—the state's largest retirement community—and residents aren't happy about it. A crackdown by the Phoenix district attorney has video-store owners extra cautious about X-rated fare, and most of them are removing it from their stock altogether. Sun City's two video stores report smut made up about one-fifth of their rental business, and, according to a report in Arizona's *News-Sun,* there have been numerous complaints since it was removed. . . . Pope John Paul II led special prayers to "repair the insult" done to the Virgin Mary by the recent Jean-Luc Godard film *Hail Mary.* The French filmmaker, for his part, tried to get his Italian distributor to withdraw the film, which portrays the Virgin Mary as a cabdriver's girlfriend and features several scenes of her in the nude. The distributor, citing the "right of the public to choose," refused to withdraw the film. Although *Hail Mary* has already been banned in one Italian city and the Vatican has vigorously campaigned against it, the movie is reportedly doing well in Italy. . . . The Chinese government announced a wide-ranging ban on any audiovisual or printed material that "specifically portrays sexual behavior or publicizes pornographic and lascivious images," which it labeled obscene. Also forbidden are sex toys, sex aids, and aphrodisiacs. The ban came amidst warnings that increased openness to the West will result in "spiritual pollution."

The Pope is peeved about a bare Mary in Godard's latest film.

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"He may be down, but he ain't out."

MATTELSON

MEDICAL GENOCIDE

PART ONE:

PRESCRIPTION FOR DISASTER

BY GARY NULL

The American health empire, which is in a state of collapse, threatens all of our lives. In this ongoing series of investigative articles, we will explore the problems, and suggest solutions to this deadly situation.

PAINTING BY MARVIN MATTELSON

By the late 1800s, the domination of commerce by trusts and other forms of monopolies was so damaging to the interests of consumers that the Sherman Antitrust Act was passed. Over the next several decades government strengthened its antitrust activities to permit the discipline of the marketplace to protect the consumer through competitively low prices and innovation.

Organized medicine—by which we mean the complex of doctors, national organizations such as the American Medical Association, hospitals, drug companies, insurance companies, and government agencies—has not been actively pursued by the government for restraint of trade and monopolization of an industry. On the contrary, government has supported organized medicine's continuing centralization of power. The result has been not only an out-of-control spiraling of costs, but also a collapse of service typical of a bloated monopolistic industry.

Recent publicity and the experiences of our children have made us all aware that public education in this country has collapsed. SAT scores have not improved in ten years, many teachers can't spell or otherwise don't know their subjects, illiterate students are given diplomas, and there are violence and drugs in many schools. National attention is now being focused on rebuilding public education.

What many of us are not aware of is that organized medicine is also in a state of collapse. While this problem will likely receive widespread attention within the next few years, the effects are with us now. These include:

• Each year, $355.4 billion—about 11 percent of the gross national product—is spent on medical care, the cost of which is increasing at twice the rate of inflation. While this is the highest per capita cost in the world, the United States ranks about 15th in the world in infant mortality.

• Organized medicine operates as a virtually uncontrolled monopoly, able to dominate those government agencies that are supposed to regulate it, effectively barring competition. The soon-to-be-revived Pepper Bill would further strengthen this monopoly by extending regulatory control of the National Library of Medicine, which would in turn be able to dictate the legality of various products, services, and information.

• As changes in health and population patterns threaten medical profits, bizarre practices are introduced to sustain practitioners' incomes. There are now 500 coronary-bypass operations performed every day in the United States. It is the most common form of major surgery. Yet in over 80 percent of these cases, the surgery is ineffective and unnecessary. Twenty percent of all childbirths are now done by cesarean section. Yet studies show that over three-quarters of these cesareans are unnecessary and endanger the health of the mother and baby. In the United States, childbirth has become a medical procedure, a disease. Yet in Sweden, the majority of all children are born at home attended by a midwife, and Sweden has about half the infant mortality rate of the United States. Midwives are harassed and even arrested in many states, and one doctor in New York lost his license when his home deliveries threatened the profits of a local hospital.

• Due to an oversupply of physicians and the high costs of practice, many doctors are using local peer-review boards to reduce competition. Typically, a young, well-educated doctor with a good bedside manner will move into a community and start to take patients away from the established doctors. Seeing their income threatened, the established doctors will form a peer-review committee to find the new doctor incompetent and remove his hospital privileges. The courts will not intervene, saying they are not able to judge medical competency. In many cases the good doctor, after exhausting his resources fighting alone, ends up leaving the profession, becoming dependent on drugs, or committing suicide.

> Findings indicate that American surgeons perform nearly 2.4 million unnecessary operations each year, resulting in 11,900 deaths.

• To build income, organized medicine now expends huge amounts of money and resources on artificial hearts, while surrounded by an utter orgy of media attention. These devices, even if they someday work, will never help more than a few people. Meanwhile, far simpler alternatives that could help millions, namely basic, good health practices such as proper nutrition and exercise, are being ignored.

• Malpractice insurance for many doctors now exceeds $100,000 per year and is increasing rapidly. These premiums reflect the awards and settlements being paid by insurance companies.

Certainly we live longer today and enjoy greater health than at any previous time in our history. However, studies show that this is not due to medicine, but to general health practices. Let's take a look at what we call "modern medicine."

MODERN MEDICINE: HAS IT BEEN A SUCCESS?

Our medical model of disease has led us to think of it as a random breakdown within, or an attack on, the body. Disease, however, actually follows definite social, cultural, and geographical patterns. Thus, in recent history, cholera and typhoid fever were a result of urban crowding, bad water, and poor sanitation. Tuberculosis was a result of nineteenth-century urban crowding, foul air, terrible working conditions in mines and factories, and malnutrition. Today's dominant diseases, heart disease and cancer, are the result of an affluent lifestyle—too little exercise, too much unresolved stress, processed food, and toxic pollutants in our food, water, and air.

Different cultures also have different approaches to healing. The approach of our industrial culture is known as "modern medicine." We have gotten into the habit of thinking of modern medicine as being synonymous with healing. We often think of all past forms of healing as prescientific mixtures of superstition and lucky guesses that were struggling toward what we have finally achieved. Modern medicine has certainly had some spectacular successes, but its claim to being the *only* valid approach may be exaggerated. In fact, we may right now be on the verge of a major revolution in holistic healing that will utterly transform many of our current assumptions.

What are the assumptions underlying modern medicine? Fritjof Capra, author of *The Tao of Physics,* describes the close relationship between modern medicine and mechanistic thinking:

"Our current medical model . . . sees the human body essentially as a machine made of separate parts, the organs. It sees disease as something coming from outside the body, attacking the body from outside. Through surgery or chemical intervention the doctor treats the affected parts. Usually this treatment is done without taking into account how the parts are interrelated. . . ."—*New Age,* May 1979

The industrial efficiency of today's medicine, symbolized by the coldness of the modern hospital, may be the price we have to pay for effectiveness. After all, we have seen dramatic improvements in health over the past hundred years. Infant mortality has been radically reduced, and cholera, typhus, typhoid fever, diphtheria, tuberculosis, smallpox, whooping cough, tetanus, measles, pneumonia, and other once-dreaded diseases have been either eliminated, greatly reduced, or rendered relatively harmless. In 1900, the average life expectancy was 47.3 years. In 1975, it was 71.9 years. The common assumption is that because these improvements are in the area of health, they must be attributable to medicine. Thomas McKeown, professor of social medicine emeritus at the University of Birmingham, England, has concluded that the contribution of

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clinical medicine to the prevention of death has been smaller than that of other influences. He noted that in the past three centuries, conditions of life have improved drastically. Pure or treated drinking water, pasteurized milk, indoor plumbing, closed sewers, improved nutrition, central heating, clean and safe workplaces, shorter working hours, and other developments of the modern age probably deserve the primary credit for improvements in health and longevity.

"Medical interventions have not affected total mortality rates; at best they have shifted survival from one segment of the population to another. Dramatic changes in the nature of disease afflicting Western societies during the last 100 years are well-documented. First industrialization exacerbated infections, which then subsided. Tuberculosis peaked over a 50- to 75-year period and declined before either the tubercle bacillus had been discovered or anti-tuberculosis programs had been initiated. It was replaced in Britain and the United States by major malnutrition syndromes—rickets and pellagra—which peaked and declined and were replaced by diseases of early childhood, which in turn gave way to duodenal ulcer in young men. When that declined, the modern epidemics took their toll: coronary heart disease, hypertension, cancer, arthritis, diabetes, and mental disorders. At least in the United States death rates from hypertensive heart disease seem to be declining. Despite intensive research, no connection can be demonstrated between changes in disease patterns and the professional practice of medicine."—Ivan Illich, *Towards a History of Needs*

Medicine may not be responsible for many of our health improvements, and we may not have experienced as many improvements as we would like to see. As Ivan Illich (also the author of *Medical Nemesis: The Expropriation of Health,* a major study of industrial medicine) points out, many diseases of the past are gone, but new diseases have replaced them. We may also question the significance of increased longevity. Much of the dramatic increase comes from a decline in infant mortality. But for people living to the age of 45, the statistical improvement in longevity has been much less dramatic. Having reached the age of 45, an individual once stood a better chance of living longer than the same person today. In essence, they were heartier. In fact, between 1960 and 1970 the longevity of a 45-year-old white male actually *decreased.*

"Life expectancy *past the age of 45* has not increased appreciably in this or any other country in the world in the last 80 years. Not only that, but the gains in expectancy-at-birth that have been made in this century—from 47 years in 1900 to 71.9 in 1975—have actually stayed roughly static over the last 25 years (the 1955 rate was 69.5 years) and seem likely to remain so. . . ."—Kirkpatrick Sale, *Human Scale*

IS MODERN MEDICINE A THREAT TO HEALTH?

Modern medicine is changing very rapidly. As recently as 1950, 90 percent of medical school graduates went into family practice. By 1970, only ten percent went into family practice, the rest becoming specialists. Gigantic hospitals and medical centers have sprung up, thousands of new and highly complex drugs have been introduced, and even diagnostic procedures have become invasive and dangerous.

Powerful drugs and invasive medical techniques that were once reserved for the sick are now applied routinely across the board. In the 1940s and 1950s, millions of pregnant women were given the synthetic hormone DES—diethylstilbestrol—to prevent miscarriages. Later studies showed that DES did not prevent miscarriages, that many sons of DES mothers developed abnormal genitals,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 188

"First, I want to thank you for all the wonderful letters, and second, network rules prohibit me from unbuttoning my top button."

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Lake Loen, Nordfjord, Norway. Photo: Eric Meola.

Imported from Norway by Vikin Fjord Importers, White Plains, NY. 80 proof, distilled from potatoes. © 1985

GOING FIRST-CLASS

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALLAN J. WASH

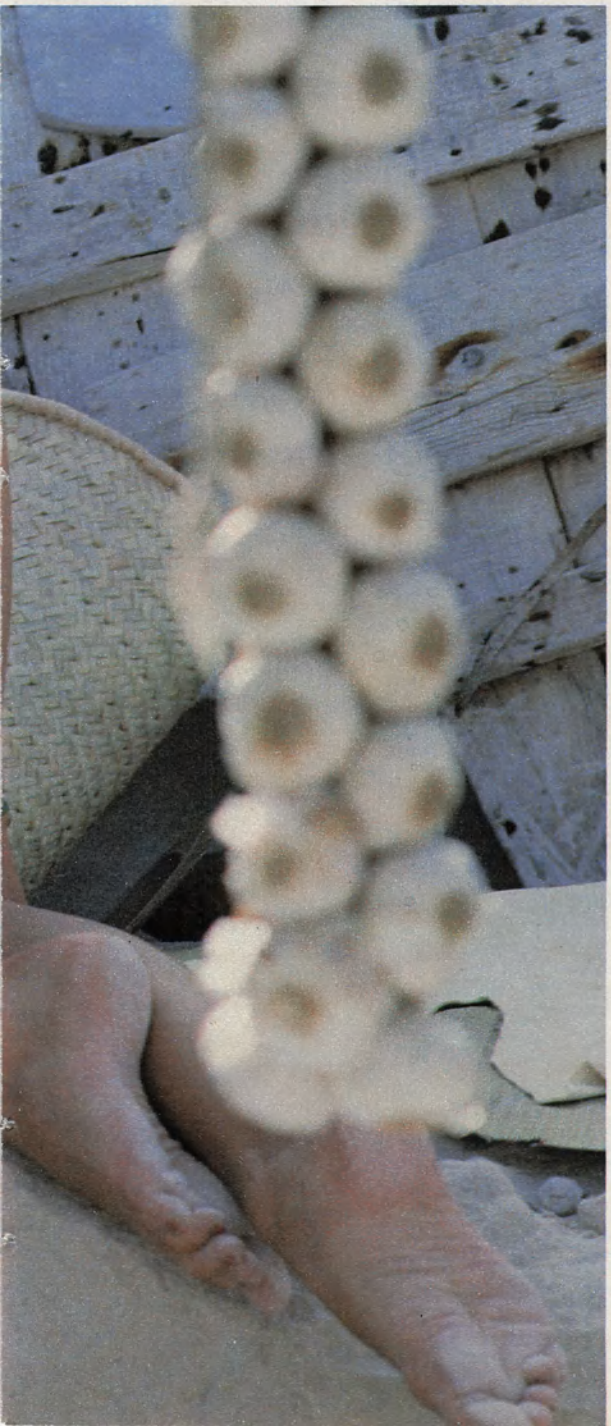
Imagine what the trade winds would swap for a girl like Charlie Dean! This 19-year-old Hartfordshire-lass-turned-Londoner would gladly swap her native fog for some of Ibiza's sunshine. "That's the best thing about modeling. It's a license to travel free—and first-class!" Since finishing her secondary education at 16, this sultry 34-22-34-inch lady has developed an enviable multiple career: modeling for print and TV commercials, doing occasional BBC walk-on parts on a weekly comedy show, then dancing six nights a week at a trendy London cabaret.

Makeup, hair, and wardrobe by Theo Monett

Fresh out of school, Charlie took
a job selling menswear, but quickly got
sacked. "It was so boring—
and you had to stand up all the time."

"Then I tried marriage—very briefly. It was a big mistake and I got out quick when I saw that. I really like my freedom—to think I almost settled for being a teenage housewife."

"I've been lucky with men and in my profession because I have a really positive attitude. If I'm nervous on an audition or on a first date, I just fake it. Obviously, being good-looking helps. . . ."



"But Britain is
different from the States:
How you *act* is
much more important
than how you
look, especially if you
really act *naughty*!"
Professionally, she wants
to act well, of course,
but she wonders if she's
willing to trade the
glamorous, easy life of
modeling for the
arduous life of an actress.
"Either way," she
says, "I'm shooting for rave
reviews!"

Her former lover and lifelong friend remembers America's sex goddess as a beautiful, doomed teenager.

NORMA JEAN

THE REAL MARILYN MONROE

BY TED JORDAN

I spotted her instantly from my vantage point atop the Lido Club's high diving board. She stood among a line of beautiful young women just outside the fence around the club's swimming pool. She was impossible to miss, even in that group of typically stunning young women, the kind of beauties that flocked by the battalion to Hollywood in that golden summer of 1943. As lifeguard at the pool—part of Hollywood's then–most famous hotel, the Ambassador—one of the job's fringe benefits was girl watching. For me, 19 years old at the time, no better benefit existed than the seemingly endless groups of young beauties who were ushered in and out of the pool area to model the latest fashion swimsuits.

But one woman I had spotted that morning struck me, even from my lofty vantage point. I dove into the pool and swam to the other end. Emerging, I began to dry myself while staring at one of the most extraordinary creatures I had ever seen.

She stood among a group of 20 young models, all dressed in what was then a daring new swimsuit style—a French two-piece model, which left exposed a section of midriff. The young woman I had noticed was wearing a blue version of the swimsuit. She was stunning: With remarkably firm, large breasts and an hourglass shape, she looked as though the swimsuit had been expressly designed for her.

Aside from her breathtaking figure, there

PAINTING BY KUNIO HAGIO

seemed nothing else that distinguished her physically. She had light, mousy brown hair down to her shoulders; very curly, it looked somewhat frizzy. Her face, while pretty enough, was not especially beautiful. In fact, many of the other young women that morning waiting their turn to model had more striking faces.

And yet, there was *something* about this woman, something so intriguing and vibrant, that I had to meet her right away. That would not be too difficult, for I already had entrée in the person of a lady with the unlikely name of Miss Emmeline Snively. Miss Snively, who ran the Blue Book Modelling Agency, had her headquarters at the hotel. She used the Lido Club's pool and a golf course adjacent to the hotel as backdrops for the photographers who shot fashion layouts using her models.

As a Lido employee, I stopped in every morning to say hello to Miss Snively, a brisk, no-nonsense businesswoman. My interest, of course, was not Miss Snively; actually, I established friendly relations for the sole purpose of meeting some of the lovely models she was parading daily around the pool.

And there was one model in particular I was dying to meet that morning. I asked Miss Snively the model's name, and while I was very much smitten with the young lady's charms, apparently Miss Snively was not.

"She's one of the new girls," she said, her voice trailing off as she tried to remember the new model's name. She could not, but added, "It's her first modeling job; she's quite nervous. Why don't you wait until they're finished taking pictures, then go over and introduce yourself?"

So I waited as the photographer posed the models in those typical 1940s-era poses, all innocent sex and dramatic backdrops. It gave me the opportunity to study the model whose name Miss Snively could not remember. I was struck by a number of interesting aspects of this shapely woman—among them a glorious rear end. For the life of me, I could not understand why Miss Snively was not as awestruck by this woman as I was.

Perhaps it was because the woman positively radiated sex. Even while she was just standing around, sex was written all over her; she was, to my mind, sex personified. Additionally, the woman had a number of peculiar mannerisms. She constantly licked her lips while performing eye-catching gyrations with her mouth. The mouth itself seemed to be very tight, and she would throw her lips forward and backward, uncertain of herself when she was asked to smile.

After the modeling session was finished, I walked over to the woman and introduced myself. "Hi," she replied in a high-pitched, breathless voice. "I'm Norma Jean Dougherty."

I wish I could say that the earth heaved and the heavens parted with thunder at the moment of this meeting with Norma Jean Baker Dougherty, later Marilyn Monroe. But in fact very nearly nothing happened. Norma Jean did not seem very interested in me at all, although I noticed that she did not walk away. Quickly, I imparted as much biographical information as I could over the next minute, hoping to catch her interest.

Actually, it didn't take long to sum up the 19 years of my life to that point. Born in Ohio, I had emigrated to Los Angeles with my family a few years before. Invalided out of the Navy after recovering from wounds in a gun-mount explosion, I had become hooked on Hollywood. Determined to be an actor, I was studying acting and working in small plays, hoping for the proverbial big break that would get me a studio contract. Meanwhile, to support myself, I was working as a lifeguard at the Lido Club.

The word "actor" suddenly piqued her interest. "Oh," she said in that little-girl voice that later became one of her best-known trademarks, "that's a coincidence. My greatest ambition is to become an actress." She went on to explain that she was modeling to earn enough money to pay room and board at the home of her Aunt Grace—a relative with whom she was staying—and hoped, somehow, to begin an acting career. As if anticipating my next question, she mentioned that she was separated from her husband, James Dougherty, a Navy seaman.

> "You know," Norma Jean said, "all I have to do is take my dress off. They just stare at me and tell me how beautiful I am, over and over again."

So far, so good, I thought, but her mild interest in me suddenly and dramatically expanded when I mentioned casually that I was the nephew of entertainer Ted Lewis. It was almost as if I had hit her with an electrical shock. Now she was the picture of devoted attention to my every word, while at the same time pressing me for details about Lewis. Very little needed to be explained about my uncle. Called "Mr. Entertainment," he was the leading entertainer of the day, headliner at every posh nightclub in the country. Known for his famous line, "Is everybody happy?" he was the Milton Berle of his era. His show-business connections made him one of the most important power brokers in the industry. More importantly in the context of this story, he was also well-connected in the movie industry, close friends with several studio moguls.

"Who represents him?" Norma Jean asked, a question that seemed odd only in retrospect, for there were not many models in those days who wondered what agent represented a particular entertainer.

But I wasn't thinking too clearly at the time. Frankly, I was dazzled by this woman, and with a youthful libido dominated by thoughts that I *must* have her, I was not paying too much attention to the specifics of what Norma Jean was saying. In the process, I failed to notice a number of clues which should have told me that I had encountered not a naive young model—she was only 17 years old at the time—but a young woman of a far more interesting background than she had let on.

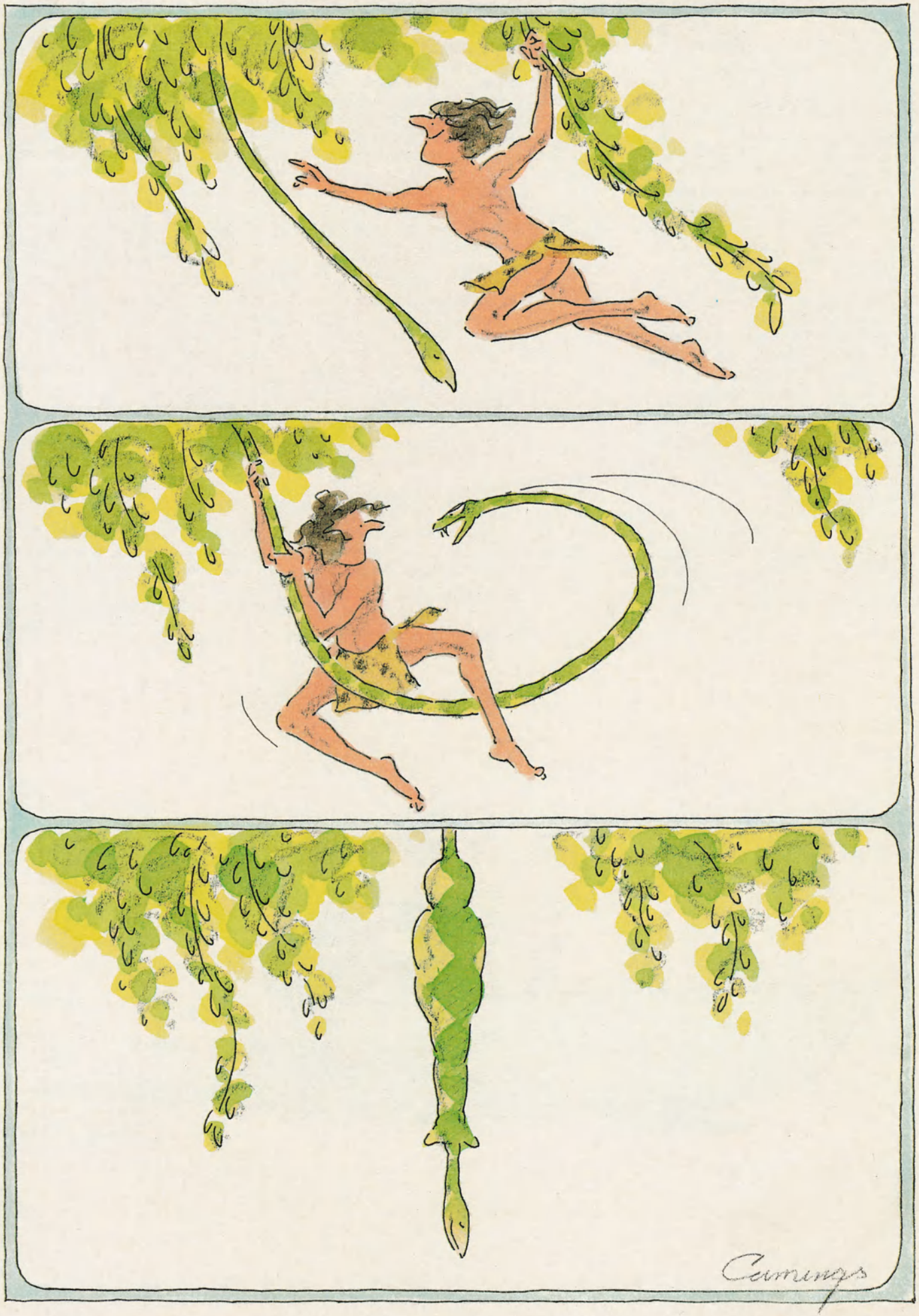
I did not notice, for example, that when I asked her for a date, she betrayed a knowledge of Hollywood night spots that seemed remarkably sophisticated for a teenage model supposedly scraping by on a few meager modeling fees while living with her aunt.

I told her I would pick her up at her aunt's house. "No," she said, "it's best that we meet somewhere." I suggested The Haig, a local night spot just across the street from the Ambassador Hotel. She seemed to know the place, and went on to talk knowledgeably about the bar in the Windsor Hotel, the Gaylord Hotel, and the bar at the Chaptman Park Hotel. She also mentioned the Ambassador Hotel bar.

In my smitten state, I did not bother to ask how she had come to know all these places so well. It was not until some years later when she admitted to me one of the terrible secrets from her past (there would be many others, as it turned out): In fact, she said, she had worked during that period as a part-time prostitute. It was not an episode she was proud of, but she defended the selling of herself as a vital necessity. Simply put, she was desperate for money. Uneducated, with few marketable skills, she often did not have enough money to buy even makeup. The few modeling fees she earned did not cover the cost of food. (She often skipped meals to make the money stretch further.)

She had, I later discovered, a regular routine in those days. Desperately lonely, she hung out at night in bars and nightclubs all over Hollywood. Picked up by men, she would go to bed with them, following which they would pay her money.

While she claimed at first that she had resorted to prostitution out of financial desperation, I realized, much later, that there was something more at work. She suddenly revealed it one night when discussing those episodes in her life. "You know," she said, "all I have to do is take my dress off. Then they just stare at me



and tell me how beautiful I am. Oh, they say how beautiful over and over again." Of course, that was it: Norma Jean craved affection and attention, and she discovered that the easiest way to do it was simply to reveal to the world the one thing she thought separated her from every other woman: her incredibly voluptuous body. All she had to do was to show that body, and she received all the attention and admiration she so desperately craved. (She also recounted to me a recurrent dream she had: walking naked into a crowded church, and feeling no shame as everyone stares at her.)

But none of this even crossed my mind that first night I took her out. On my meager income of $80 a week, the best I could do was a date at The Haig. I listened, with total adoration, as she nearly squealed with delight in discovering that we were both Geminis. She put great faith in astrology, and was especially fascinated by the so-called "double personalities" all Geminis are supposed to have. Perhaps, but she could have been talking about nuclear physics, for all I cared; I just loved to hear her talk.

We had a few more dates, and as I began to know her, I discovered a personality that was very difficult to define. My impression was of a naive young woman with not much experience who had delusions of being an actress. Smitten as I was, I was still sober enough to conclude that she had no hope of ever being one. I didn't especially care, nor was I particularly interested when she recited what later became the familiar details of her horrifying childhood: a mother who went insane, a succession of foster homes, a stay in an orphanage, and finally, an arranged marriage to a next-door neighbor.

I also realized that she was intellectually very shallow. When I would ask her a question to which she did not know the answer, she would change the subject. She seemed to have a dread of being misinformed, or perceived as stupid, so she tended to agree with just about any opinion. Not that I cared, really; the fact is that I was totally captivated and was intent on having her. It was a fever, actually, and I didn't even bother to think about the possible consequences of having sex with "jailbait." The laws on such things were pretty strict, but I was so badly smitten, the thought of going to jail for 20 years on a statutory-rape charge hardly entered my mind.

Several nights later, at her suggestion, we went to Chinatown. We began drinking Cuba Libres (rum and Coca-Cola), and it was not long before we were fairly tanked up, as they say back in Ohio. We were also out of money, but Norma Jean acted as though we didn't have a care in the world. She began talking about sex—"I think fucking is great"—and in my state, I did not stop to wonder if my perception of her as a naive and innocent young model might be wrong.

We walked along the street as a heavy rain began to fall. "Hey, you know something?" I told her. "We're flat broke!"

She began to giggle. "Hell, I don't care," she said. "I'm having a ball. What would you like to do?"

"For the first time in your life," I replied, "you're going to be a lookout. Come with me, I'll show you." I led her down the street to a Chinese restaurant that had a large wishing well in front of it. In the center of the well was a large island with small Buddha statues. The figures had outstretched, cupped hands. The local custom was for people to throw coins toward the statues; if the hands caught the coins, then their wishes would come true. It was very rare for anyone's coin to stay in the small hands, so the wishing well was loaded with coins. As the rain poured down, Norma Jean and I rooted around in the well, grabbing coins. With a few bucks' worth, we bought some more Cuba Libres.

At last, feeling no pain, we headed back to her Aunt Grace's house. But Norma Jean suddenly said, "Why don't we go over where you work?" It was a hint of something I hardly dared believe might

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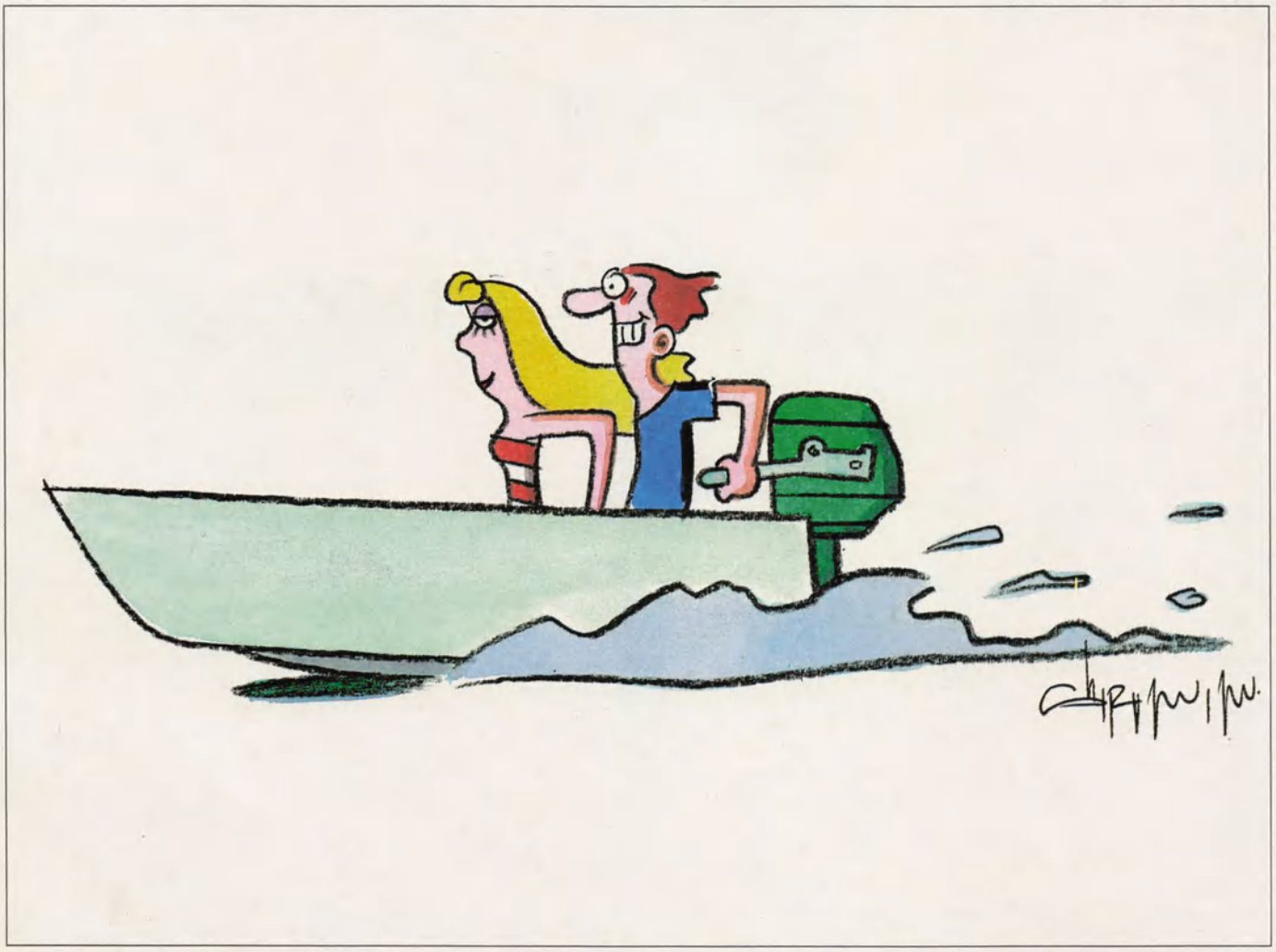

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Caught in the cross fire of adults' political, racial, and religious fanaticism, thousands of boys and girls have become the pawns and victims of terror.

CHILDREN OF WAR

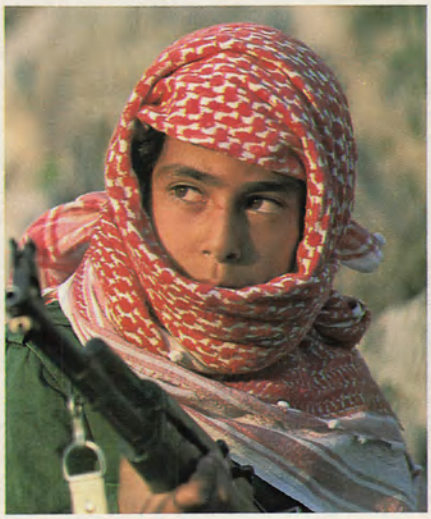
BY OMAR RIVABELLA

During those years when a child should be playing with toys under the loving and protecting care of its parents, in some countries, particularly those experimenting with Marxist doctrine, they are trained at schools or army installations in the art of war or taken away to work on farms. All the while, they are indoctrinated with the moral value of shared misery, the sacred ideal of martyrdom, and the patriotic renunciation of the present in the name of "the revolution."

Such indoctrination and parental separation at a tender age produce a permanently damaged child. As an adult, such a child will likely become a fanatic who will probably commit similar atrocities against the next generation.

Attempts have been made on an international scale for many years to halt abuses against the rights of children. The United Nations, in 1959, passed the Declaration of the Rights of the Child, stating that "the child . . . needs special safeguards and care." A child's right to love and the care of both of its parents are viewed as being of paramount importance. And as recently as 1974 the U.N. passed a Declaration on the Protection of Women and Children in

In Cuba, schoolchildren learn how to assemble guns.



Emergency and Armed Conflict to curtail some of the abuses of war and revolution. But the world is a hard and pragmatic place, and resolutions such as these carry little weight when the superpowers choose to support corrupt and repressive regimes for reasons of political expediency.

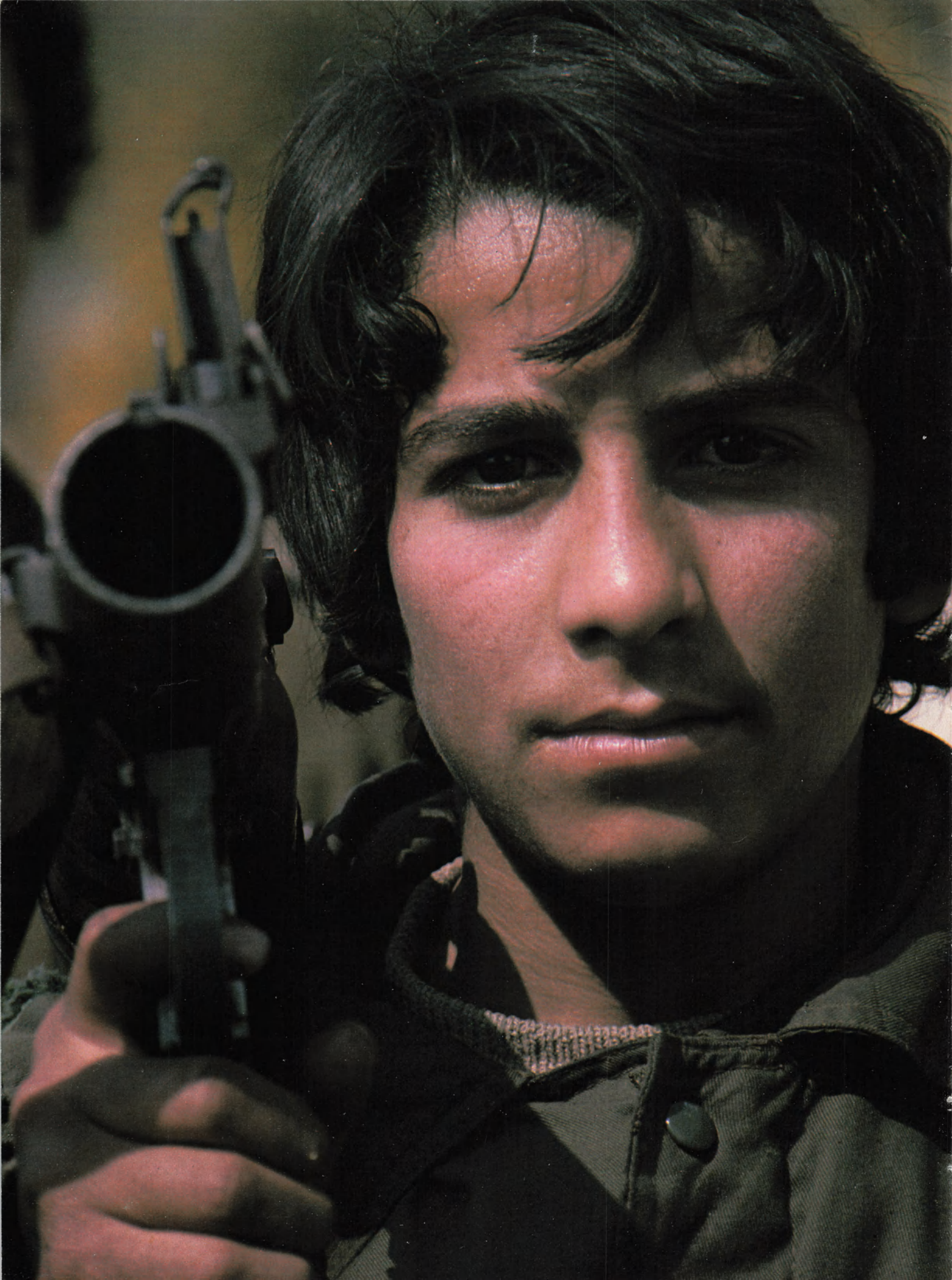
As can be very easily guessed, the abuse of children is more common in countries where the repression of dissidents has been brutal and widespread. In these countries, shocking numbers of children are kidnapped and all too often tortured and killed, as part of the strategy of governing through terror.

In some countries the cruelty of the physical punishments defies all reason and indicates the degree of

As adults they will become fanatics, committing atrocities against the next generation.

moral decadence of those in power. Too many regimes, however, are both brutal and subtle, for while one would grant that a society has the right to socialize its citizens so as to preserve itself, one would hope that no one would agree that children should be kidnapped and used as ideological fodder. And yet it happens repeatedly, particularly in regimes that regard their principles as absolute.

Vicente Manuel Echerry, a Cuban poet and writer who paid for his dreams of freedom with two years in prison, still recalls one 14-year-old who shared his cell along with 12 adults: "The boy was taken prisoner because an inscription vilifying Fidel Castro was found on the bathroom wall of the school he attended, and the government's handwriting expert matched it with his. He received the same inhuman treatment given to the adults. He cried as the



They are indoctrinated with the sacred ideals of shared misery and martyrdom.

child he was. Jailing children among adults is a common practice in Cuba. I have seen many children during my imprisonment, some as young as 11 or 12 years old. But there are more outrageous violations of children's human rights, for many are methodically and massively executed. The G-2 [special forces] raids against entire families of peasants who rebelled against the government are well-known. In many similar incidents families were dispersed. The father would be arrested, the mother sent to a work camp, and the children interned in schools to be 'rescued' ideologically. They number in the thousands. . . . In Cuba, children are taught at school how to take apart a gun and assemble it again."

In Iraq, from which frequent reports of torture are received, children are forced to wear military outfits in elementary schools. This revolting practice is

In the process of consolidating power, dictators and bureaucrats are finding that children make excellent raw material.

part of the government's strategy to condition the children's minds, and is accompanied by training and actual fighting.

Of the 4,500 children in Jamba, Angola, a few will leave to further their education, but most will be trained in combat and guerrilla warfare. Jamba is a stronghold of UNITA, the insurgent anti-Marxist faction led by Jonas Savimbi, which is instructing schoolchildren in UNITA's ideology along with academic subjects.

In Nicaragua, children are given military training to the sound of music especially prepared to exacerbate their sense of nationalism. In Afghanistan, they are uprooted by the Russian troops precisely to obtain the opposite result.

However, the disregard of children's rights is not a prerogative of any particular political group. The same violations are exercised by those opposing leftist govern-

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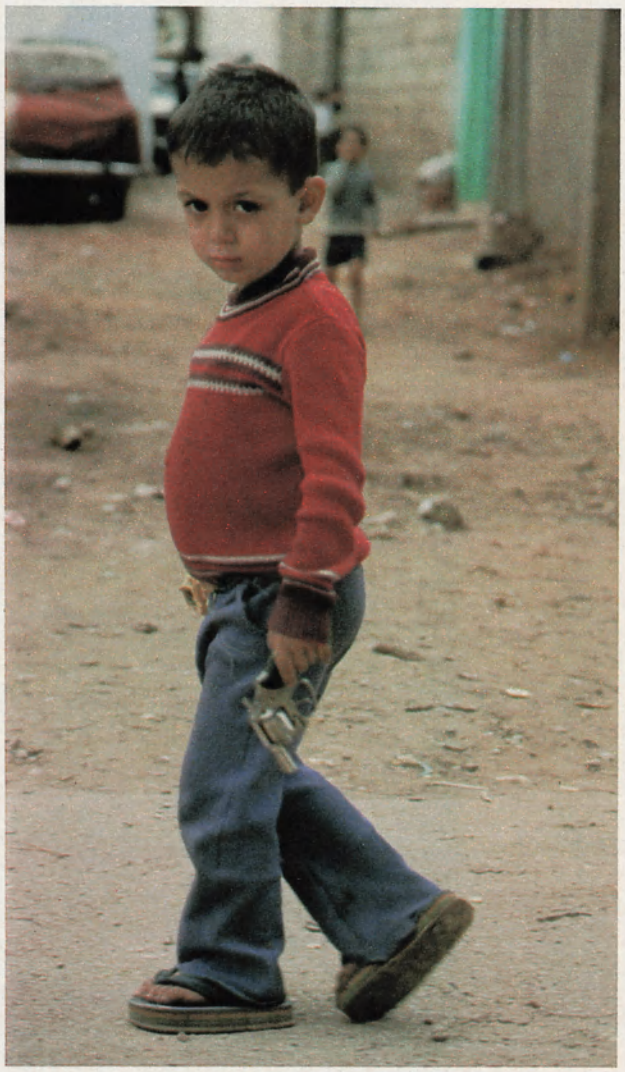

EVERYTHING WOMEN WANT TO KNOW ABOUT SEX—AND AREN'T AFRAID TO ASK!

BY DR. DAVID REUBEN

For the past 15 years, America has been rocked by a sexual revolution unequaled in the history of the human race. A mere decade and a half ago we were an unawakened puritanical society haunted by the twin specters of sexual guilt and sexual ignorance. Today we are the freest sexual society in the history of the world.

PAINTING BY AKIRA YOKOYAMA

For the past 15 years, America has been rocked by a sexual revolution unequaled in the history of the human race. A mere decade and a half ago we were an unawakened puritanical society haunted by the twin specters of sexual guilt and sexual ignorance. Today we are the freest sexual society in the history of the world. From the standpoint of sex, there are no secrets anymore. Every month of the year a hundred new books on the subject of sex are printed—many of them with detailed color photographs. Anyone with the price of a movie ticket or access to a home video recorder can watch every variation of human sexuality acted out in living color and stereo sound, again and again. For those who want to go even further, there are "sex surrogates" to lead them step-by-step through whatever isolated areas of sexual ignorance may linger.

So, as a result of this new and unlimited sexual freedom, everyone now knows everything that they need to know to find sexual happiness and fulfillment—right? Well . . . not quite. Somehow, somewhere, something went wrong. The divorce rate has spiraled upward faster than the inflation rate. Impotence and frigidity strike more men and women as each night goes by. Worst of all, we seem to be in the midst of an epidemic of sexual dissatisfaction. In the 1980s, sex is easier to find than ever before—and much less fulfilling. It seems that nowadays everyone is doing it more and enjoying it less. But as with every major problem, the big unanswered question is *why?*

I think I know the answer. The vast knowledge of sex that most people have acquired today is a very limited and very superficial kind of knowledge. It's what might be called a *Popular Mechanics* understanding of human sexuality. You know how it goes: "Slide the right leg slowly over the left leg, and then, carefully raising yourself on your left elbow, firmly place your . . ." and so on.

That was okay in the beginning, when we were letting the first flicker of sexual enlightenment shine on our lives, but today things are different.

Now that all of us have more or less survived the sexual revolution, what we need to know is not so much "What happens?" as "*Why* does it happen?" and sometimes even more importantly, "Why *doesn't* it happen?"

This feeling of mine is amply confirmed by the 50,000 letters I have received from my readers over the past two years. About half the letters are from women, and the questions they ask—the things they most want to know about sex—are just exactly the kinds of things that we have been talking about. Men and women are different, and sometimes they just don't understand each other's sexual problems, desires, and needs. I believe that in sharing some of the most typical questions women ask me, men will better be able to understand what it is women want from a healthy and satisfying sexual relationship. Let's take a look at some of the letters and see.

The question that tops the list is an excellent example. In a touching way, this letter from a young wife shows the gap between sexual expectations and sexual reality. For reasons she doesn't understand, sex *after* marriage seems to have taken a surprising turn:

"I don't know if it's my fault or my husband's fault, but between us we have one big sexual problem. Before we got married we had a lot of sex together. We did it almost everywhere. You know, in the car, on the beach, on a sailboat—anywhere we felt like it. Not only did I almost always have an orgasm, I had sensational orgasms! Even after we got married, I went wild nearly every time we did it, and that was almost every night. But now we've been married three years, and I haven't had a single climax in the past six months. Oh, I can still get there by masturbating, but when I make love with my husband—nothing happens! What happened to me? What went wrong? And the big one: What can I do about it? To say I'm desperate would be an understatement. . . ."

> Sometimes it's easy for a woman to have an orgasm with a stranger whom she doesn't care about, but with her husband she has to be in love.

The explanation is simple, the solution a little more difficult. Sex before marriage—and outside of marriage—has the lure of the forbidden, that extra zing of getting away with something illicit, something dangerous. This woman describes it well when she talks about doing it in the car and on the beach. The extra ingredients of fear, tension, and danger are like the pep rally before the ball game. They give the nervous system that little extra jolt which can push a woman headlong into orgasm. There's a charming Italian proverb that sums it all up: "You don't really know what sex can be like until you've done it . . . in a tree . . . underwater . . . or with a jealous husband pounding on the door."

But in her own home in her own bed with her own husband night after night, she has to arrive at the moment of orgasm under her own power—she can't hitch a ride anymore on the forbidden, the dangerous, or the exotic. That's when real love and deep emotional attachment to your partner make a difference. Sometimes it's easy and exciting for a woman to have an orgasm with a stranger whom she doesn't care about, but in order to have an orgasm with her husband she has to be in love.

When it comes to the second thing that women most want to know about sex, their interest suddenly shifts to the amorous responses of their partners. The ups and downs of male potency get a lot of female attention. This 24-year-old woman puts it succinctly:

"Maybe this question is too complicated to be answered in a letter, but it really has me perplexed. Why is it that men sometimes become impotent? Well, maybe a better way to ask it is, Why do they sometimes *suddenly* become impotent? My husband and I have been married for about four years now, and on about half a dozen occasions he just hasn't been able to get an erection. Sometimes I think it's my fault, sometimes I'm angry at him, and then sometimes I just don't know. Can you help me understand what's happening?"

First of all, congratulations are in order for the man, who only slipped a cog six times in four years. That's a pretty good record. Having an erection is a lot like the old saying, "You have to have a million dollars to be a millionaire, but you can be poor without a cent." You can have a nonerection anytime without even trying, but *having* an erection requires a lot of very complicated things to happen with split-second timing. Any distraction can block the extremely complex pathways of the reflexes involved and cancel the erection—at any stage of a sexual experience. That distraction can be as simple as a knock at the door or as complicated as the *fear* of not being able to have an erection. Even the routine problems of everyday life, such as a bad day at work or a plunge in the stock market, can cause enough disruption of the delicate sexual reflexes to make trouble. Of course, there are a few rare exclusively physical reasons for impotence. Diabetes, for example, can seriously cripple sexual potency. Taking all that into consideration, one can say with assurance that a man who only misses six times in four years is doing very, very well.

Men may have to learn how to cope with some women's lack of knowledge on the subject of the male anatomy. It is difficult for a woman to understand why the man next to her, who says he wants to make love, can't achieve erection. Obviously, she has never had an erection and doesn't know just how easily the penis can be provoked or discouraged. Of course, the reverse is also true. Too many men are not sympathetic with the problems women have regarding birth control, pregnancy, menstruation, etc. When it comes to sex, you're dealing with a most sensitive issue, and both partners have

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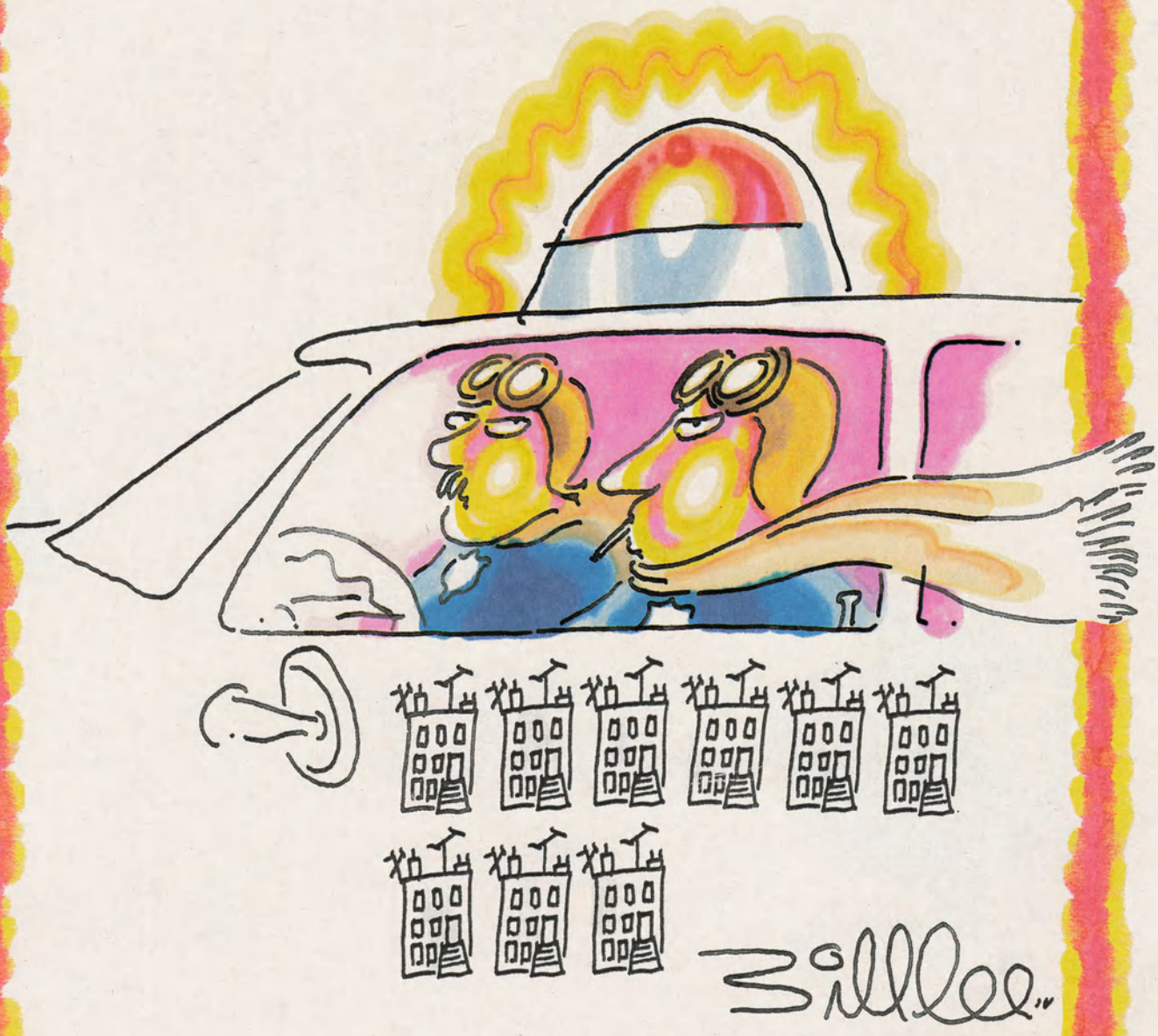
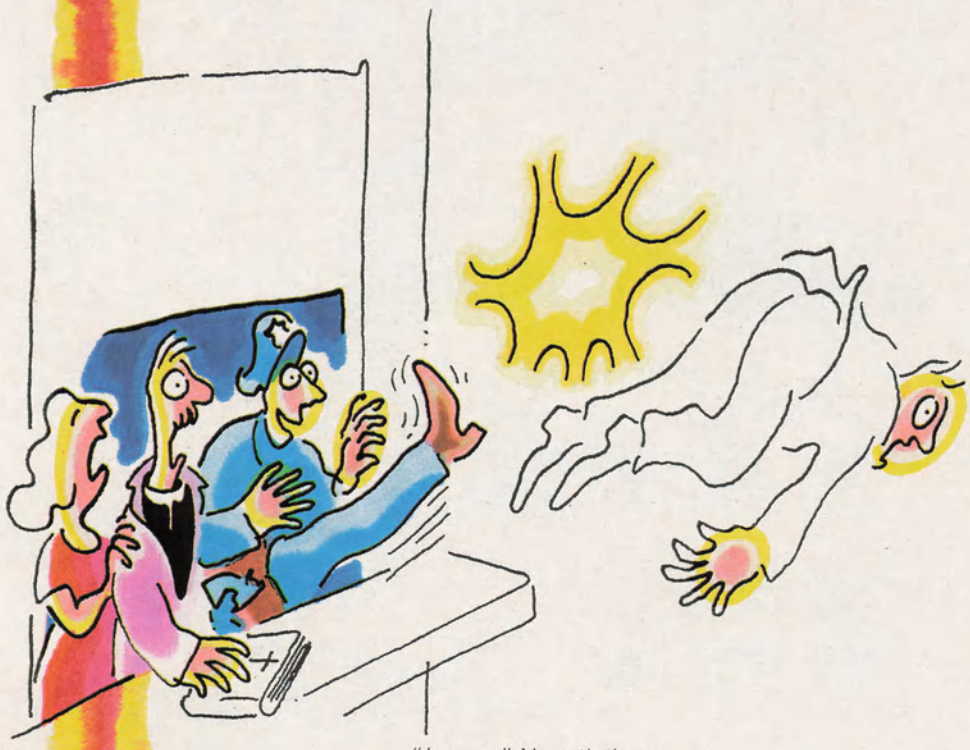
ET TU, PHILLY, AS *PENTHOUSE*
OFFERS A BRIEF VIEW OF THE PYRRHIC CURRICULUM
AT THE PHILADELPHIA POLICE ACADEMY

PHILADELPHIA POLICE ACADEMY

SATIRE BY BILL LEE



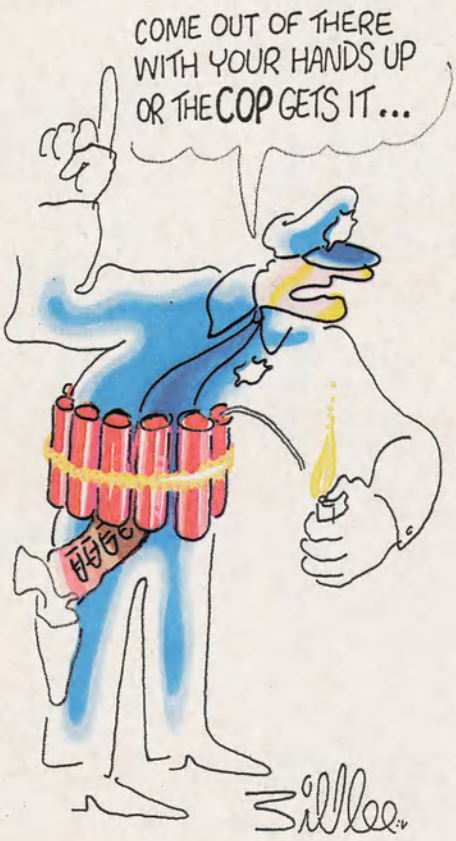
Littering



"Jumper" Negotiations

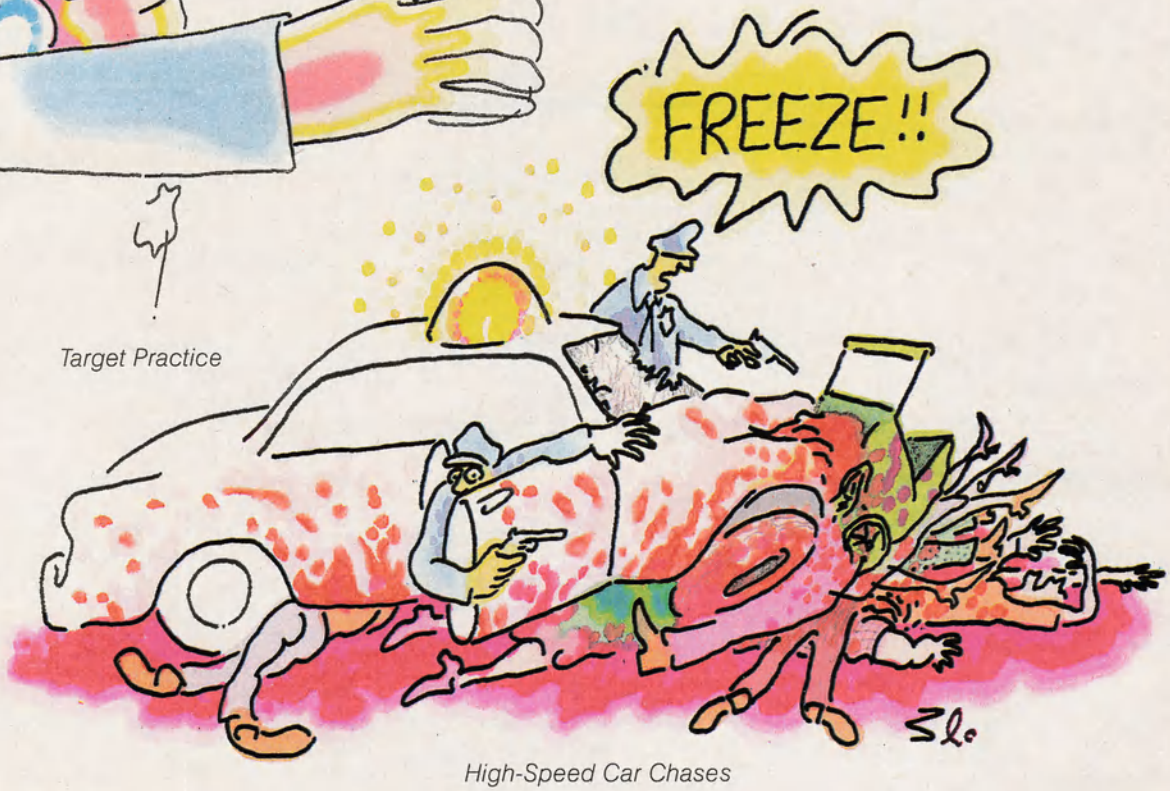
Civil Rights

Family Disputes



Hostage Situations

Target Practice



High-Speed Car Chases

NORMA JEAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 80

happen: She and I were on the same wavelength, and she wanted me as much as I wanted her. I cupped one of her breasts, and when she did not protest, I knew it was time.

Instead, I suggested that we go to West Lake Park, which contained a large lake surrounded by palm trees and weeping willows. In the rain, barely able to contain my excitement, we lay under a large weeping willow. Hardly very experienced myself, I began kissing her and feeling her body. Then she said, "Do you believe in fellatio?"

I was aware of what that word meant, and had hardly gotten over my surprise that she was a lot more experienced than I assumed when I discovered that she certainly knew a lot about fellatio. When she had finished, she said in that disarming little-girl voice, "Now you suck me."

What followed seemed very nearly like paradise; I hardly noticed the rain and the steady downpour of water from the branches of the weeping willow. We were soaked, but in that mad passion under the tree, I knew only that I was madly in love with this woman. Not a girl—a woman, an insatiably passionate woman whose sexual appetite and range of desire made her far older than her years. She was, I discovered to my intense joy, a sexual animal who reveled in every possible aspect.

At last we left the park, looking like two drowned water rats. We didn't care; in that power of young love, my universe had suddenly contracted to that little spot on earth.

"Do you want to go home to Aunt Grace?" I asked. Without hesitation, Norma Jean replied, "Is there any place we can go?"

My small living quarters in a local $8-a-week rooming house was out of the question—male boarders were forbidden to bring home female guests—so on a whim, I suggested the Lido Club. In an upstairs room, where I gave rubdowns to club members, I began to take a shower. Suddenly, the shower door opened and there stood Norma Jean, naked. It was the most beautiful sight I have ever seen in my life. She had stunning breasts, and as she stood there, just basking in the glow of my staring at her, she reminded me of a beautiful statue. "Do you like what you see?" she asked. "Will I pass the qualifications? Do you like it?"

And the statue was apparently insatiable. Despite all the earlier lovemaking, she demanded more. At one point, she bit my lip and sucked the blood. "I hope I've made you happy," she said, staring deep into my eyes, "and I hope I always make you happy. Let's go outside now and go for a swim."

If she had asked me to walk across the Sahara at that point, I would have done it. We went downstairs, both of us nude. The pool area was deserted; rain was falling steadily. We entered the pool at the shallow end and slowly made our way to the deep end. There, she held onto the ladder with both arms behind her. As thunder and lightning rumbled and flashed overhead, she spread her legs and commanded, "Fuck me! Fuck me!"

There are heights that only 19-year-old men in good athletic condition can achieve. That was part of it, but the real spur was simple, unbridled passion, the kind that comes only once in a lifetime. On that night, I lost all control—even to the extent of ignoring the fact that here we were, in a swimming pool during an electrical storm. In my frenzied passion, it simply did not occur to me that we stood a good chance of being electrocuted by the first thunderbolt that hit the pool.

The only thing I was concentrating on was this amazing life force called Norma Jean Dougherty. "You know," she said, her eyes like a wild woman's, "every time the lightning strikes, it's like an orgasm lighting up the sky, and every time the thunder booms, it's like someone up there yelling and screaming in ecstasy."

Hardly very experienced myself, I began kissing Norma Jean and feeling her body. Then she said, "Do you believe in fellatio?"

Sometime later, we left the pool. Back upstairs, we lay on a mattress on the floor. I stared at this gorgeous child-woman as she talked about her marriage.

"I was 16 when I married Jim [Dougherty]," she said. After a while, she suddenly admitted, "I've been promiscuous."

"What does that mean?" I asked.

"Only with men I like," she replied. "If they're nice, then I try to please them. I like older men—you know, a father image. I never had a father to talk to when I was a child, so I'm always looking for one."

As I later found out, that was true as far as it went. Years later, I discovered that she was well-known to the bartenders at the major hotels. They knew her as a hooker, the young woman—they had no idea she was a teenager—who would sit at the bar, order a drink, and then wait. Men, coming in and spotting her alone, would strike up conversations with her. If they seemed intellectual or talked intelligently about the movie business, she would leave with them.

Then what? As she later told me, she would go with the men to either their hotel rooms or apartments. There, after making sure the men understood she was desperate for money, she would strip naked. The men would stare at her and, in the moment she waited for, tell her how beautiful her body was. She would make the men put on condoms before having sex with her. Afterward, the men would give her "gifts"—money to buy underwear, an extra dress, or nice new shoes.

Interestingly, Norma Jean never demanded large amounts, preferring to accept whatever the men would give her. "They all act the same way," she once told me. "I feel like I have a special power over them. All I have to do is take my dress off. They give me a superiority complex; they make me feel I'm more than I really am. You know, in foster homes, nobody tells you how beautiful you are."

I was prepared to tell her she was beautiful, for that was the honest fact. I thought she was the most beautiful thing that God had ever put on this earth. I had never met anyone even remotely like her. Nothing in my past had prepared me for this ravenous she-animal, this sexy, young girl who casually used words like "fuck," "cock," and "cunt" while at the same time appearing almost innocent. Nothing had ever prepared me for a teenage girl who was so totally open about sex and human sexual anatomy, yet who often seemed coy and shy. It was a bewitching combination.

In a word, I was in love—madly, passionately, hopelessly so. And in that state, there was much I did not see at first. I did not see that there were other sides to Norma Jean.

For one thing, I did not understand just how driven she was to become an actress. It was a desire that at first I just shrugged off—every girl in Hollywood those days wanted to be an actress—but Norma Jean burned with a consuming ambition that was obvious to all but the most starry-eyed lover. And I did not understand how willing she was to do *anything* to make it, including using anybody who could help her.

"Anybody" included me, I was to find out the hard way. But in the summer of 1943, I saw Norma Jean only as a lover, the center of my universe; we went everywhere together. Yet, the clues were there, had I bothered to look.

One came in Hollywood, at a popular night spot called Slapsy Maxie's. I took Norma Jean there to see my uncle, Ted Lewis. After the first show, we went backstage. I introduced Norma Jean to Lewis, whose eyes almost popped out of his head. And no wonder: Norma Jean was wearing a white angora sweater. As usual, she was wearing no bra—unusual in those days—and her breasts and nipples stood out in what can only be de-

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CHRISTINE

"My favorite fantasy is being tied to an altar by worshipers who practically devour me."

BEDEVILED

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SUZE RANDALL

Pet of the Month Christine Dupré has always loved to be in pictures. "When I was a little girl growing up in Fort Wayne, Indiana, my parents said I'd always put a sexy, pouty look on my face when they'd snap me with a Brownie automatic. Maybe I was already rehearsing to be a *Penthouse* centerfold!" But despite her nubile 38-24-36-inch figure, this spectacular Virgo is a die-hard tomboy. "I love taking dares and being active, and I'll race *anything:* boats, horses, cars—you name it."

She's equally daring in her nightlife. "I work as an exotic dancer in a small club, and I also deliver strip-o-grams and entertain at bachelor parties. I room with two of my coworkers—a man and a woman. You might even say we live out the X-rated version of 'Three's Company.' "

She spends most of her days sunbathing topless on a gay beach near her apartment in Venice, California.

"It's hilarious because you see straight guys sneaking in pretending to be gay just to ogle the women."

"I even ogle myself at times," she says, describing how she once reached a climax lying naked in a tanning booth by squeezing her thighs and crossing her legs back and forth.

"Alone or with a man, I love to fantasize. My favorite is being tied to an altar and prepared for the gods by worshipers who practically devour me."

Accommodations provided by Cactus. Cabo. San Lucas. Mexico. Makeup and styling by Christine Marcu and Stella Arrovaye; clothes by Fireworks, Venice, California; photography assistant, Bobby Furst.

"After being sucked and licked and opened wider and wider with ritual objects, I'm then ravished by a devillike creature until I come over and over again, kicking and screaming. It really turns me on!" Another turn-on for Christine is acting in sexy films like *Bikini Shop* and *Sunset Strip*. "I guess I'm just a show-off and the less I have on the better!"

MISS CHRISTINE DUPRÉ/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

The symbolism of a military funeral is particularly poignant. It begins quite often, as in the case of the deaths of 240 Marines in Beirut in 1983, with the return of the fallen warriors to the United States for burial in Arlington or a hometown cemetery. The ritual, with rifle salute, flag-draped coffin, and the playing of taps, doesn't vary except to allow for the appropriate religious services. At Arlington there is the added feature of transporting the deceased in his casket to the grave site on a horse-drawn caisson. A military funeral is often especially traumatic because survivors are left to dwell on the purpose and meaning of war.

The ultimate ritual in a military funeral—the solemn folding of the flag by the uniformed pallbearers—is mesmerizing in its effect on the mourners, and the presentation of the flag to the family is the service's most profound symbol. The nationally broadcast funerals of President John F. Kennedy and his brother Senator Robert F. Kennedy seared the hearts of millions of Americans, but also, as rituals do, helped the nation to live with its loss.

When the ritual is over, however, families of servicemen, particularly of those who died in active duty, must face the task of putting their lives back together. President Abraham Lincoln said, "Let us strive on to finish the work we are in: to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for those who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and orphan." Over a century later, his words remind the nation of its responsibilities. It's important for us to remember them now, when the United States military is involved in actions to protect our embassies overseas, to furnish advisers to our allies, and to man our military installations around the world. Although we aren't embroiled in a major conflict, men and women still die in action. The plight of the survivors of these servicemen—especially those in the lower pay grades—mustn't be forgotten.

Many wives of the Marines who were killed in Vietnam and Beirut have been left with young children to rear without the security of their husbands' presence. These young widows are compensated at a rate barely above the poverty level. This shortchanging of in-service widows and orphans is unconscionable.

> Many of the surviving dependents of the Marines who were killed in Vietnam and Beirut are compensated at a rate barely above the poverty level.

The Gold Star Wives of America strongly advocates a change in the calculation of the Death Indemnity Compensation (DIC) formula to insure that the in-service widow is treated with dignity and respect, regardless of her husband's rank at the time of his death. According to Mrs. Rachel Bunn, the national president, this can be done by providing an equal pay base for all in-service widows, with cost-of-living allowances being applied only to the base figure. Added to that would be a fixed amount related to rank and length of service. In this way, every survivor would receive identical and equitable increases, and the differences based on rank would remain constant. The Gold Star Wives is a national organization dedicated to assisting the widows and their dependent children as well as the orphans of servicemen. It acts as a clearinghouse for information on survivors' benefits and suggests changes in legislation. (Its headquarters is located at 600 Bethel Street, N.E., Leeds, Alabama 35094.)

Since the current DIC formula was adopted in 1970, the *difference* between the amount paid to the widow of a private and the widow of a major general has increased from $259 per month to $741. This disparity will continue to widen unless the formula is changed according to the timely and valuable suggestions of the Gold Star Wives of America.

There may very well be "no more Vietnams," but there have continued to be military fatalities in Beirut, Grenada, and around the globe, wherever American forces are training or standing guard. These new and future in-service widows and dependents deserve better than that which is presently provided.

Your support for these measures, in the form of a letter to your congressman and senators—and to Chairman Sonny Montgomery of the House Veterans' Affairs Committee and Senator Alan Simpson, chairman of the Senate Veterans' Affairs Committee—might help to ease the burdens of the women and families who have been left with a flag, a memory of a funeral, and, in many cases, the responsibility for helping their children understand the father they barely knew. The widows' compensation program is one so-called "entitlement" payment which deserves to be expanded.—*William R. Corson*

9 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

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"We have decided to do something about the dangers of misinformation and mistaken public attitudes associated with the fact of alcohol equivalence. It's in our self-interest, of course, but more importantly, it's clearly in the public interest."

ADVISE & DISSENT

OPINION

BY EDGAR BRONFMAN, JR.

The author is the president of The House of Seagram. Prior to holding that position, he was the managing director of Seagram Europe. He has also produced plays and films, including *The Border*, starring Jack Nicholson.

A DRINK IS A DRINK IS A DRINK

We—the Seagram company, that is—want to get across to the American public, drinkers and nondrinkers alike, a simple, factual message.

It is this:

There are three principal categories of beverage alcohol—beer, wine, and distilled spirits. The alcohol in each of these products is ethanol, better known to the public, perhaps, as ethyl alcohol.

The typical serving of beer is 12 ounces. The typical serving of wine is five ounces. The typical serving of spirits—whiskey, Scotch, gin, vodka, rum, or whatever you're having—is one and one-quarter ounces.

Twelve ounces of beer contain .54 ounces of ethanol. Five ounces of wine contain .55 ounces of ethanol. One and one-quarter ounces of spirits contain 0.5 ounces of ethanol.

I'm sure you see what I'm getting at. The fact we want to impress upon the public, stated in its simplest form, is that a can of beer, a glass of wine, and a gin and tonic contain virtually the same amount of an identical form of alcohol.

If you know that already, you're in a distinct minority. A Gallup poll taken last year showed that only 27 percent of the people surveyed were aware that typical servings of beer, wine, and liquor contain the same amount of alcohol. What's more, the same survey pointed out that 52 percent of the population thinks spirits contain *more* alcohol than beer or wine.

But back to equivalence: Twelve ounces of beer equals five ounces of wine equals one and one-quarter ounces of liquor. That is a chemical fact, and, as Casey Stengel used to say, you could look it up.

If you haven't believed that until now, perhaps it's no wonder. There are reasons. Here are some:

Distilled spirits are more expensive than the other forms of beverage alcohol. They probably always will be, simply because it costs more to make them, compared with beer and wine. But the comparable price of spirits is artificially inflated by taxes. The federal tax on spirits is four times the tax on beer and 17 times the tax on wine. Not, mind you, because distilled spirits are in fact "stronger," but because of the fictitious belief that they are. The combination of state and federal taxes on spirits accounts for about one-half the price the consumer pays at retail.

Beer and wine are easier to buy. There are approximately twice as many retail package outlets for beer as for spirits and 50 percent more outlets for wine. In some states—where I'm sure there is as much concern expressed about drinking and driving as in any other—you can even buy beer in gas stations. Almost every state (46) allows beer to be sold in grocery stores, and 35 permit the sale of wine. Only 21 permit the sale of spirits. That is, it looks like there are tighter re-

strictions placed on the sale of spirits because there have to be.

On a Sunday afternoon in New York City, you can buy as many six-packs of beer as you can carry. But you can't buy a bottle of Chivas Regal. Why, you might ask, since each contains the same amount of alcohol per serving?

Try to find the alcohol content on a beer-can label. When you buy a bottle of whiskey (wine, too, for that matter), you can read on the label how much alcohol the bottle contains. If you rely on the label of a bottle of beer, you could conclude that beer has no alcohol at all. Brewers aren't required to disclose that important information, but I'll tell you: about five percent.

So much for "I don't feel like drinking, I'll just have a beer."

Beer and wine advertising is on television, and liquor isn't! There they are, in the company of Roger Staubach and Cliff Robertson and Billy Graham and Barbara Walters and Mister Rogers and Miss Piggy. And where are distilled beverages? Back there with dangerous toys, medical quacks, bait-and-switch advertising scams, firearms, and dynamite—all prohibited from advertising on television by broadcasters' codes of good practice.

To be fair and accurate, distillers themselves, as a matter of responsible restraint growing out of a recognition that their products are subject to abuse by immature or irresponsible consumers, have elected voluntarily not to advertise on television. I'm not going to argue here whether that policy is good or bad, but this exercise of responsibility has had its risks. It surely has kept us out of the lineup with the good guys, and it has contributed to the erroneous belief by half the American public that there's more alcohol in distilled spirits than there is in beer and wine.

Now come two new developments: a growing awareness of the benefits of physical fitness and good health and an increasing concern over the serious social problems of alcoholism and the dangers of alcohol abuse. One of the side effects of these new public attitudes is the encouragement they have given to a new wave of moral entrepreneurs, who, if they can't revive Prohibition, are trying mightily to impose additional restrictions on the beverage-alcohol industry.

Seagram's view is that the most effective way of allaying suspicion and criticism is exercising responsibility—vigorously. That's why we want to get across the fact of equivalence. Not understanding equivalence is dangerous.

If the consumer who wants to cut down his alcohol intake isn't aware that there is the same amount of alcohol in a can of beer, a glass of wine, and a Scotch and soda, we're all in trouble. That ignorance and the false sense of security that may follow from it can delude drivers, endanger pedestrians, and mislead recognized and incipient alcoholics.

Seagram has decided to do something about the dangers of misinformation and mistaken public attitudes associated with the fact of alcohol equivalence. It's in our self-interest, of course, but more importantly, it's clearly in the public interest. Our goal is to teach every American the facts of equivalence, to make sure everyone who drinks knows what and how much he or she is drinking. The result will surely be the safer, wiser, and more enjoyable use of a product that plays a pleasurable role in many people's lives when it is used intelligently.

But we've hit a formidable snag.

We have been barred by the networks from putting the simple, factual statement of equivalence on ABC, CBS, and NBC television—the most efficient and effective means of mass communication man has yet devised.

Our advertising agency has made simple, direct statements in public-service spots that make no mention of our products and attempt to sell nothing—*except* the indisputable fact that there are equal amounts of alcohol in a 12-ounce serving of beer, a five-ounce serving of wine, and a one-and-one-quarter-ounce serving of liquor. We have gone to the three networks with these spots and a multimillion-dollar budget to buy airtime for them. They've turned us down.

The rationale for their decision, they tell us, is that the message is an implied promotion of distilled spirits and that they do not accept distilled-spirits advertising. Furthermore, if the messages are signed by the House of Seagram, the Joseph E. Seagram & Sons, Inc. unit that markets the company's distilled spirits in the United States (and every TV commercial or public-service message must by law identify its sponsor), they are additionally unacceptable. Why? Because the networks don't take advertising from people who make distilled spirits.

What advertising? The message states the fact of alcohol equivalence and only that.

Meanwhile, the networks are ringing up hundreds of millions of dollars annually for sale of time to beer and wine advertisers. There is a movement afoot, with some currency in Congress, to ban beer and wine advertising from the airwaves. Saving that revenue is understandably a high priority with the networks. They haven't forgotten how much the loss of cigarette advertising cost them a few years ago.

Perhaps they are concerned that accepting a message that states truthfully that there are equal amounts of alcohol in beer and wine (whose advertising they accept) and spirits (whose advertising is banned) will enrage the neo-Prohibitionist pressure groups and capsize a rocking boat. In other words, their critics will turn their argument against them, accuse them of relaxing their standards for advertising beverage alcohol, and intensify congressional support for the

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TEXAS

BY JAMES MICHENER

They moved in without warning.
Suddenly life would never be the same.

PAINTING BY MARSHAL ARISMAN

In the summer of 1968, a family of immigrants—mother, father, four daughters—moved quietly into the oil town of Larkin, Texas, and within three weeks had the owners of better-class homes in a rage. They were such a rowdy lot, especially the mother, that an observer might have thought: The rip-roaring boom days of 1922 are back!

They were night people, always a bad sign, who seemed to do most of their hell-raising after dark, with mother and daughters off on a toot marked by noise, vandalism, and other furtive acts. They operated as a gang, with their weak and ineffective father along at times, and what particularly infuriated the townsfolk was that they seemed to take positive joy in their depredations.

Despite their unfavorable reputation—and many sins were charged against them which they did not commit—they really did more good than harm; they were an asset to the community, and they had about them elements of extraordinary beauty, which their enemies refused to admit.

They were armadillos, never known in this area before, a group of invaders who had moved up from Mexico, bringing irritation and joy wherever they appeared. Opponents of the fascinating little creatures, which were no bigger than small dogs, accused them of eating quail eggs, a rotten lie; of raiding chicken coops, false as could be; and of tearing up fine lawns, a just charge and a serious one. Ranchers also said: "They dig so many holes that my cattle stumble into them and break their legs. There goes four hundred bucks."

The indictment involving the digging up of lawns and the making of other deep holes was justified, for no animal could dig faster than an armadillo, and when this mother and her four daughters turned themselves loose on a neat lawn or a nicely tilled vegetable garden, their destruction could be awesome. The armadillo had a long, probing snout backed up by two forefeet, each with four three-inch claws, and two hind feet with five shovellike claws, and the speed with which it could work those excavators was unbelievable.

"Straight down," Mr. Kramer said, "they can dig faster than I can with a shovel. The nose feels out the soft spots and those forelegs drive like pistons, but it's the back legs that amaze, because they catch the loose earth and throw it four, five feet backwards."

Mr. Kramer was one of those odd men, found in all communities, who measured rainfall on a regular basis—phoning the information to the weather service—and who recorded the depth of snowfall, the time of the first frost, the strength and direction of the wind during storms, and the fact that in the last blue norther "the temperature on a fine March day dropped, in the space of three hours, from 26.9 to 9.7 degrees Celsius." He was the type who always gave the temperature in Celsius, which he expected his friends to translate into Fahrenheit, if they wished. He was, in short, a 62-year-old former member of an oil crew who had always loved nature and who had poked his bullet-cropped, sandy-haired head into all sorts of corners.

The first armadillos to reach Larkin were identified on a Tuesday, and by Friday, Mr. Kramer had written away for three research studies on the creatures. The more he read, the more he grew to like them, and before long he was defending them against their detractors, especially those whose lawns had been excavated. "A little damage here and there, I grant you. But did you hear about what they did for my rose bushes? Laden down with beetles, they were. Couldn't produce one good flower even with toxic sprays. Then one night I look out to check the moon, three-quarters full, and I see these pairs of beady eyes shining in the gloom, and across my lawn come these five armadillos and I say to myself: 'Oh, oh! There goes the lawn!' but that wasn't the case at all. Those armadillos were after those beetles, and when I woke up in the morning to check the rain gauge, what do you suppose I saw? Not one beetle to be found."

> He'll charge you with sodomy, with theft of public funds, with the corruption of juveniles! Are you strong enough to go up against Fleabait Moomer?

Mr. Kramer defended the little creatures to anyone who would listen, but not many cared: "You ever see his tongue? Darts out about six inches, long, very sticky. Zoom! There goes another ant, another beetle. I'm telling you, he was made to police the garden and knock off the pests."

Once when a Mrs. Cole was complaining with a bleeding heart about what the armadillos had done to her lawn, he stopped her with a rather revolting question: "Mrs. Cole, have you ever inspected an armadillo's stomach? Well, I have, many times. Dissected bodies I've found along the highway. And what does the stomach contain? Bugs, beetles, delicate roots, flies, ants, all the crawling things you don't like. And you can tell Mr. Cole that in seventeen autopsies, I've never found even the trace of a bird's egg, and certainly no quail eggs." By the time he was through with his report on the belly of an armadillo, Mrs. Cole was more than ever opposed to the destructive little beasts.

But it was when he extolled the beauty of the armadillo that he lost the support of even the most sympathetic Larkin citizens, for they saw the little animal as an awkward, low-slung relic of some past geologic age that had mysteriously survived into the present; one look at the creature convinced them that it should have died out with the dinosaurs, and its survival into the twentieth century somehow offended them. To Mr. Kramer, this heroic persistence was one of the armadillo's great assets, but he was even more impressed by the beauty of its design.

"Armadillo? What does it mean? 'The little armored one.' And if you look at him dispassionately, what you see is a beautifully designed animal much like one of the armored horses they used to have in the Middle Ages. The back, the body, the legs are all protected by this amazing armor, beautifully fashioned to flow across the body of the beast. And look at the engineering!" When he said this he liked to display one of the three armadillos he had tamed, when their parents were killed by hunters, and point to the miracle of which he was speaking: "This is real armor, fore and aft. Punch it. Harder than your fingernail and made of the same substance. Protects the shoulders and the hips. But here in the middle, nine flexible bands of armor, much like an accordion. Always nine, never seven or ten, and without these inserts the beast couldn't move about as he does. Quite wonderful, really. Nothing like it in the rest of the animal kingdom. Real relic of the dinosaur age."

But he would never let it end at that, and it was what he said next that did win some converts to the armadillo's defense: "What awes me is not the armor, nor the nine flexible plates. They're just good engineering. But the beauty of the design goes beyond engineering. It's art, and only a designer who took infinite care could have devised these patterns. Leonardo da Vinci, maybe, or Michelangelo, or even God." And then he would show how, fore and aft, the armor was composed of the most beautiful hexagons and pentagons arranged like golden coins upon a field of exquisite gray cloth, while the nine bands were entirely different: "Look at the curious structures! Elongated capital *A*s. Go ahead, tell me what they look like. A field of endless oil derricks, aren't they? Can't you see he's the good-luck symbol of the whole oil industry? His coming to Larkin was no mistake. He was sent here to serve as our mascot."

How beautiful, how mysterious the armadillos were when one took the trouble to inspect them seriously, as Mr. Kramer did. They bespoke past ages, the death

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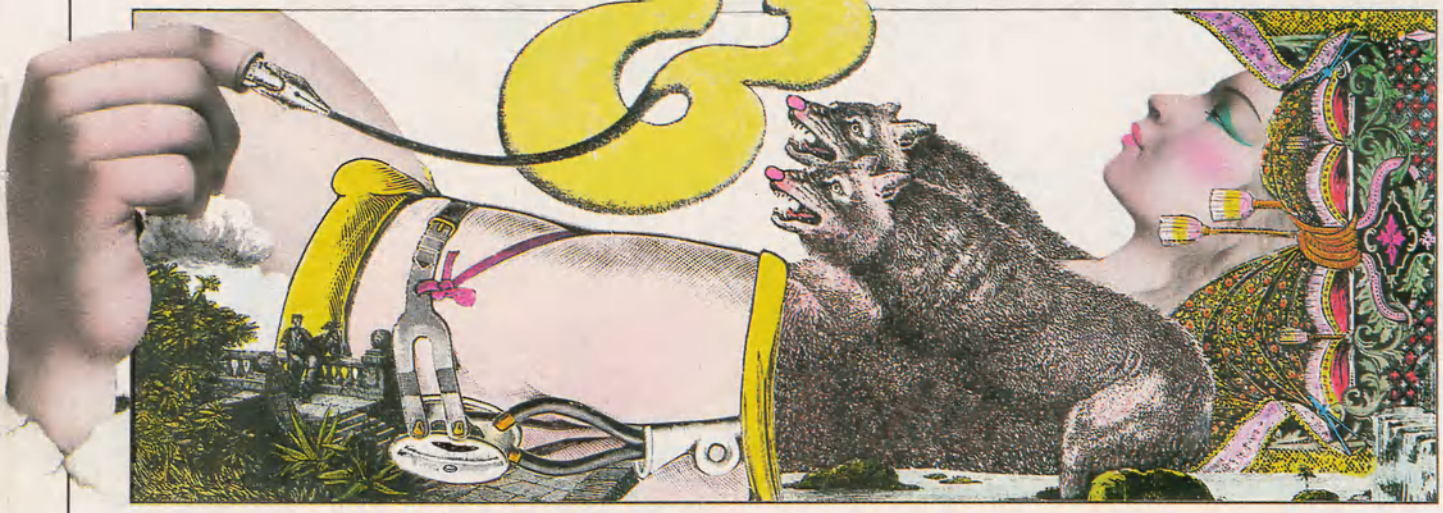
DREAMS & DIVERSIONS



PLACE IN THE SUN

Skyscraper photographer Peter B. Kaplan, whose famous photos of Manhattan's heights include a picture taken from atop the World Trade Center of a man's naked buttocks set against a view of the city, was married in a ceremony on a platform at the top of the Empire State Building. The ceremony, witnessed by Kaplan's African gray parrot, was performed by a rabbi, who asked the bride, "Do you, Sharon, promise to take this meshuggener [lunatic]? Do you promise to climb with him in sickness and in health?"

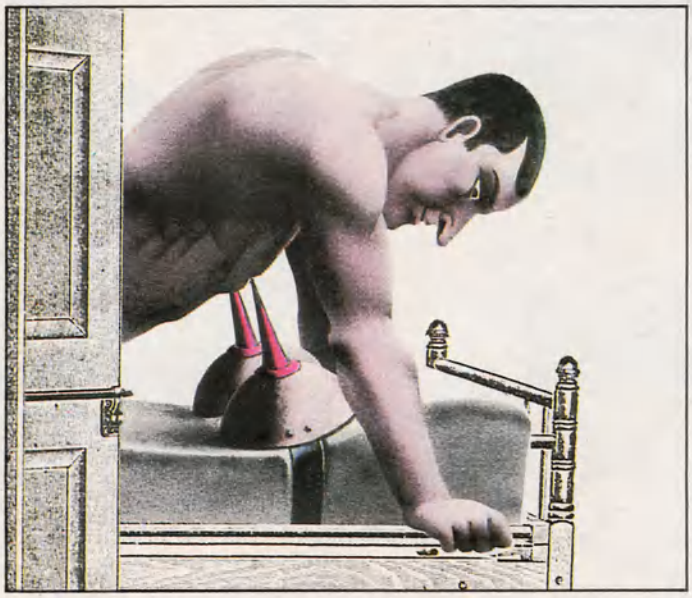
IN FLAGRANTE DELICTO

A Queens, New York, father, finding his teenage daughter in bed with a man, shot him with a bow and arrow and later told police he had done "what any father would."

A survey of the sex habits of New Yorkers revealed that among the favorite places to make love were: major highways at 7 A.M., commuter trains, the Staten Island Ferry, a large stage mock-up of a cereal box, taxicabs, the Bronx Zoo, the Verrazano Bridge, and boats parked in driveways.

Officials at a Hilliard, Florida, high school, attempting to find out how many boys were peeping into a girls' rest room through a wall crack, discovered three girls peeping into the boys' rest room.

A Soviet film production of the classic children's tale *Bambi* was held up when three deer used in the film were stolen and then eaten by several members of the crew, who later were sentenced to six years in prison.



DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

THE VANESSA WILLIAMS MEMORIAL FILE

The Kellogg Company destroyed a million boxes of cereal featuring a picture of Vanessa Williams.

THE DEVIL MADE US DO IT

The Procter & Gamble Company, following over 100,000 inquiries and a series of court suits designed to end persistent rumors that the company's trademark is related to devil worship, decided to scrap its 100-year-old symbol of a bearded man and 13 stars.

MODERN LIVING

A Massachusetts psychologist suggested that couples maintain a detailed daily journal of "feelings" toward their partner and keep it on the bathroom wall—"a personal and earthly place."

ALIEN ENCOUNTERS

Singer Michael Jackson refused a request by the White House to meet with leaders of the CIA-backed "contras" and make a statement condemning the leaders of the Sandinista government in Nicaragua.

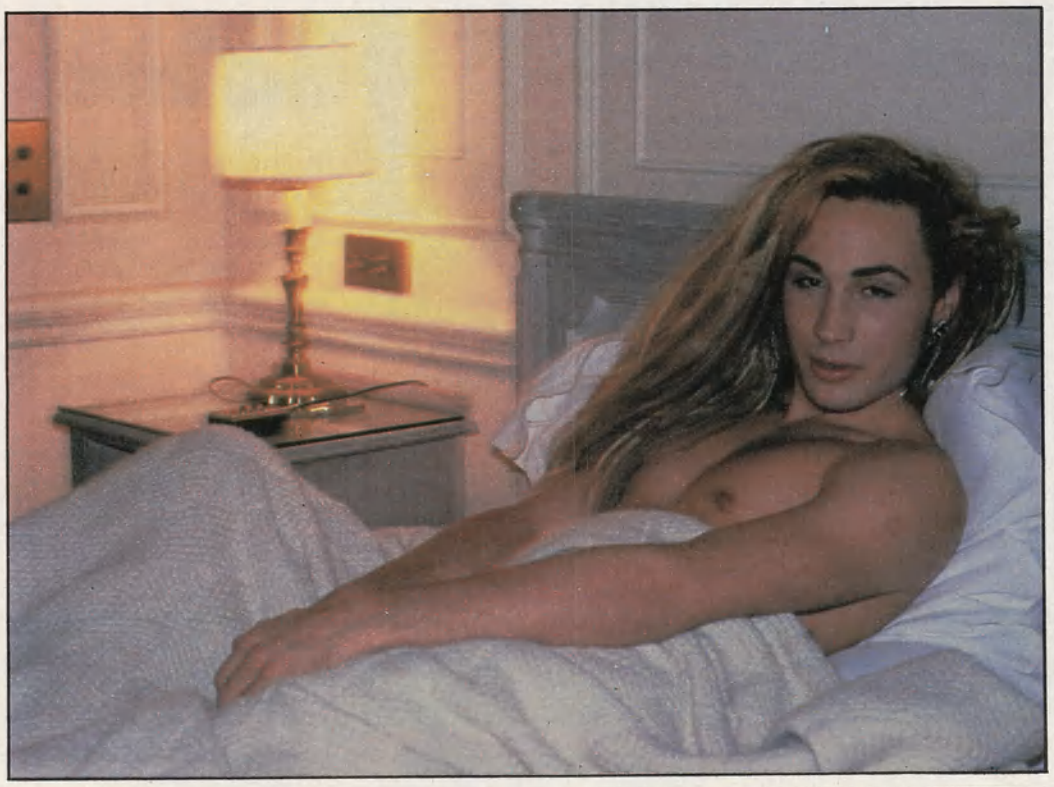
From congressional testimony by Vice Admiral James A. Lyons, Jr., deputy chief of naval operations, on a severe shortage of torpedoes in U.S. Navy submarines: "Just because you run out of torpedoes, that doesn't mean you can't kill a submarine. That's what American ingenuity is all about."

SIC TRANSIT

American Communist Party activist Sandy Pollack, killed in a plane crash, was eulogized in Manhattan's Riverside Church by the Reverend William Sloane Coffin, who said of her, "Sandy did not believe in God, but God believed in Sandy."

SPORTING AMERICA

An executive sued a New York restaurant after its maître d' loudly proclaimed the executive's $25 gratuity on a check of $240 "an embarrassing tip." The executive claimed that the comment caused "emotional grief and embarrassment," plus "chest pain and palpitations" which hospitalized him for three days.

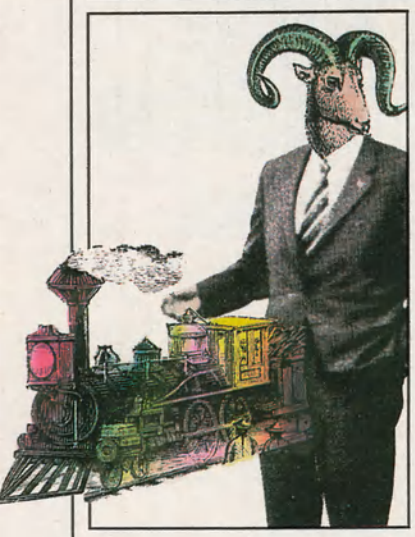


DOG DAY AFTERNOON

Paul Luna Vasquez, a prisoner serving a 25-to-50-year term in Colorado on manslaughter and other charges, sued the state correctional system for violating his constitutional rights by not allowing him to wear a cowboy hat in prison.

Rock star Marilyn caused a disruption at a New York hotel by demanding that he be served by a waiter dressed only in an apron.

"Son of Sam" murderer David Berkowitz, serving a life sentence in New York's Clinton State Prison, has become a born-again Christian and gets a large amount of mail from women seeking to marry him, authorities say.



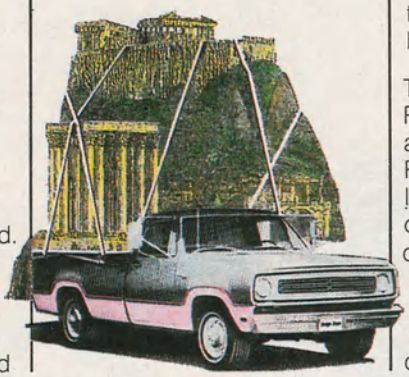
RAMPANT ACHIEVERS

Karen Costentino of Lodi, New Jersey, won the title of Best Supermarket Bagger in the East by packing 40 pounds of groceries in 54 seconds.

WRETCHED EXCESSES

Harvey Fierstein, author and star of the Broadway hit play *Torch Song Trilogy,* has two dressing rooms at the theater—one for himself, the other for his pet rabbit Arnold.

Former Pittsburgh Pirates' pitcher Dock Ellis revealed that he was under the influence of LSD when he pitched a no-hitter in 1970 against the San Diego Padres. During that game, Ellis hit three batters and walked eight.



The New York City Human Resources Administration arranged for the New York Road Runners Club to give lessons on jogging to the city's homeless. "The benefits of running and fitness have been well-documented," a club announcement said, "and now the homeless can share these benefits."

QUOTE OF THE MONTH

"When I beat Martina Navratilova again, John and I are going to start having babies."

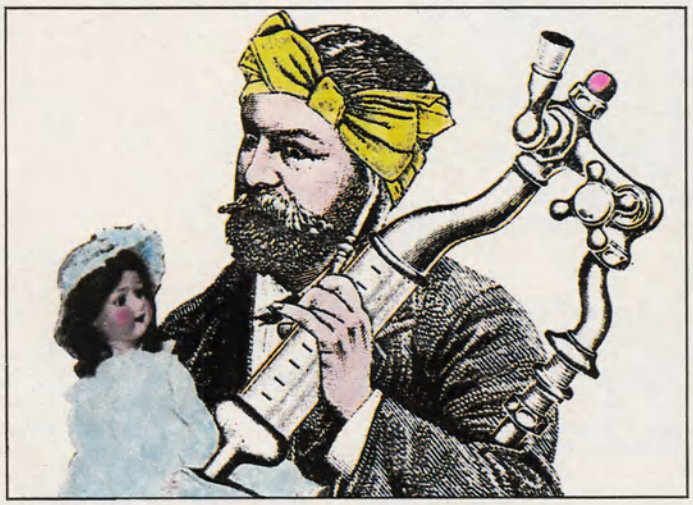
—Chris Evert Lloyd

DREAMS & DIVERSIONS

CLASS ACTS

Presbyterian organizations in Dallas have announced a program to change homosexuals into heterosexuals by "divine healing."

More than 150 single women, invited to a "marriage fiesta" in a Spanish village to meet 140 eligible bachelors who had advertised for wives, sat around for three days while the men spent their time getting drunk.



FRAILTIES AND FOIBLES

A police chief in New Jersey ordered a funeral director to open a newly made grave so that he could retrieve his hat.

LAST WORD

The IRS, claiming that a Philadelphia manufacturer was ten cents short on a payroll-tax payment, sent the company a late-payment penalty bill for $46,806.37.

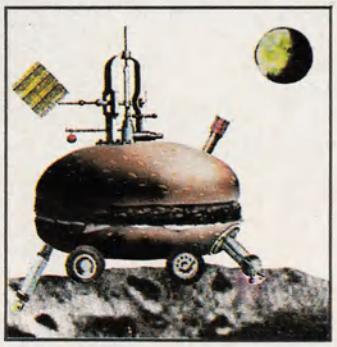
BORN AGAIN

New York City Mayor Edward Koch said he was selected for his job by God.

HIGHS AND LOWS

A Maryland pizza deliveryman, after winning public acclaim for fighting off two knife-wielding robbers, was fired by his employer for violating a company policy that requires deliverymen to cooperate when being robbed.

A California woman was barred from boarding a plane because she was not wearing a bra—a violation, the airline said, of a dress code for people flying on family-plan discounts.



MOVABLE FEASTS

Senator Mark Hatfield of Oregon revealed that his favorite snack is a peanut-butter-and-bacon sandwich dunked in buttermilk.

I WAS ONLY FOLLOWING ORDERS

South Korean soldiers shot and killed a dolphin they mistook for a North Korean spy.

BAD KARMA

A new nationally distributed magazine on the entertainment industry carries such features as "Inside Morgan Fairchild's Closet."

As part of her contract with a publisher for her advice book for young girls, Brooke Shields agreed to remain a virgin until age 20.

Most West German Army soldiers are given weekends off on the grounds, as that country's armed-forces chief explained, that there is little or no possibility of a Soviet attack on Saturday or Sunday.

Wendy Stehling, the author of the best-selling *Thin Thighs in Thirty Days,* has written a new book titled *How to Find a Husband in Thirty Days.*

MODERN LIFE

From a letter by the Internal Revenue Service to a Washington concern: "The overpayment of $1,193.82 was moved to the June 30, 1983, 941 return after the refund of $1,376.16 was issued on July 23, 1984, and $125.55 refunded on July 23, 1984, from the September 30, 1983, 941 return and a balance of $119.62 is due and $390.37 refunded July 23, 1984, from the June 30, 1983, 941 return and a balance of $371.93 is still due."

GRAVY TRAIN

Child actress Drew Barrymore announced that she wanted a car for her tenth birthday.

STILL WATERS DEPT.

A Long Island dentist was discovered to be running a sideline business: selling Russian-made MIG-15 and MIG-21 jet fighter planes.

GOOD OL' BOYS

Death-row inmates at the Huntsville, Texas, penitentiary organized a betting pool in which participants tried to guess the moment of execution for condemned killer James David Autry.

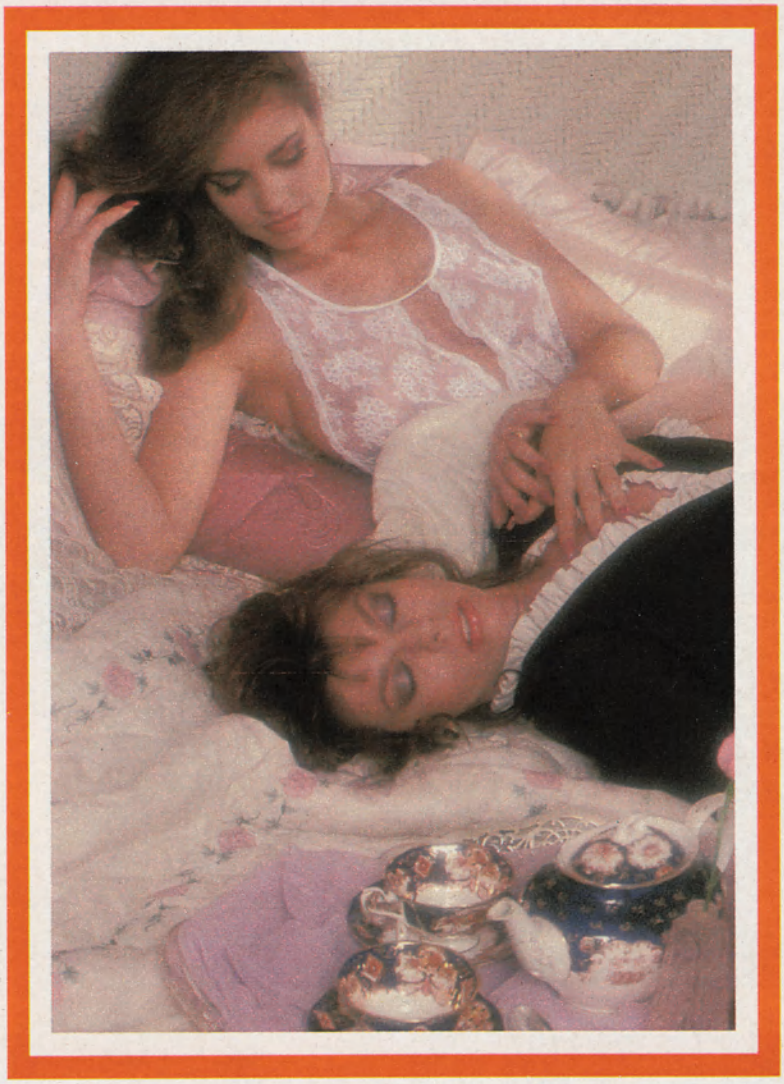
WHERE ARE THEY NOW?

At least 40 percent of the 2,000 couples married by the Reverend Sun Myung Moon in a 1983 mass wedding at Madison Square Garden were divorced two years later.

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Dreams & Diversions" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Dreams & Diversions, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

"How easy, marveled the heiress, to break in a maid so naturally adept at her task."



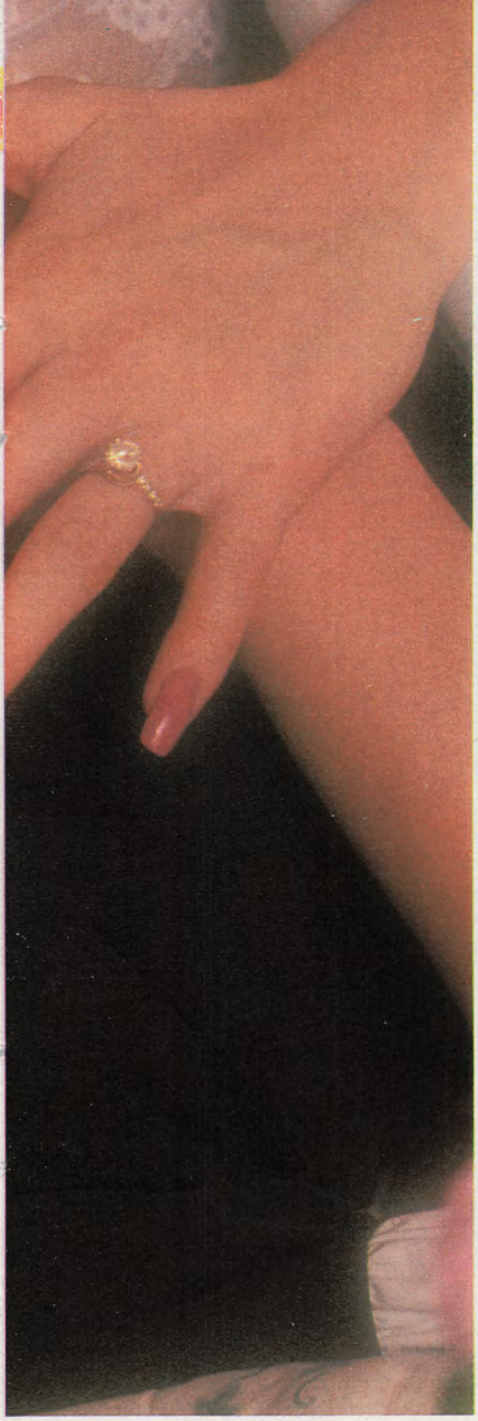
A PERSONAL MAID TO ORDER

The want ad read: "Attractive bachelorette requires a personal maid; graceful, young, lady-in-waiting type." At the interview, the hedonistic heiress was specific—"I need someone to care for my wardrobe, make my appointments, draw my bath, and make my bed—to fulfill my intimate and personal needs in every respect." Smiling shyly, the girl said she understood completely. . . .

PRODUCED AND PHOTOGRAPHED BY EARL MILLER

Makeup by John Maldonado and Tamee Ventrella. hair by Darlene DeFreitas.

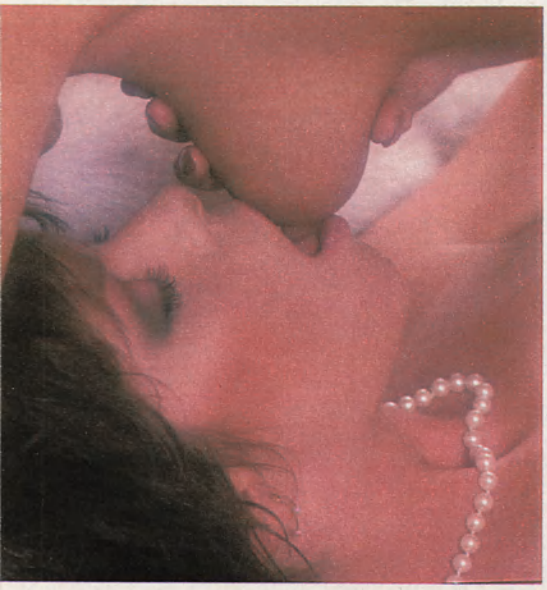
The next day, her maid appeared with a morning tray, and quickly obeyed when her sultry mistress asked her to stay and share some breakfast in bed.

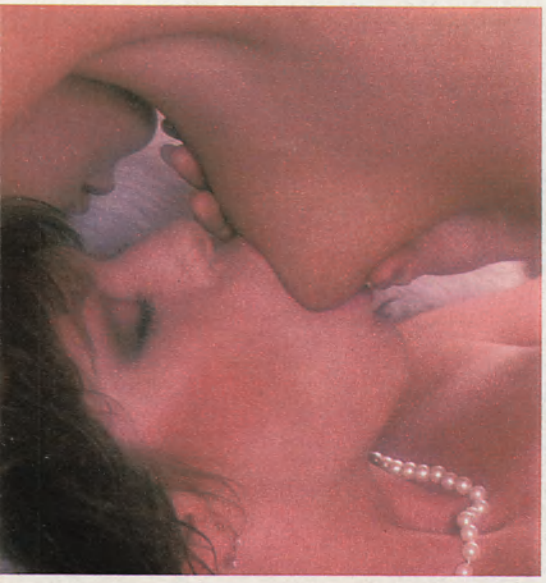


But the strawberries' juicy tartness whetted still deeper appetites. Greedily, mistress and maid devoured the sweeter, rosy fruits of the flesh. . . .

Kneeling on her mistress's sable,
the once-timid lady-in-waiting waited no longer
to savor the taste of high society.

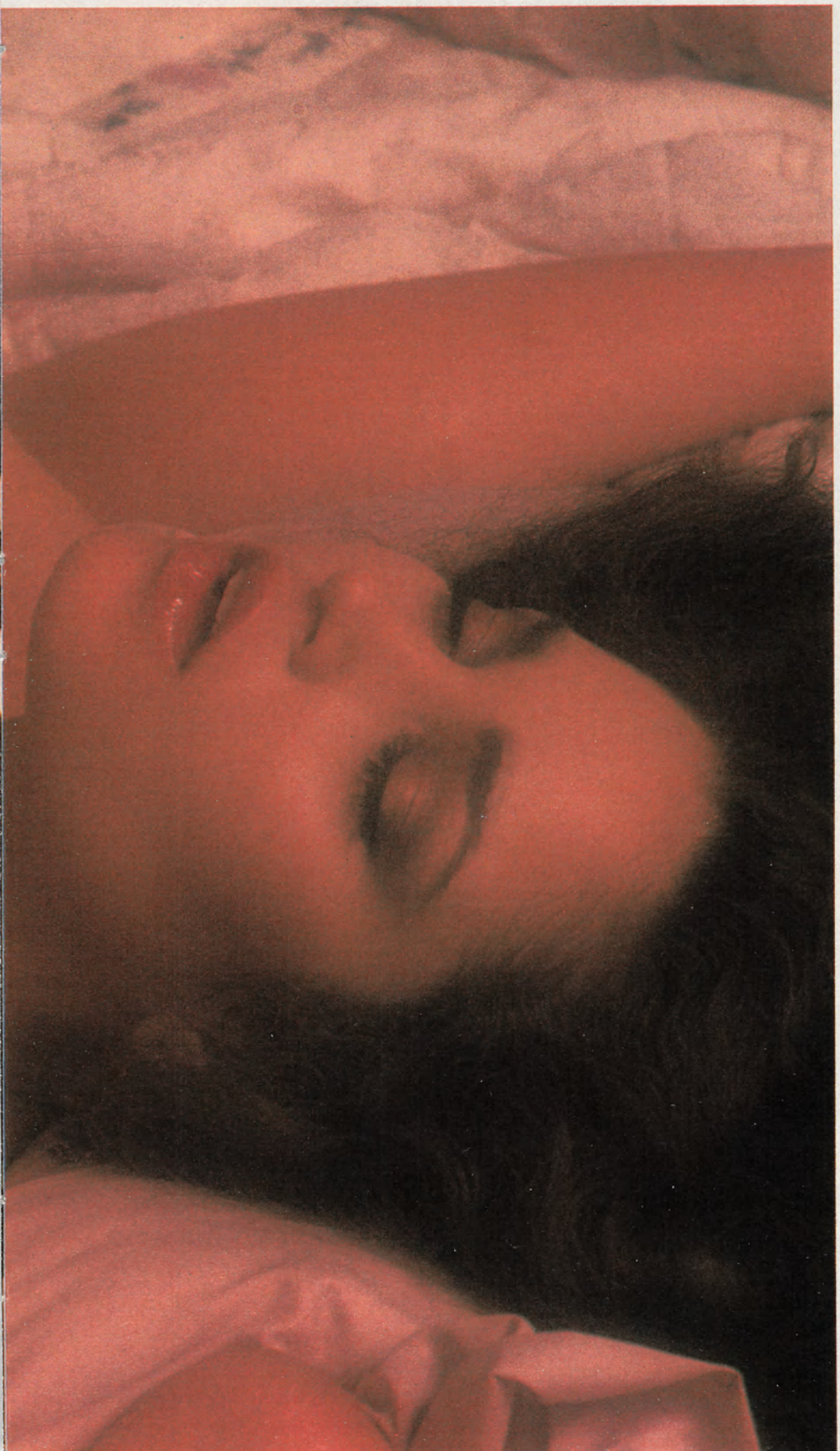
As her servant gently suckled her breast, the heiress marveled to herself at how easy it was to break in a maid such as this one, so naturally adept at her task.





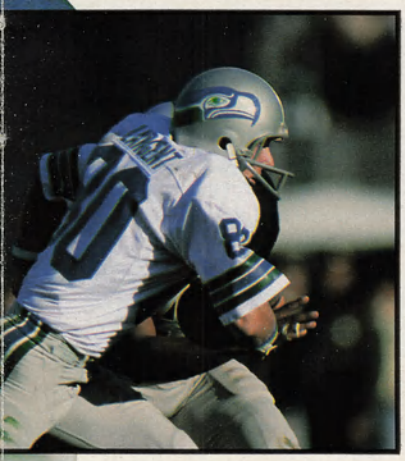
But knowing how difficult it is to find good help, the heiress performed a bold, egalitarian gesture.

Parting the moist, downy cheeks with carefully manicured fingers, she paid her pretty maid in advance.



WHO WILL WIN THE SUPER BOWL... AND OTHER NFL PREDICTIONS

BY DANNY SHERIDAN



For many years now, I've helped my friend Larry Linderman compile his annual *Penthouse* articles on the "20 Worst College Football Teams," and to tell you the truth, whatever he is today, I've made him. I'm that modest, mustachioed Alabamian you may have seen on "The Today Show" or "Good Morning America"—or perhaps you've read my oddsmaking and sports analysis in *USA Today*. In any event, aside from telling me how the San Francisco 49ers were going to pound the daylights out of the Miami Dolphins in the Super Bowl, Linderman knows absolutely nothing about the National Football League. I may have picked Miami—but I also correctly picked seven of the eight preceding play-off games. I'm not one to hold a grudge against a team, but I assure you that the 49ers will not be in the upcoming Super

Bowl, and neither will the Dolphins. The Seattle Seahawks will be this year's American Football Conference champions. In the Super Bowl, they'll meet the resurgent Dallas Cowboys, who'll win the National Football Conference title.

My Super Bowl prediction: Seattle 27, Dallas 20. And don't forget where you read it first.

Now, let's get down to business.

AFC EASTERN DIVISION

It didn't take Miami Head Coach Don Shula long to analyze why his American Football Conference champions were blown out in the Super Bowl by San Francisco. "It was very evident that the 49ers were way ahead of us defensively," he said after the game. "We've got to find some help." Shula picked up only limited aid in the college draft, so Miami's defense—rated 19th in the league last year—won't measurably improve. Even so, the Dolphins could again finish 14-2. The reason? Look no further than third-year quarterback Dan Marino, who spent last season rewriting the league's record books. Operating behind a superb offensive line that permitted the fewest sacks in the NFL (14), and throwing to speedsters Mark "Super" Duper, Mark Clayton, and Nat Moore, Marino set NFL single-season passing marks for most completions (362), most yards gained (5,084), and most 400-yard (4) and 300-yard (9) games. Miami needs another big year from Marino, and will get it.

Last year, the New England Patriots—picked by many to win the division title—were a team in turmoil. The source of all the Sturm und Drang was Head Coach Ron Meyer, an equal-opportunity irritant: He ticked off the team's players and owners alike. Meyer was fired in mid-season and replaced by low-key Raymond Berry, who made the Hall of Fame as a Baltimore Colt wide receiver. The Patriots, 9-7 last year, might well get to the play-offs this season. In '84, Tony Eason emerged as the NFL's third-highest-rated quarterback, and he has a talented crew of receivers in Derrick Ramsey, Stephen Starring, Lin Dawson, and Stanley Morgan. Second-year running back Craig James is as durable as they come, and if rookie defensive end Garin Veris (from Stanford) can cut the mustard, the Patriots might actually gain more ground yardage than they give up.

After Buffalo ended the '84 campaign with a 2-14 record, Head Coach Kay Stephenson was rumored to be on his way out, but those rumors proved to be premature. Stephenson is back again and says, "There is much work to be done." That might be the understatement of the year. Last season, the Bills ranked 25th in offense and 27th in defense. To put it politely, Buffalo needs help everywhere. Credit Stephenson with selecting perhaps the best group of college draftees in the league this year. Buffalo's new kids in town include Virginia Tech All-American defensive end Bruce Smith, Memphis State cornerback Derrick Burroughs, Nebraska center Mark Traynowicz, Jackson State receiver Chris Burkett, and Maryland quarterback Frank Reich. The Bills' ten-year starting quarterback, Joe Ferguson, is now doing bench time in Detroit, which means Joe Dufek will begin the season as Buffalo's first-string passer. Look for the Bills to acquire another quarterback—if they do, they'll show some real improvement.

The New York Jets, however, figure to remain grounded. It's difficult to recall that the Jets appeared in the AFC title game just three years ago, but that's only because they've been in a nosedive since then. Head Coach Joe Walton, whose three-year contract expires after this season, had best produce a winner or New York's shark-infested media will eat him for breakfast every Monday morning. Unfortunately, Walton doesn't have a legitimate NFL quarterback in either Pat Ryan or Ken O'Brien, the team's first-round draft choice of '83. Freeman McNeil is still a first-class running back, but on defense, the Jets' vaunted Sack Exchange of three years ago is practically bankrupt. After All-Pro end Mark Gastineau, whose career-high 22 sacks led the league last year, New York's defense gets thin in a hurry. Don't bank on the Jets to get airborne any time soon.

> If Tom Landry settles the quarterback question before the start of the season, look for the Cowboys to once again ride into the Super Bowl.

The most exciting move the Colts made last year was from Baltimore to Indianapolis in the middle of the night. After six straight losing seasons, the Colts and team owner Bob Irsay received a big welcome in Indiana—and promptly stank out the state by finishing 4-12. The Colts' defense was the worst in the league, and another infusion of rookies won't have much of an immediate impact in that department. On offense, new head coach Rod Dowhower is hoping that running backs Curtis Dickey and Randy McMillan can both rebound from the injuries that plagued them last year. The quarterback situation is similarly iffy: Mike Pagel and Art Schlichter figure to battle it out for starting honors, but neither of them appears ready to lead an NFL team.

AFC CENTRAL DIVISION

Let's hear it for Head Coach Chuck Noll and his staff, who took their young Pittsburgh Steelers all the way to the AFC title game before they were melted down by Miami, 45–28. Still, the Steelers made great strides in '84. That was particularly true of strong-armed quarterback Mark Malone, who took over for an injured David Woodley and improved every week. After six years as a substitute, Malone will start the season as the team's first-string signal caller, and he'll again link up with two of pro football's premier receivers—1984 AFC Rookie of the Year Louis Lipps (45 receptions) and Pro Bowl starter John Stallworth (80 receptions). Even though perennial All-Pro Jack Lambert was injured for practically all of '84, he's expected to return to form this season. Opposing offenses will have difficulty moving the ball against Pittsburgh, for two of Lambert's fellow linebackers—Mike Merriweather and Robin Cole—are now Pro Bowlers in their own right.

Last year the Cincinnati Bengals dropped their first five games, yet still managed to wind up 8-8. It wasn't an easy initiation for new head coach Sam Wyche, mostly because veteran quarterback Ken Anderson went down early. Fortunately for his and Cincinnati's future, Turk Schonert and Boomer Esiason filled in surprisingly well. If Anderson stays healthy, Wyche's major problem will be to shore up a defense that went from the NFL's best in '83 to 13th in '84.

Before the start of last season, Cleveland Brown Head Coach Sam Rutigliano predicted that his team would win the AFC Central Division title. Halfway through the schedule, the Browns were 1-7 and Rutigliano was fired. Owner Art Modell thereupon named defensive coordinator Marty Schottenheimer as his new head coach and gave him a contract through the '86 season. This year, Modell gave Schottenheimer former University of Miami quarterback Bernie Kosar, far and away the best collegiate passer in the nation last year. The Browns may have finished 5-11, but their defensive unit was the AFC's best in eight categories. Cleveland lost six games by three points or less, and two more games by four points. In 1984, the so-called "Kardiac Kids" of 1983 just didn't have a passer who could provide CPR. Now they do.

When Head Coach Hugh Campbell and quarterback Warren Moon arrived in Houston by way of the Canadian Football League, Oiler fans had high hopes that their eternally inept team would quickly change its losing ways. Fat chance. En route to a 3-13 record, the Oilers of '84 scored a total of only 239 points. Even though their new hero set a club passing record of 3,338 yards, he also threw more interceptions (14) than touchdowns (12), which prompted a few of the team's most fervent followers to actually moon Warren. In all fairness to Moon, last year's Oilers had only one quality receiver, Tim

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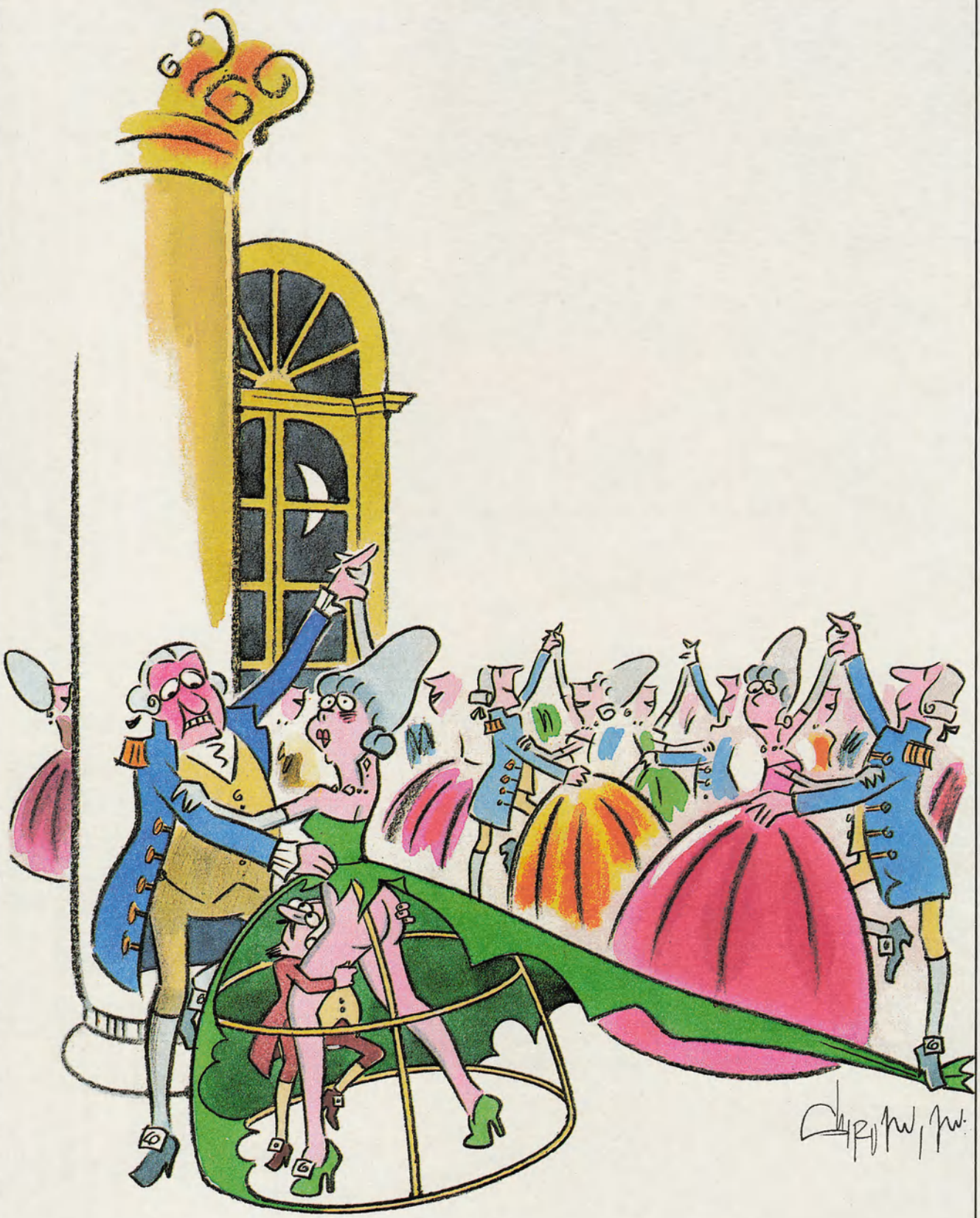


"Crucifixes are sexy because there's a naked man on them. . . ."

MADONNA
THE POWER AND THE GLORY

BY NICK TOSCHES

She jabbed and parried with her hips, rolled her belly, and shook her ass. She lowered her eyelids, beckoned with her tongue, and flashed her violet-lace brassiere. The crowd squealed and howled, and the band played on.

The scene was not the Empire Burlesque in Newark on the eve of V-E Day, and the audience was not made up of drunken sailors and wayward salesmen. It was the Paramount Theatre in Seattle on a spring night in 1985, and those who squealed and howled had barely begun their nervous walk through puberty's fun house. A great many of the little girls present were dressed in sincere imitation of their elder upon the stage. Their hair was rake-bleached and studiously mussed. Whatever breasts they had quivered beneath see-through blouses or within the stiff, loose cups of bustiers. Their unsurely painted nails protruded from fingerless lace gloves. Many of them wore rosaries or cruciform jewelry. (In the lobby, crucifix earrings were on sale for 20 dollars.) The little boys merely worshipped, as little boys tend to do.

But worship is never really mere; and though this opening night of Madonna's first tour was, like all the nights to follow, theater of the flesh, it was more than burlesque. It was the ritual marriage between a goddess and her supplicants. Returning to the stage for her encore, she asked the audience, "Will you marry me?" The little boys, and the little girls, too, screamed, "Yes!" In that wild, booming response, there was little of irony and much of devout frenzy. Then, jabbing and parrying, rolling and shaking, beckoning and flashing, exquisitely evoking—becoming—the flaunted sexuality at the heart of all the vague wonderment of her time, she sang "Like a Virgin," and the marriage was consummated. The goddess and her adorers parted—the one to shed her persona and lave the reddened skin where the violet brassiere had cut into her, the others to return to the fun house beyond the church.

In the nights that followed, as warm spring became dank summer, in city after city, the liturgy would be repeated. "Will you marry me?" she would salaciously ask; and, like virgins, "Yes!" they would affirm, every "Yes!" in every town louder and hungrier than the last. One boy in Dallas stood to implore, "I want to have your babies!" The bra cut deeper.

Though she is now, in these hot days of 1985, the most celebrated, idolized, and infamous woman in America, she was, not too long ago, just another unknown, pretty

(Above, left) Madonna performing in her June sellout concert at New York City's Madison Square Garden; (Right) Starring in Desperately Seeking Susan, *one of this year's surprise hit films.*

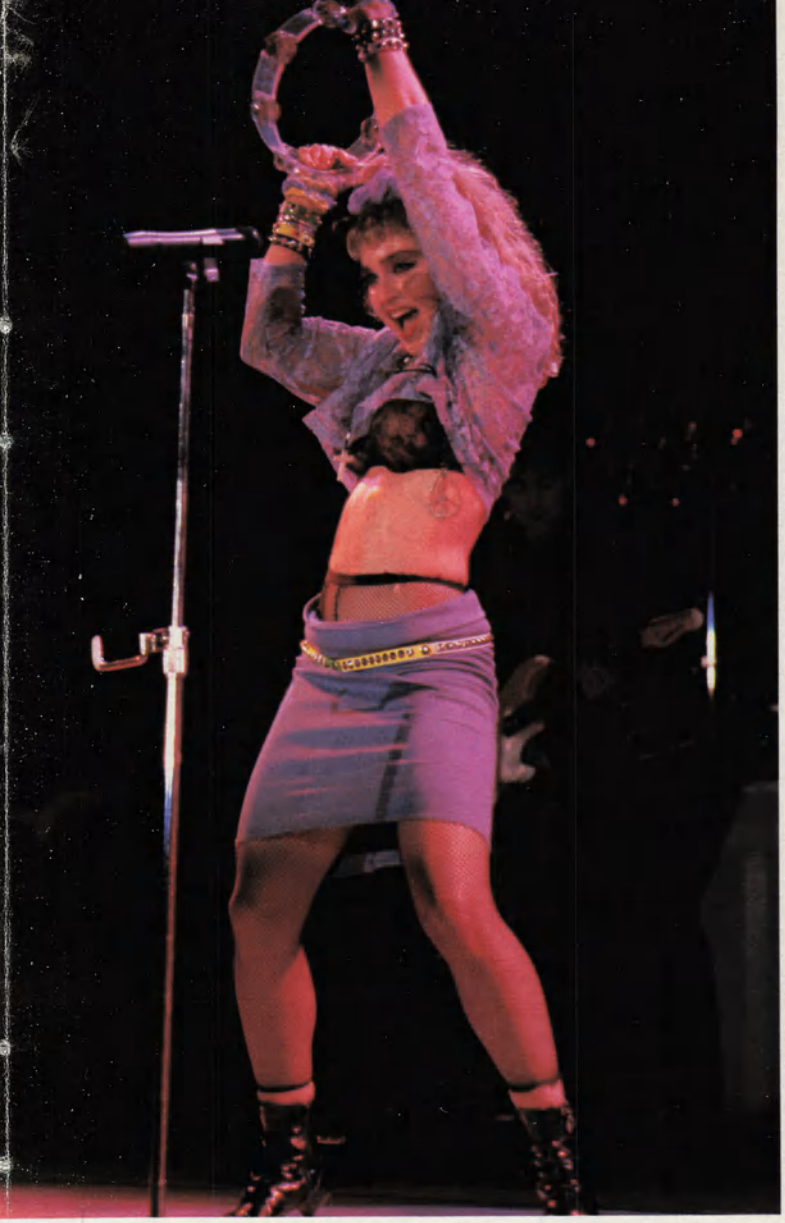
girl who wanted to devour the world.

The following photographic portfolio—in the shadows of which these words lie—captures Madonna in those quieter and more innocent days before the world and its glory were hers. They are images of a hopeful young girl blossoming into an image of her own.

It is here that Madonna looks, to use that phrase which all now know, like a virgin. It is here that the imagery begins: Eve awaiting, teasing, sidestepping the serpent, sinlessness at the edge of Eden. These photographs, discovered by *Penthouse* and brought to light here exclusively, for the first time, represent the genesis of the magical mingling of chastity and intellectualized sensuality that came to shake this latter day.

Bill Stone, the man who made these pictures, has long enjoyed both commercial success and a reputation as one of the preeminent photographers of classical nudes. Raised in the Midwest, he attended the Art Students League in 1936. In 1942 his work for *Life* earned him Photographer of the Week and Photograph of the Week awards. After serving as a combat glider pilot in Europe during World War II, Stone joined *Esquire* as a staff photographer. He has worked on many commercial accounts, including Coca-Cola, AT&T, and Exxon. His work has been featured in photography magazines such as *Camera 35* and *Zoom*, and his one-man exhibitions have ranged in place and time from the American Dance Gallery in 1938 to Tokyo's Bandai Gallery in 1983.

Stone's mesmerizing nudes—inspired by the master drawings of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries and perfected by handwrought copper-sulfate and selenium toning effects—have received much attention. Reviewing one of Stone's shows at the Alfred Stieglitz Gallery, Fred McDarrah wrote in *The Village Voice* that "many of his beautiful nude women are posed in the style of Modigliani, Titian, Botticelli, Pollaiuolo, and other



(Above, left) Driving her fans to a frenzy in Tampa, Florida, in early May; (Right, top) In Chicago, Illinois, later that month; (Right, bottom) "Like A Virgin"—the climax of her Tampa concert.

masters." He praised the "outstanding achievement" of the bleaching and chemical toning through which Stone manually renders his warm browns and chilly blues.

One reviewer, Fernando Natalici, has said that "a Stone model wouldn't have to feel embarrassed showing the result of one of his shootings to her grandparents." This is surely true in the case of Stone's work with Madonna.

She was 19 years old and, by all accounts, a professional nude model when she arrived at his West 27th Street studio in late 1978. She was impressed to hear that Stone had traveled as a photographer with the original Ballet Russe de Monte Carlo in the late 1930s, and the two talked of dance for much of the shooting.

"She was an accomplished dancer, and was very helpful in improvising poses," the 72-year-old photographer recalls. "I was thinking Matisse, the odalisques. But she was posing herself, really.

"I saw that she was special, and when she signed the model release she just signed 'Madonna.' 'What is your last name?' I asked her. 'I'm just Madonna,' she smiled. 'Darling,' I said, 'everyone has a last name.' 'Would Madonna Madonna suit you better?' 'No,' I said, 'Madonna is just fine.' I told her that there was something special about her, and that she was a pleasure to photograph.

" 'Bill,' she said to me at one point, 'you've photographed a lot of women who've gone on to make it big. Do you think I'll make it big someday?' 'Darling,' I told her, 'you have the looks and the talent, and with the right promotion and backing, you just might.'

"I think I paid her either twenty-five or fifty dollars. She was thrilled. Her usual modeling pay was seven dollars an hour. When I asked where she lived, she said, 'Here and there.' Not knowing where any of her heres and theres were, I never saw her again, but I never forgot her. She was lovely."

Born in Bay City, Michigan, 26 summers ago on August

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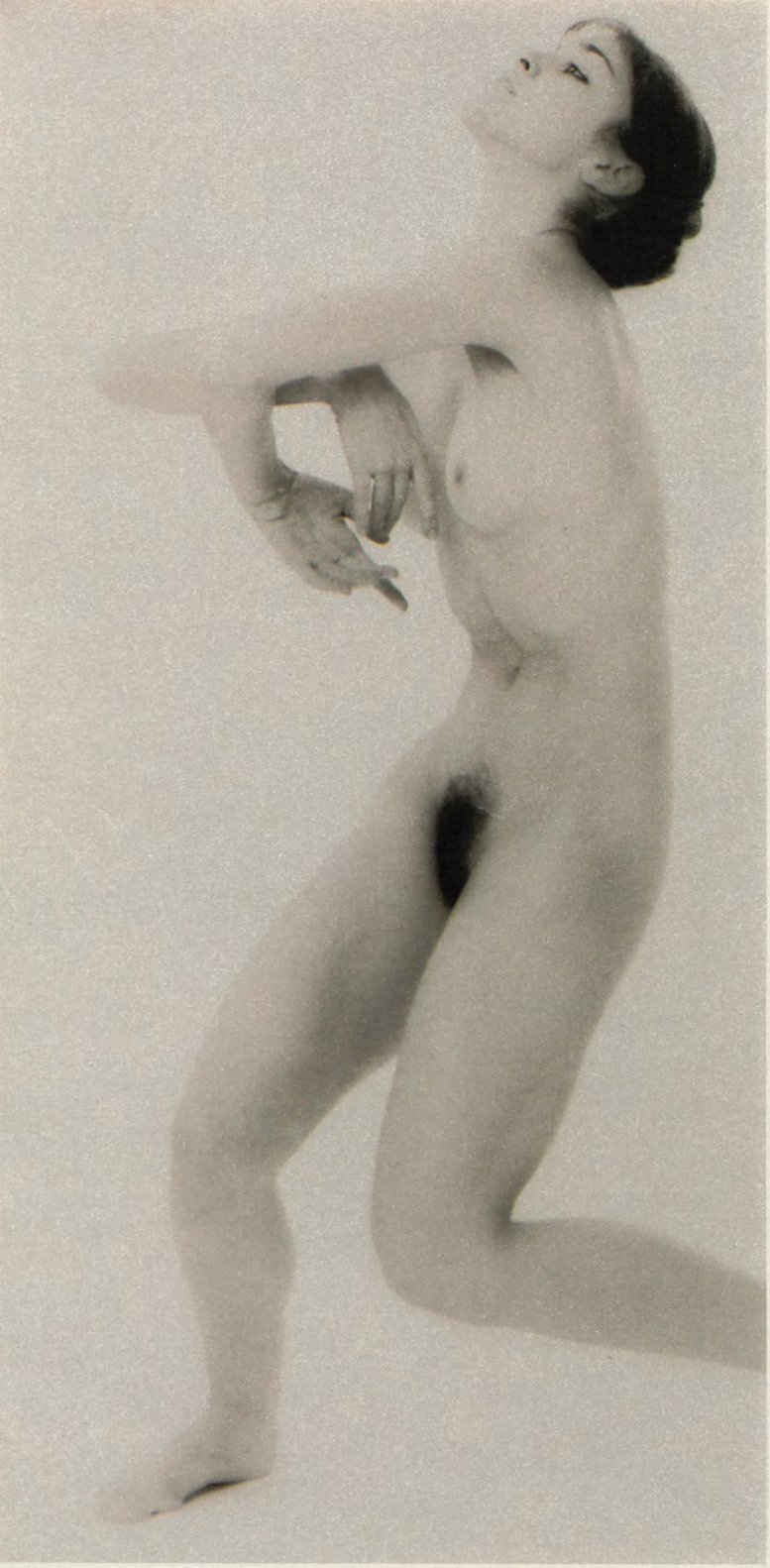
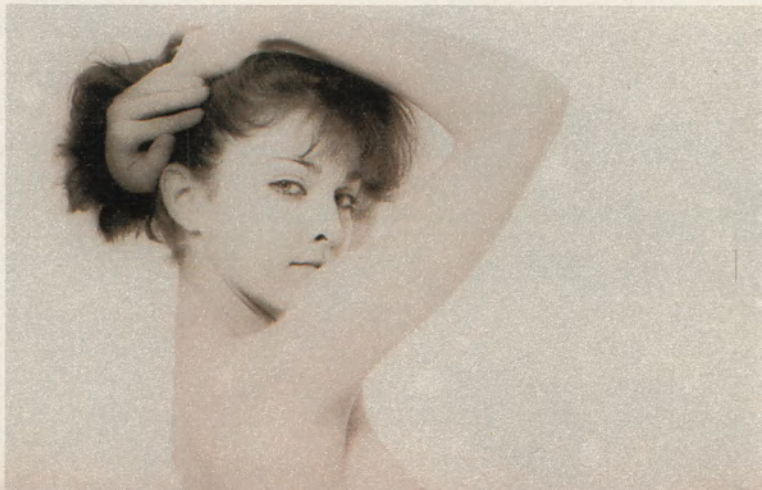
"I couldn't be a success without also being a sex symbol. I'm sexy. How can I avoid it? That's the essence of me."

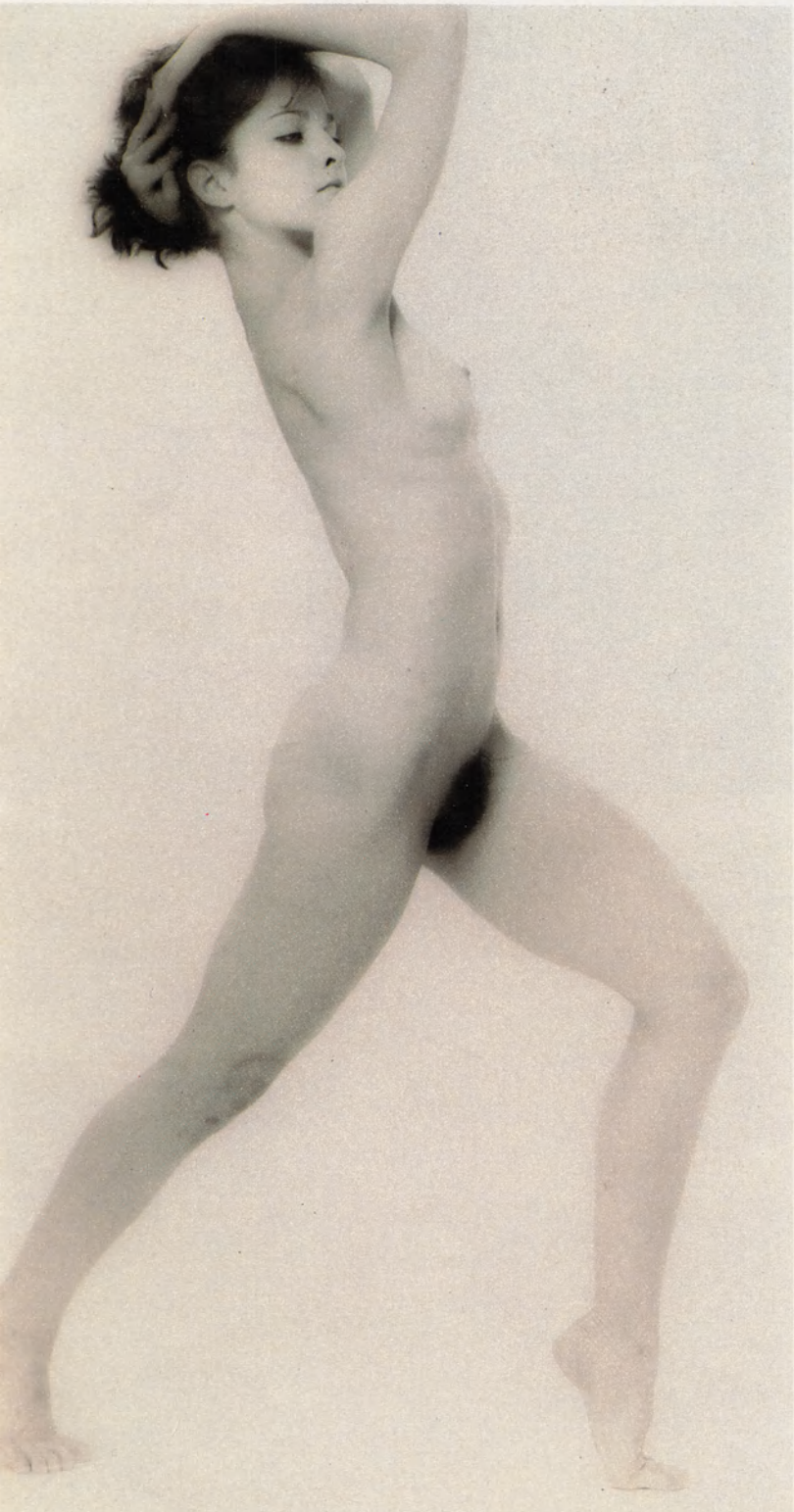


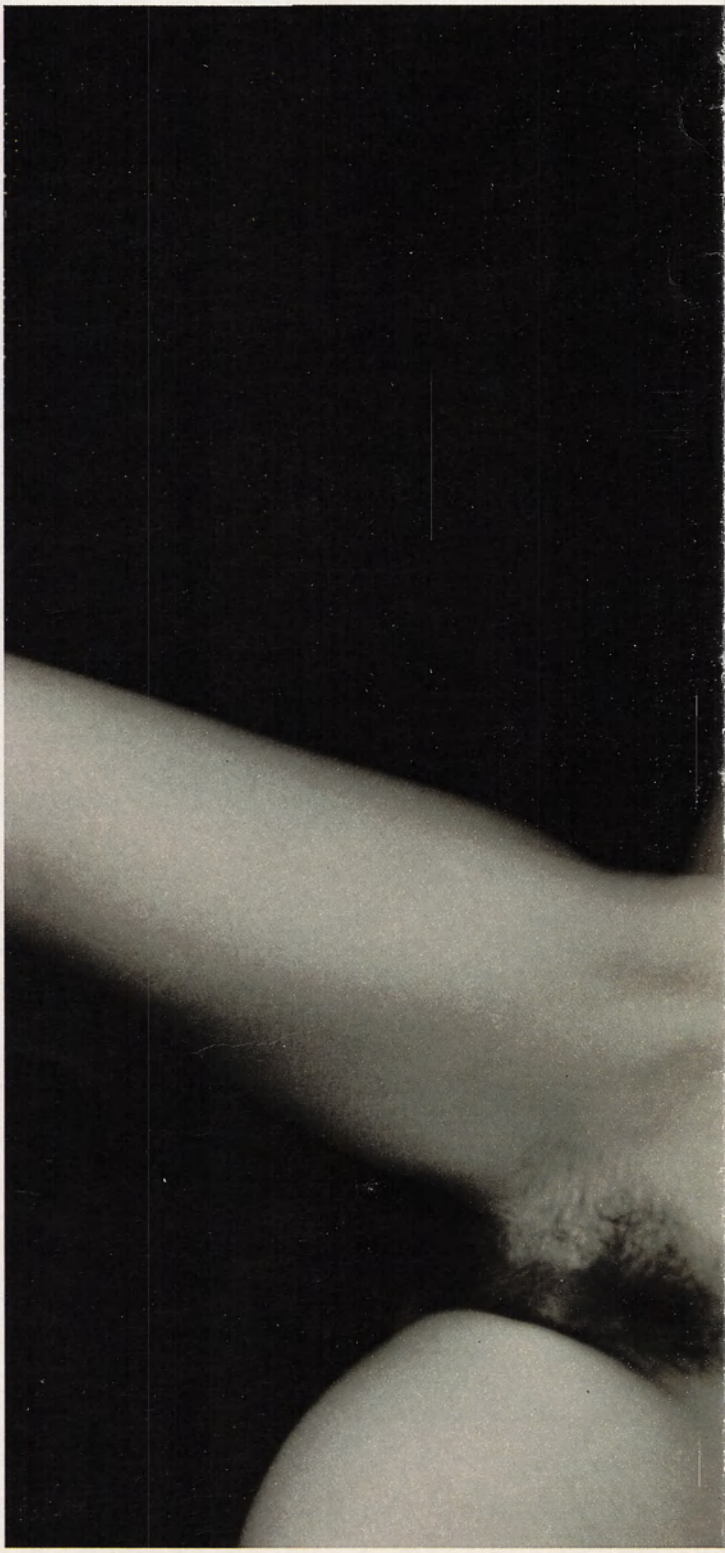
"Even after I made love for the first time, I still felt I was a virgin. I didn't lose my virginity until I knew what I was doing."

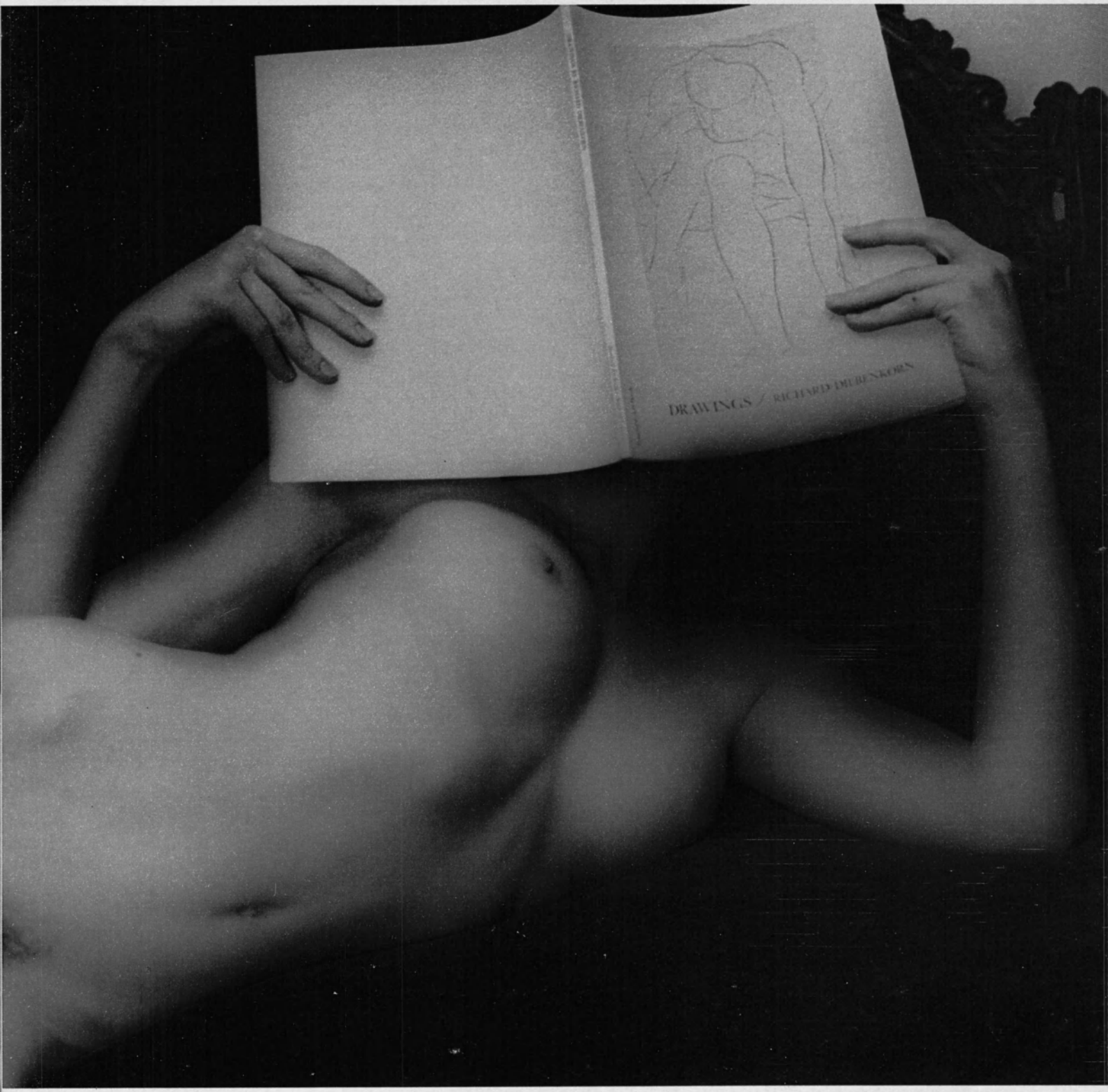


"My favorite button
is my belly button. I have the
most perfect belly button. . . .
When I stick my finger in it, I feel
a nerve in the center
of my body shoot up my spine."

"All those men I stepped all over to get to the top, every one of them would take me back because they still love me and I still love them."






DRAWINGS / RICHARD DIEBENKORN

"When I was a little girl, we had crucifixes all over the house. . . . I liked the way they look and what they symbolized, even before they were fashionable."

"I think my voice sounds innocent and sexual at the same time. That's what I try to tell people, anyway; but they always misconstrue what I mean when I say 'sexual innocence.' They look at me and go, 'innocent, huh?' "

NORMA JEAN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 98

scribed as a breathtaking monument to natural architecture. Having obtained Lewis's undivided attention, Norma Jean proceeded to charm him out of his socks. She stayed for the second show, and in another visit backstage, met two of Lewis's best friends, the columnist Walter Winchell and, even more importantly, writer-producer Damon Runyon. They fell all over themselves in assuring her that they would help her in any way possible to get into the Screen Actors Guild—a necessary prerequisite for acting in the movies.

I was oblivious to all this, and even more oblivious to the fact that Norma Jean began a secret relationship with Lewis—and, later, Winchell—to get her into the movies. True, her modeling career had suddenly prospered, and she was getting more and more assignments. In my infatuation, I attributed that to the recognition by the rest of Hollywood that she was as beautiful as I thought she was.

I did realize she was movie crazy, talking endlessly about how she wanted to work in pictures. She bubbled with joy when I finally got my Screen Actors Guild card and began working on a movie at 20th Century Fox. She had never been inside a movie studio—they were like churches to her—and I agreed one day that I would smuggle her inside. (There was a strict ban on visitors for such lowly contract players as myself.) What happened next befuddled me at the time, but in later years I understood: that visit was Marilyn Monroe's first real acting performance.

I had brought her to the studio commissary, where everything almost stopped dead as she walked in beside me. Well, *walked* in hardly describes it; she sort of wiggled in. Dressed, again, in an angora sweater and tight skirt, the voluptuous body walked into that commissary in a kind of rolling, sinuous glide that I had come to take for granted as her distinctive walk. But to the men in the commissary, some of whom literally stopped in mid-bite, the Walk was a phenomenon they had never experienced. To heighten the effect, it was somewhat chilly, and her nipples, made erect by the coolness, stood out like headlights. In sum, Norma Jean Dougherty took over the studio that day; she practically caused a riot. The men just could not get enough of her; they couldn't stop watching her, couldn't wait to hear her say something in that cooing little-girl voice with all the breath in it.

"Who is that girl you're with?" Damon Runyon asked me as we left sometime later.

"That's Norma Jean Dougherty," I reminded him.

Runyon, a man of understatement, carefully regarded her. "Well, you sure have fine taste in women," he said, staring at her breasts.

I appreciated the compliment, but I had bigger plans in mind for Norma Jean: I wanted to marry her. It was a fatuous hope, of course, for I failed to understand that the last thing Norma Jean wanted at that point was marriage—and certainly not to some smitten young kid working as a contract player. No, Norma Jean wanted much more; she wanted to be a movie star. It was a leap of ambition that was almost breathtaking, for she had set her sights on a quick route to the top, to vault herself almost instantly from the ranks of the army of unknown models in Hollywood to studio stardom. It just didn't work that way, as anybody in the business knew, but Norma Jean had decided that the rules were for everybody else; she was going to do it her way.

Slowly, I became aware of the change in Norma Jean. The natural wonder I first knew was gradually but perceptibly being changed into somebody I really didn't know, the persona that came to be known as Marilyn Monroe. She was beginning to move in a fast crowd, the big-time producers, agents, and accompanying retinue that marked somebody on the make. Her ambition was more naked now, and that wonderful naturalness was beginning to disappear.

> "Men all act the same way," the girl who would later call herself Marilyn Monroe told me. "I feel like I have a special power over them."

Her way was to head straight for the top. In the Hollywood of those days, such a direct route was possible because of the so-called "studio system," in which each major studio kept its players under restrictive contracts which bound them to a form of indentured servitude, requiring them to make films however and whenever the studios decided they would. That made the heads of studios something like demigods, with total power to decide who worked and who didn't.

Norma Jean understood this system perfectly, which is why she began cultivating anyone who had access to the studio moguls.

To be sure, there were some more obvious changes. I had taken the first nude photographs of her in early 1944. Where once she might have been delighted with my amateurish attempts at "art" photography, now she hated them, complaining, "They make my ass look too big." She also had cosmetic surgery to remove a bump on the end of her nose and to correct a weak chin line. She was being seen at all the best Hollywood parties, where the movers and shakers operated. No more angora sweaters; now, she wore expensive outfits. Her hair no longer was indifferently brushed; now, it was being changed by a professional hairstylist into what came to be her distinctive platinum-blond look.

But the really important changes were the ones you couldn't see. And they were the ones I was most concerned about as we began to drift apart. They all seemed to crystallize in the fall of 1944, when she went with me as I drove out to see my folks in Ohio.

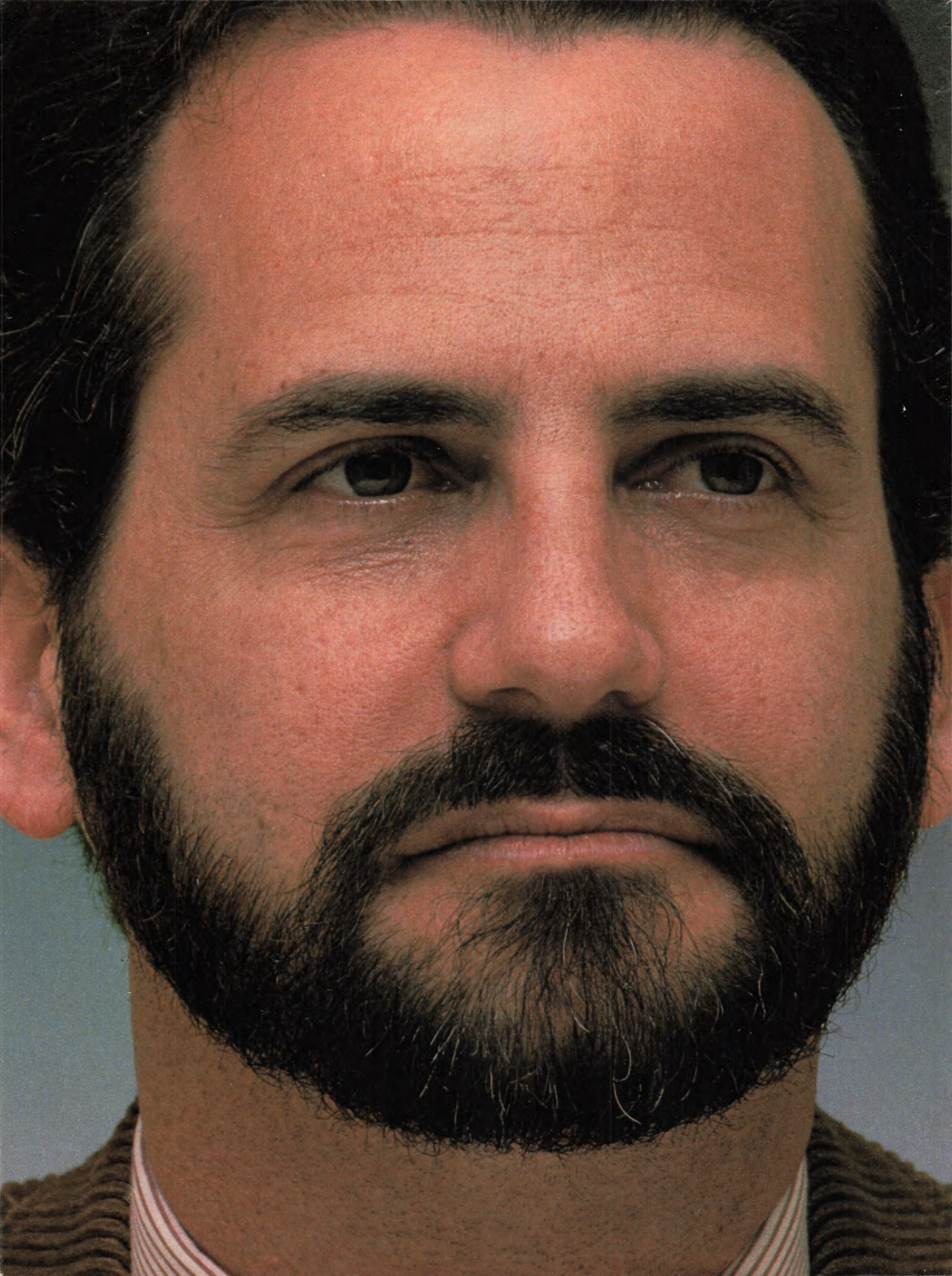
We spent what I thought was an idyllic several weeks out there. The leaves were just turning, and as we roamed the woods as lovers, I believed that this sort of closeness, away from the grind of Hollywood, would reunite us in the tight bond in which our love had begun. We climbed the local mountain, made love in a cave, and carved our initials in a tree (they remain there to this day). Away from Tinseltown, we looked like two teenage lovers, which, at root, was precisely what we were.

But I had not reckoned on the lure—the tragic, irresistible lure—that was pulling at Norma Jean. It was Hollywood, and as we drove back westward, she sank into a depression. We talked about the future, and suddenly she erupted into an outburst that had none of the cooing little-girl voice, none of the breathy emphasis. This was pure Norma Jean Dougherty, the orphan girl of an insane mother, the struggling foster child who had to fight for every scrap of love and affection, the Hollywood waif who had sold her body for a few bits of cloth or a new pair of shoes. From somewhere deep in her psyche came the voice that proclaimed the challenge: "Listen, Teddy, I told you once, when you're broke, you're a joke. And if I'm lyin', I hope I'm dyin'. I'll fuck anybody who can help me get what I want. I'm tired of being broke. After thinking this whole situation over, Teddy, why in hell couldn't I just as easily give myself to a producer or a director, or some bigshot agent who can do me some real good? Sure, I fucked many guys around the Ambassador district. Big fucking deal! Even to this day I don't feel guilty about it. Why should I? Listen, if I have to suck every cock in Hollywood, that's what I'll do!"

As we sped through the night, back toward Hollywood, I sensed, somehow, that Norma Jean Dougherty was dying there, right beside me. What was emerging was the great bitch goddess. . . . And the fire that was consuming Norma Jean would, in time, also devour the goddess that had arisen from her ashes.

HOFMEKLER'S PEOPLE: FOLK HEROES, PART 29

"We know there are political and strategic reasons.
But . . . the issue here is not politics, but good and evil, and we must
never confuse them. . . . That place, Mr. President,
is not your place."—Holocaust survivor Elie Wiesel, speaking
about the visit by President Reagan and West German
Chancellor Helmut Kohl to honor German war dead at the Bitburg cemetery.



"The Moral Majority has misrepresented my research tremendously over the years, harping again and again on sexually explicit material to divert attention away from the real issues—like birth control and violence."

DR. EDWARD DONNERSTEIN

Although it is one year after 1984, we are witnessing one of the strongest attacks on the Bill of Rights in our country's history. By a strange and unholy alliance of militant feminists and right-wing fanatics, a concerted effort is being made to make the First Amendment meaningless. Unlike earlier attempts by self-described watchdogs of America's morality, the recent spewing out of rhetoric and hate has seriously influenced state legislatures and city councils to turn their visions into law. For example, radical feminists were able to convince the Minneapolis City Council to pass an ordinance that would define pornography as a form of sex discrimination, opening the door for a spate of civil suits by women who were unhappy with any sexually explicit material they may have read in a magazine or seen in a movie. Fortunately, the mayor of Minneapolis vetoed the ordinance, but feminists and Moral Majority types have carried the battle elsewhere: Los Angeles and Indianapolis, to name only two places.

To arm themselves with ammunition in the war to establish a new censor-

PHOTOGRAPH BY LEE McELFRESH

ship, these zealots have turned to academia for support, claiming that scientific research over the last decade has demonstrated that sexually explicit material leads to sexual violence against women. One researcher in particular has been cited by these groups—Dr. Edward Donnerstein, a social psychologist at the University of Wisconsin.

Researcher into the causes of aggression for more than ten years, author of dozens of articles on the subject for prestigious scientific journals, and recipient of a National Science Foundation grant, Donnerstein has witnessed his writings suddenly yanked from the normally closeted world of academia into newspapers, magazines, and court records, and quoted on major television shows. He now receives as many invitations to appear before the media as he does to speak at scientific gatherings. Ed Donnerstein has become an unlikely media celebrity.

The 40-year-old psychologist received his Ph.D. in 1972 from Florida State University, moving on to teaching assignments at Southern Illinois and Iowa State universities before arriving at the University of Wisconsin in 1981. Donnerstein's primary interest: the formation and change of attitudes, specifically aggression, in individuals and groups. His earlier work dealt with black and interracial aggression, but he then moved on to studying the psychological effects of the media on attitudes and behavior.

In the late 1970s, Donnerstein began to publish his studies on the relationship between sexually explicit material and violence toward women. Much of the misunderstanding about Donnerstein's research originates from his earlier studies. He had determined that violent, sexually explicit material led to changes in attitudes concerning sexual violence. In many cases, after viewing the material many males would become desensitized to sexual violence. But the studies also demonstrated that it was not the *erotic* material that caused the changes in attitudes, but the *violent* component. If anything, in many situations erotic material actually decreased aggressive tendencies in males. When radical feminists and Moral Majority zealots began to wage their wars, they conveniently forgot the distinction Donnerstein made between sexually explicit and violent material as causes for sexual aggression.

Over the last several years, Donnerstein discovered that the most significant changes in attitudes about sexual violence toward women was not caused by X-rated films and magazines but rather came about after men viewed certain R-rated movies or prime-time television shows. Donnerstein contends that we have a great deal more to fear from our children growing up on a steady diet of such cinematic classics as *I Spit on Your Grave* and *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* than from erotic films and magazines. He believes that because of these "slice and dice" films, a generation is growing up desensitized to violence in society.

The serious effects of violent, nonerotic material on attitudes about sexual violence toward women are demonstrated by Donnerstein's current research, wherein people exposed to violent material for several weeks are then asked to view a videotape of a rape trial made at the school's law center. Inevitably, marked changes in attitude are noted after the viewing. Many of those who were inclined to believe the victim's testimony before seeing the violent films now feel that she may have enjoyed the attack. But such changes in attitude are not noted when control groups are exposed to other types of arousal material, including sexually explicit films and magazines, before viewing the rape trial.

Because *Penthouse* is obviously concerned about the controversy surrounding sexually explicit material and its purported relationship to sexual violence—as we are often a leading target for feminists and Moral Majority groups—we believe that our readers deserve the opportunity to learn the facts about the issue. Special Features Editor Allan Sonnenschein arranged to interview Dr. Donnerstein in between the professor's many speaking engagements and appearances.

"The thing that impressed me most about Donnerstein," Sonnenschein told us, "was that he is anything but an academic living in an ivory tower. He is very aware of the fact that his research is being used in a political battle and is concerned that his findings have been misunderstood and misquoted. Throughout the interview, and in discussions we had later, he took pains to make certain I understood his research. The fact that science is easily distorted was made clear immediately—as I handed him a newsletter, distributed by an Iowa supermarket chain, supposedly reporting on the connection between sexually explicit material and violence."

Penthouse: This newsletter tells its customers that because your and others' research has determined that magazines like *Penthouse* contain material which causes or leads to sexual violence, it no longer will sell the magazines to those who wish to purchase them. What is your reaction?

Donnerstein: My material is misquoted. I would need a 24-hour-a-day person to handle all the misquotes about my research. When people discuss the research, they wrongly interpret my findings by saying that exposure to pornography leads to rape.

Penthouse: So your research does *not* demonstrate that pornography leads to rape?

Donnerstein: First of all, we don't study rape behavior. We study laboratory aggression. Secondly, we don't study—and I hate to use the term—pornography. We study violent material. We are talking about brutal rapes, decapitation, mutilation, not exactly generic pornography. We have found that the effects of this type of material lead to a desensitization to violence.

Penthouse: But why are some feminists and Moral Majority people stating that you say that sexually explicit material leads to sexual violence?

Donnerstein: I think what has happened is that people have taken our research on violent pornography and dropped the word *violent*.

Penthouse: So what *is* the relationship between sexually explicit material and aggressive behavior?

Donnerstein: There has been a lot of research showing that nonviolent, sexually explicit material in many cases acts to *reduce* aggressive behavior. Those studies seem to be forgotten now. One magazine, which I will not name, wrote that my research found "pornography" leads toward a desensitization to rape victims. However, the material used in the studies was not pornographic movies, but R-rated movies—very popular movies which most teenagers see. There is also research by highly reputable people that indicates when people who are already predisposed to aggressive or hostile behavior come into contact with any additional stimulating material, that type of behavior will be increased.

Penthouse: Does that mean that those who claim that sexually explicit material leads to aggressive behavior are correct in certain cases?

Donnerstein: I think that we have to step back and think about that for a moment. For some individuals, certain sexually explicit material would be quite arousing, and we do find that highly arousing sexual material in certain types of laboratory experiments can increase aggressive behavior. But you have to stop there, because what it really says is that theoretically *anything* that is arousing increases aggressive behavior. Highly humorous material increases aggressive behavior. Taking somebody and putting them on one of those bicycles that don't go anywhere until they get their blood pressure up does exactly the same thing. But what is interesting about these findings is that they show that arousal is not necessarily a negative. If you are in a very *positive* state, coming into contact with highly arousing material increases positive behavior.

Penthouse: So sexually explicit materials are as likely to reinforce saints as well as sinners. But feminist Robin Morgan has said: "Pornography is the theory, rape is the practice." What, in fact, is the truth?

Donnerstein: The assumption that is always made is that the possession or viewing of pornography somehow stimulates rape-related behavior. The idea has been around for a long time, and I

*"Not that kind of fly, son—*that *kind!"*

think we get into a number of problems because of the idea.

Penthouse: Such as?

Donnerstein: Well, what do we mean by "pornography"? Right off the bat we really have some problems because what is one person's pornography is obviously not another person's idea of pornography. In fact, I recall a cover story in *Ms.* saying that one woman's sexuality is another woman's pornography, and I think that is one of the major problems. We don't even like to use the term anymore, because I think the vast majority of people connote sexually explicit material with pornography, and sexually explicit material is not the issue.

Penthouse: Have researchers ever asked rapists: "Did you commit your crime after viewing a sexually explicit magazine or an X-rated film?"

Donnerstein: There have been back-and-forth studies of that nature over the years. One of the problems, again, is the definition of pornography. Some offenders are sadistic, habitual rapists. Sexually explicit material is not what turned them on.

Penthouse: Are you saying that the average sex offender is not inspired by pornography?

Donnerstein: I hate to use the term "average sex offender," but most of the research indicates that they have had little exposure to what we would call pornography. When they have been exposed to it, it is at a later age than the general population and there seems to be no indication that the material inspired their particular assault.

Penthouse: But haven't there been cases where sex offenders have stated that they were inspired by some material to commit their acts?

Donnerstein: Now, if you are talking about somebody modeling their crime, yes. I think we see evidence of that from television. But again one has to stand back and think. Let's say, for example, you find at the scene of a brutal rape various forms of violent pornography in the possession of the individual who committed the act. Does that mean the material was the cause? No, it doesn't say that at all. What it says is that an individual who is *already predisposed* to very violent acts might search out such material. If it wasn't that type of material, it could just as well have been some other type. It could have been something he read in the newspaper.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 180

SEX AND VIOLENCE: THE BIG LIES

We recently read a statement by Andrea K. Vangor, the director of an organization called Together Against Pornography, in which she said, "Pornography is, according to the Office of Juvenile Justice and Delinquency Prevention, a proven link in the commission of abuse and violent crimes against women and children." When we called the Office of Juvenile Justice and Delinquency Prevention to find out what evidence they had to back this up, we were informed that no such statement had ever been issued and, in fact, they had discovered no evidence to substantiate it. Bearing this in mind, we took a close look at statements by four prominent Americans who are attempting to exploit misinformation about the so-called connection between sexually explicit material and violence against women. We present, below, examples of such Big Lies as well as the facts that refute them:

RONALD REAGAN

"We've seen reports suggesting a link between child molesting and pornography. And academic studies have suggested a link between pornography and sexual violence toward women."

THE TRUTH: "In contrast to the criminal code offender, the sexual offender had less frequent exposure to pornography during preadolescence and adolescence. . . . These data indicate a negative relationship between exposure to pornography and the tendency to commit a sex crime."— *Journal of Applied Psychology*

ANDREA DWORKIN

"Pornography is dangerous and effective propaganda that incites violence against easy targets—women and children."

THE TRUTH: "The Commission cannot conclude that exposure to erotic materials is a factor in the causation of sex crimes or delinquency."—Presidential Commission on Obscenity and Pornography

SUSAN BROWNMILLER

"A law that reflects the female reality . . . and does not promote a masculine ideology of rape will go a long way toward the elimination of crimes of sexual violence. . . ."

THE TRUTH: "We unhesitatingly reject the suggestion that the available statistical information . . . lends any support at all to the argument that pornography acts as a stimulus to the commission of sexual violence."—The Committee on Obscenity and Film Censorship, British Home Office

JERRY FALWELL

"Pornography, particularly in television and literature, is brainwashing the American people into accepting as normal what is abnormal."

THE TRUTH: "A series of experimental studies suggest, however, that exposure to erotic stimuli has little or no effect on already established attitudinal commitments regarding either sexuality or sexual morality."—Presidential Commission on Obscenity and Pornography

Censorship can make the world a better place.

Censorship can make your life easier. When somebody else makes decisions about what you can read and see and hear, you don't have to think as much.

Censorship can cure the world of problems like violent crime and child abuse. If you believe information and ideas cause problems—instead of people.

Censorship can help everyone agree. If you weren't free to read or hear dissenting opinions, or to express your own, it would be a lot easier to agree...just as easy as it was in Nazi Germany, or as it is today in Cuba, Iran and the Soviet Union.

Once we make exceptions to the freedoms guaranteed us under the First Amendment, anything can happen. Ten years ago, the city of Miami banned *Mother Goose*. Other victims have included Shakespeare, and even *Ms.* magazine.

Right now, some Americans are trying to abridge your constitutional freedoms so they'll be able to choose what books and magazines you read, television shows you see.

As an American, you have the freedom to say No to censorship. Say it today—tomorrow may be too late.

Freedom is everybody's business.

This message is sponsored by Penthouse Magazine.

CHILDREN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 90

ments. A recent picture in *Life* magazine shows Americans working with the CIA, offering advice to a child with a machine gun. He had been recruited by the *contras*, the Nicaraguan rebels dedicated to the overthrow of the country's left-wing Sandinista government. Commonly, the bureaucrats on both the Right and Left do not pay much attention to the principles of their own ideology, but attend instead to the means of consolidating their power. In the process they find that children are excellent raw material. Examples of such thinking abound.

The *inocentes absolutos*, as Argentine writer Ernesto Sabato calls children, have always been pawns caught in the cross fire of adults' political, racial, and religious fanaticism. In Iran, children held with their mothers in the women's block of the Evin jail are forced to witness the torture of their mothers. Other children are taught how to kill and sent to the battlefront, having been promised a place among the martyrs if they are killed. And most of the time they are. It has been widely reported in the world press that Iranian assaults on the Iraqi border were led by 12- and 13-year-olds carrying grenades instead of rifles, while Iranian tanks followed them 800 yards behind.

Children who are relatives of people wanted by the government in Syria have been held hostage and tortured to force suspects to give themselves up.

But the murder of children in Latin America is more than the casualty of war and revolution. For example, in Chile (and in Argentina and Uruguay while they were ruled by the military), the abuses against children are part of an elaborate plan to brutally refashion an entire society. Children are kidnapped along with their parents, who then disappear. Children are given away in adoption to families that support the governing military, to avoid having them grow into adults who oppose the powers that be. The same fate awaits hundreds of children born to mothers in concentration camps. These are the lucky ones. The rest fall into the hands of the murderous military and secret-police forces.

Amnesty International has reported other atrocities in their own publication *Children:*

"The Central African Empire briefly became the focus of world attention during 1979 after Amnesty International condemned the killing and merciless treatment of hundreds of schoolchildren. . . . More than 100 children [were] taken to Bangui's central Ngaragba Prison, where they were held in such crowded conditions that in one cell alone between 12 and 28 of them were reported to have suffocated to death. . . . Other children were reported to have been stoned by members of [Emperor Bokassa's] Imperial Guard to punish them for throwing stones at the Emperor's car. Some were bayonetted or beaten to death with sharpened sticks and whips. . . .

"Amnesty International has received reliable reports that between 50 and 100 children were killed in prison [in the Central African Empire]. One witness said he counted the bodies of 62 dead children."

For several years, children in Ethiopia have been victims of political arrest, torture, and murder, particularly during the official "Red Terror" campaign (a seven-month assault by the government against dissidents). One of the worst incidents took place on April 29, 1977, after the pro-Soviet regime took power. Hakan Landelius, secretary general of the Swedish Save the Children Fund, reported at that time: "One thousand children have been massacred in Addis Ababa and their bodies, lying in the streets, are ravaged by roving hyenas. . . . The bodies of murdered children, mostly aged 11 to 13 years, can be seen heaped on the roadside when one leaves Addis Ababa."

> The files of human-rights organizations overflow with accounts of how Latin American "supermen" are indiscriminately destroying children.

Today, in the midst of a catastrophic famine, Ethiopia's central government is using food as a political weapon by not allowing international help to reach the provinces of Eritrea and Tigre, strongholds of government opposition. An estimated two million children in that area are dying of starvation.

In Latin America, the violent abuse of children is a tragedy of staggering proportions. Children are being abducted from their homes, tortured in front of their parents, subjected to vicious psychological torture, raped, sodomized, mutilated, and murdered.

In Argentina alone there are 144 documented cases of children who simply disappeared after having been abducted along with their parents during the military dictatorship, which ended last year with the election of President Raul Alfonsin. Hundreds of other children were born to parents being held as political prisoners, and were then given up for adoption, sold to wealthy families, or killed.

Argentine human-rights organizations have been the most successful in gathering documented information. Reliable statistics do not exist in most other countries where children are being destroyed. There are only the stories of eyewitnesses. Excerpts from a report prepared for the Conference on Human Rights in Guatemala, organized by the Johns Hopkins School of Advanced International Studies and the Washington Office on Latin America, give an idea of the brutality and disregard for children's lives:

"They finished off the women and then the children of 9, 10, 12 years. They cut the intestines out of them and they were still screaming. The 8 and 10 month olds they took out in their arms and carried them to a house and there they slugged them. Those that were still alive, they just threw them into a house and piled them up. They killed all the little ones. . . .

"The children they found inside they grabbed by the feet and dashed against the beams of the houses and killed them. They raped the young girls. . . .

"The military aided by one helicopter put women and children in the Catholic church, the courthouse and the school and burned them alive, except for two who escaped through a window. . . ."

Most of the information about the extent and nature of the atrocities being committed has come from local relief organizations. A few years back, another human-rights organization, Clamor, affiliated with the archdiocese of San Pablo, Brazil, began tracking down Anatole (four years old) and Victoria Julien (18 months) Grisonas, who had been abducted in Argentina along with their Uruguayan parents. After a long, Byzantine search, they found they had been adopted by a family in Valparaiso, Chile. Soon they saw other cases like this and unexpectedly unearthed a complex and vast black market in abducted children, which existed as a result of a network of cooperation among Latin American governments.

When a democratic government was elected in Argentina last year, among the clandestine operations closed down was a clinic (in which a prominent general allegedly held a major financial interest) that was a front for a massive black market in children and babies. Though it has been put out of operation, others like it exist in several countries. Apparently, after being abducted along with its parents or after being born to a woman held in a concentration camp, a child would be offered to wealthy couples selected from the hundreds wishing to adopt. Children were often traded between agents in different countries, totally eliminating the possibility of finding them.

Maria Isabel de Mariani, chairperson of the Argentine organization Abuelas de la Plaza de Mayo (APM), is an unlikely heroine. She is a gentle, grandmotherly woman with sweet elderly features. The organization she heads was created in

CONTINUED ON PAGE 178

EXTRA

A compendium of bizarre, idiotic, lurid, and ofttimes witless driblets of information culled from the nation's press

EXTRA

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THE KARATE GRANNY

Lucille Thompson, an 88-year-old great-grandmother, demonstrates a hair pull at a martial-arts demonstration. Mrs. Thompson saw a demonstration of tae kwon do last year and signed up. She now works out every day. (*The Evening Gazette*—submitted by Sam Jasons, Worcester, Mass.)

So . . . you can *teach the old new kicks.—Editor*

ROTTEN RECIPES

How does this diet sound: dead animals squashed by passing cars, maggots, deer droppings, and the contents of seal and elk intestines? Well, that's what you'd get to eat if you had dinner at the home of Jill Oakes, 33. "Why would I want to eat store-bought food? I have different standards of when food is rotten—because I eat rotten food," said Oakes, a postgraduate student at the University of Manitoba. Oakes prepares her food by boiling, baking, or putting it in a wok. She loves baking bread with maggot-filled flour. The bread rises beautifully because the maggots hatch with the heat of the baking, beat their wings, and help round the loaf. (*The Winnipeg Sun*—submitted by Marc Letourneau, Winnipeg, Manitoba)

As long as it has no artificial additives, the health-food freaks should love it, too.—Editor

SNAKE EYES

Leslie Ingram, 19, of Natchitoches, Louisiana, shares a trailer with his roommate Steve Farmer and Farmer's 40-pound snake, Monty Python. After Ingram finished a chicken dinner one night, Monty suddenly bit him. "It latched onto me," Ingram said, after getting 13 stitches near his eye. "I smelled like a big chicken to the snake." He said he wants his roommate to sell the snake or make him into a pair of boots. Farmer said Monty has a great sense of smell, but very poor eyesight. (*Defiance Crescent Newspaper*—submitted by Marilyn Clay, Defiance, Ohio)

It sounds to us like they're all lacking something.—Editor

BEARING UP

Victor, a 600-pound wrestling bear, takes on another challenger at a tavern. The bear's trainer said Victor has whipped thousands of humans. Unfortunately, Victor has been barred from wrestling in Bozeman, Montana, by the city commission. They feel the act is "cruel" and "uncivilized." (*The Gazette Telegraph*—submitted by Tim Williams, Buena Vista, Colo.)

No problem. There must be other things one can do on a Saturday night in Bozeman.—Editor

BITING THE BULLET

Sebastian likes to entertain the fans at sportmen's shows in Canada by catching a .22-caliber bullet between his steel dentures. (*The Sunday Sun*—submitted by R. Grainger, Brampton, Ontario)

We'd hate to see his dentist bills, though.—Editor

Double Exposure

Although Chinese police banned foreign journalists from the scene of a sit-in at the city hall in Peking, some reporters showed up. Here, a Chinese cop and a newsman photograph each other at the demonstration. (*The Stars and Stripes*—submitted by P. B. Davis, Reno, Nev.)

At least he finally got the picture.—Editor

A COCKROACH VACATION

A cockroach hopped a ride to Michigan from Capitol Hill via a memo from the office of Representative Robert Davis. The roach, still alive, arrived in one of Davis's district offices in Cheboygan. Paul Ganz, Davis's press secretary, said, "Somehow that little critter got into some papers and away he went. . . . He got a junket of sorts." (*The Detroit News*—submitted by John A. Prusak, Southgate, Mich.)

That's not the worst thing to fly out of Washington.—Editor

MA BELL DEAREST

There's a suit being filed against Pacific Bell Telephone on behalf of all the children of California. It seems those "976" numbers that you can call for "fun" cost 50 cents a shot. Randy Grimm was calling the sports trivia number until his mother received a phone bill with more than $190 worth of "976" calls on it. Josie Aaronson-Gelb called Santa Claus, who would tell her to call again tomorrow at the end of his message. And she did—for a total of 45 times, including seven times on Christmas Eve, when his message changed hourly. The messages never said anything about cost. Sometimes the 50-cent charge is mentioned quickly on other messages or in small print on television advertisements. The suit asks for a refund for an estimated 100,000 families and $10 million in punitive damages to set up a children's protection fund to fight deceptive advertising. (*The Tribune Chronicle*)

We'd all better stop calling the weather number every day or we'll be in hock up to our Christmas stockings.—Editor

EDITOR'S NOTE:

We welcome your contributions for future "Hard Times" columns, and we will give a free one-year subscription to *Penthouse* to each reader whose item is printed. Send clippings to: Hard Times, c/o Penthouse, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023. Please include the name of the newspaper, the page number, and the date the clipping was published.

PARTING SHOT

BY EDWARD SOREL

THE NEWS GETS MORE AND MORE DEPRESSING.
IN LEBANON THE SHIITE MOSLEMS ARE KILLING THE PALESTINIAN MOSLEMS, THE PALESTINIANS ARE KILLING THE SHIITES.
IN IRELAND THE PROTESTANTS ARE KILLING THE CATHOLICS, THE CATHOLICS ARE KILLING THE PROTESTANTS.
IN INDIA THE SIKHS ARE KILLING THE HINDUS, THE HINDUS ARE KILLING THE SIKHS...
...AND THEY'RE ALL DOING IT IN THE NAME OF GOD!!
I GUESS IT'S ALL PART OF A NEW RELIGIOUS REVIVAL.

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Alive with pleasure!

Newport

After all, if smoking isn't a pleasure, why bother?

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Box: 16 mg. "tar", 1.1 mg. nicotine; Kings: 17 mg. "tar", 1.2 mg. nicotine; 100's: 19 mg. "tar", 1.5 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report February 1985.

All in all, *G-Spot* is good, dirty fun, especially when it takes off those white surgical gloves and gets less clinical about sex.

X-RATED VIDEO

BY AL GOLDSTEIN

PENTHOUSE PICK
The Grafenberg Spot
(Mitchell Brothers)
The G-Spot marks Jim and Artie Mitchell's return to adult films after a too-long hiatus, and the makers of such quality smut as *Behind the Green Door* and *The Resurrection of Eve* again check in with a sizzler. Ginger Lynn and Harry Reems are the centerpiece couple in this saga of what happens when people are too guilt-ridden to talk candidly about sex. Lynn plays Leslie, a woman who's a member of that small group who ejaculate during orgasm. The Mitchells have a lot of fun with this, and with their natural flair for hyperbole they unleash quite a few tidal waves from quite a few pussies, but it's all in good fun. And there is an underlying seriousness: Women *have* suffered from being ridiculed for ejaculating.

Annette Haven, who plays a sex therapist, is properly snooty and torrid by turns, revealing once again one of the greatest, tautest bodies in porn. And Reems gets one-upped by John Holmes in a great scene with Ginger Lynn; Johnny Wadd is as big and as great as ever. All in all, *G-Spot* is good, dirty fun, especially when it takes off those white surgical gloves and gets less clinical about sex. At the tag end of the tape, there's some *Being There*–style outtakes that are worth the price of the cassette. To see John Holmes break up over being drenched in Ginger Lynn's spuzz is a sight that humanizes smut and makes it gentle, funny, and sexy all at the same time.

The Mitchells are proof positive of my contention that producers proud of their product and not ashamed to be in the adult-entertainment business will sign their own names to their work. Perhaps if other producers made films of the Mitchell Brothers' quality, they wouldn't feel the need to hide behind a fake name.
The Grafenberg Spot ♟♟♟

Well-lubed Cottontail: *sextravaganza in dark shadows.*

THE STINK OF *PINK*
The Woman in Pink (Essex)
Dan Shocket, the late, great adult-film reviewer for *Penthouse Letters* and a host of other mags, thought the producers of *The Woman in Pink* hired someone to remove every hint of humor from every situation and line in the tape. A bizarre thought, but one that naturally springs to mind when you're faced with such stilted fare as this. Good sex always has an element of fun in it, but *The Woman in Pink* is so relentlessly sour that Jerry Falwell should use it to turn people off from fucking.

The story is another porn rip-off, of course, this time of the Gene Wilder–Gilda Radner vehicle, *The Woman in Red.* It's not the addition of explicit sex that makes *Pink* different from *Woman in Red,* and it's not the lack of those great Stevie Wonder songs either. Dan Shocket put his finger on it: It's humorlessness, and it makes *Pink* a tape to avoid.
The Woman in Pink ♟

COUPLES' TAPE OF THE MONTH
Passions (Blu Pix)
Passions is a bit slimy to be labeled a "couples' tape," in that it shows more than a few unsavory fantasies, but the high quality of Alex de Renzy's work should show the ladies that not all porn tapes are shoddy. This tape is organized vignette-style, with the sexual fantasy of a particular woman forming the core of each vignette. Not a particularly innovative approach, but de Renzy's deft handling of the material allows *Passions* to swing from the comic to the dark with about the same ease as human passions themselves.

Stacy Donovan is our tour guide, transforming herself with a million-dollar make-over right before our rising peckers, going from curlers to décolletage to full nudity in a blistering series of metamorphoses. Donovan handles the difficult and sometimes ludicrous situations she's in with ease; she has matured into the hottest newcomer in adult entertainment today—Tracy Lords and Ginger Lynn notwithstanding.

The scenes range from Angel's comic ditty about a frog prince to Kelly Nichols's exploration of the darker sides of sexuality—this last, some of the hottest and at the same time most troubling footage in recent X-rated memory. Beyond the material itself, the technical quality is superb. After seeing endless miles of vomit-inducing, shot-on-video cheapies, the first frames of de Renzy's luscious 35-millimeter cinematography sold the tape on its own. The time will come when "filmed in 35mm" will be a signpost of quality in adult entertainment, after videotape has drawn off all the low-rent producers of assembly-line trash.
Passions ♟♟♟

CLUB FETE
Cottontail Club
(Hollywood Electric)
This tape has one thing going for it: great sex, shown in steamy, well-lubricated close-ups. The producers have stripped away unnecessary details like quality of sound, lighting, plot, and characterization. In the credits, "lighting" is spelled "lighing." And that's no ligh, either, since the lighting seems to have

been done in imitation of the chiaroscuro style of painting, all shadow and darkness. The sound is of an equal caliber, resembling something echoing out of the bottom of a well. It's better that way—we don't hear the inane dialogue so well and miss out on the whispers the actors exchange so they know what the fuck is going on.

What is going on is a lot of pistonlike pumping of pricks and pussies. You can't avoid it: Even through your annoyance at the lousy technical values, you find yourself getting hot. The tape purports to be a vague rip-off of Francis Ford Coppola's *The Cotton Club,* but I doubt if anyone involved here saw the mainstream film. There's just a club—a sex club called Cottontail—and there's a lot of fucking and sucking onstage and off. John Leslie is the bartender, and he extends his reputation as the suave Cary Grant of smut—a reputation that persists,

Pink: *stilted porn rip-off.*

in spite of his appearances in bombs like *Cottontail Club. Cottontail Club* ♟♟

BASIC ADULT VIDEO LIBRARY

The Autobiography of a Flea (Mitchell Brothers)

There are a couple of reasons to like *The Autobiography of a Flea,* beyond the achingly beautiful, budding body of the lead, Jean Jennings, and the superexplicit examination of her young sex life. One is the historical aspect: *Flea* is based rigorously on the seventeenth-century smut novel of the same name, and the costumery in the tape is rendered with an attention to detail not normally seen in porn.

The intensity of the plot is another surprise, a marvelously intricate story to throw in the face of all those modern-day smut moguls who would have you believe narrative and nooky are incompatible. The flea, in voice-over, observes the flowering postpubescence of our heroine as she is severely used and abused at the hands of the local Roman Catholic priests. And that's another reason I like this film: because it reveals the hypocrisy of sexual authoritarians everywhere. *Flea* may be nothing more than a raunchy period soap opera, but it is put together like an extravagant, elegant little music box.

The Autobiography of a Flea ♟♟♟♟

ZONED OUT

Between the Cheeks (VCA)

The Dark Brothers, Walter and Gregory, are arrivistes to smut who made two good, splashy, highly touted tapes

The Woman in Pink: *product of the humor remover.*

called *Let Me Tell Ya 'Bout White Chicks* and *New Wave Hookers.* In *Between the Cheeks,* they try to live up to their names and concentrate on that part of the female anatomy wherein the sun never shines. The Dark Brothers' spacey, zoned-out style has wobbled a bit off its axis in this tape: They make a stab at the bizarre and wind up with the stupid.

The plot has something to do with aliens or pimps or alien pimps learning how to fuck properly—if you like puzzles, maybe you'd like to buy this tape just to figure it out. There is a lot of *Cafe Flesh*–style craziness, and *Between the Cheeks* proves that that particular vein of adult entertainment may be thoroughly exhausted.

What smut folks like about *Cafe Flesh,* of course, is that it is to some extent a "crossover" film, garnering a cult following and playing in art-movie houses. But it has had a very strange influence on smut. Women are decked out in weird rags, sets are tinkered with to the point of idiocy, and, above all, producers lose sight of the main goal: to get people hot for humping. Ginger Lynn does her best to retrieve this film from oblivion, but her horny performance isn't enough. Even the average fetishist will be disappointed: This film is about cheeks like *Behind the Green Door* is about doors.

Between the Cheeks ♟○

RATING KEY

♟ Not recommended—You'll either get ripped off or get the least for your money.
♟♟ Fair to reliable—You'll get what you pay for with minimum results.
♟♟♟ Good—Standards of professionalism are maintained.
♟♟♟♟ Highly recommended—The best of its kind available.

CHILDREN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 170

response to the magnitude of the barbarity against children in Latin America. The APM is perhaps the only group in the area dealing specifically with young victims of government repression, as well as the one with the greatest amount of documented information. So far its work has met with resistance, threats, and crushing frustration, for while Mariani and her associates are hounded and harassed, most of the criminals are still at large.

"We started gathering together once a week, all trying to locate our children and grandchildren," said Mariani. "Finally, in 1977, we created the Abuelas de Plaza de Mayo, dedicated to finding missing children. Initially, we were searching for 13 children; today we are searching for 144. However, we know there are hundreds of cases unreported, either due to ignorance of the relatives about how to do it, or because they still fear reprisals.

"In the beginning of our tragedy we ran for help and information to the police, to local courts, and all the way to the supreme court. The latter declared itself *incompetente* twice. Federal judges didn't accept our habeas corpus writs and some of them actually went as far as to make us pay the administrative expenses, as a cruel joke."

Mariani and the organization next implored the powerful Catholic Church for help. But the Church was indifferent to their agony, and either fearful of taking action or sympathetic to the government. In Argentina there are 76 bishops, but only a half-dozen of them were active in publicizing this devastation and pressuring the military government for an end to it. Mariani, in fact, recalls that they were advised, " 'Those who have them [the children of disappeared parents] paid five million pesos for the babies. So, don't worry, they take very good care of them. We cannot do anything, go away. Pray; you lack faith.' We never found a single child through the Church.

"Finally, we resorted to the international organizations—the United Nations, the Organization of American States, et cetera—with no significant results.

"In seven years we rescued 24 children from the shadow in which the military junta had attempted to forever obliterate their identity. But those children were easier to find because they had been kidnapped along with their parents. They had a memory of the past. But most of our grandchildren were *born* in concentration camps. To locate and make positive identification of them is very difficult. We contacted several scientists at Uppsala University in Sweden, the Hôpital de la Pitié in Paris, the American Association for the Advancement of Science in New York, and others, and finally we have tests to prove—through blood and other elements—that a particular child belonged to a given family."

One of the cases in which the APM was involved ended in a strange and tragic twist. "On September 3, 1976, a communiqué issued by the Fourth Command Zone of the Joint Forces announced to the press that the previous night the security forces had detected a meeting of five members of a terrorist organization in a house in San Isidro, and a shoot-out had ensued. Once the action ended it was reported that the five subversives in the house were dead.

"The five terrorists were buried in graves labeled 'N.N.' (for 'no name'), like thousands of others. Seven years later, in January 1984, we succeeded in getting the corpses of the five extremists exhumed. We discovered that three of them were Roberto, Barbara, and Matilde Lanuscou, children we had been looking for."

What kind of people are willing to engage in such brutality toward children?

> Most of the men who torture, kidnap, and kill children are from the best strata of society—with privileged upbringings and good educations.

Dr. Orlando Garcia, an Argentine psychiatrist, draws this profile: "They invest the two most powerful instinctual drives, the sexual and the aggressive, in the exercise of cruelty. By denigrating the person to a simple object of torture, they become monsters with superpowers who, in the service of a superior cause, are beyond life and death . . . like a Nietzschean superman who is not bound by any moral code of a civilized society."

The files of human-rights organizations overflow with the accounts of how these Latin American "supermen" are indiscriminately destroying children.

Their backgrounds are similarly shocking. Not all are the typical military misfits brought up in impoverished, violent circumstances. Most of the men who torture, kidnap, and kill children in Latin America are from the best strata of society—they've had a privileged upbringing and are highly educated.

Ultimately, the world must begin to come to terms with the possibility that what is happening today in Latin America isn't reminiscent of Nazi Germany simply because of some perverse and terrible historical coincidence.

Latin American human-rights activists are frequently asked why the dictatorships of that region so cruelly torture children. Some believe that years of exposure to barbarities conditioned people to accept such treatment. Others argue that in the cases of Argentina, Paraguay, Chile, and Uruguay, the abuses reflect the German influence of the Nazis hiding there in the region: "The discipline, blind obedience, and rigidity of rules of the armies of those countries were taken after the German Army. Even the uniform resembles that of the Führer's soldiers. We must remember that in modern times nobody has matched the sophisticated cruelty used by the Nazis in the treatment of Jewish children."

It is impossible to determine an exact number of individual cases of child abuse, since most of the time these stories do not find their way to the files of human-rights organizations. The local media, government-controlled in many countries, have a special interest in denying the facts. But at the time of this writing, every human-rights activist we spoke to agreed that thousands of children are currently victims of the political turmoil in the volatile countries of Central America, especially Guatemala and El Salvador.

In Argentina and Uruguay, the abuses have ceased since those countries held democratic elections a short while ago. But innumerable cases of missing children remain unsolved. Hundreds of families in those countries live with the torment of uncertainty about the whereabouts of their children.

The support by the United States of repressive right-wing regimes in Latin America has abetted the bizarre spectacle of these governments using terror as a means of exchange for foreign aid. The reality is that, political dissidents aside, most of the human-rights violations are committed against women and children.

It is time now to abandon the politics of inaction and do something about this ongoing tragedy. International forums that supposedly monitor the violations and demand corrective measures have been ineffective, but there is action that can be taken. In Latin America, for example, dictatorships have always been responsive to international pressure. They are obsessively concerned with world opinion. International pressure on these governments usually starts to mount when the press uses its power for massive exposure. To begin to deal with this problem, we must expose these crimes to arouse international indignation through persistent and responsible information.

Let us not forget that American publications discredited reports about the Nazis' atrocities during World War II. While world leaders are involved in a manipulative war of ideologies behind comfortable desks, children are still being killed.

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DONNERSTEIN

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 168

Penthouse: In Minneapolis, a resolution supported by feminists and Moral Majority members was introduced that would ban pornographic material because it is a form of sexual discrimination. Do you agree with that argument?

Donnerstein: I have not read the resolution, only newspaper stories about it. Again, it depends on what you mean by pornography. One of the most common types of material in violent pornography is that when a woman is raped, she gets turned on. Okay, the message is that women enjoy violence, being raped. I think that for some individuals, exposure to this type of material can reinforce a lot of callous attitudes about rape. I am not saying "cause," but "reinforce." There is a big difference. The problem is that this is a very pervasive image of women throughout the media. Luke and Laura on "General Hospital" do the same thing. She's raped by him and six months later they fall in love and marry. There are many, many media representations—prime-time television, films, novels—giving the same message. Now, are all those images representations of sex discrimination? I don't know. I don't think they help, and in fact, they are all quite damaging if they maintain stereotypes about sexual assault and women.

My understanding, though, is that with feminists the issue is not sexuality, but the representation of sexuality and what would be classified as the violence that occurs against women. We, of course, use violence more specifically than that. For us, violence means physical acts of violence. With feminists it's the representations. We just don't find any effects simply from representation, but that's all one can do from a research perspective.

Penthouse: Although you don't wish to get involved in the debate, aren't feminists and Moral Majority members attempting to incorporate you and your research into their efforts to get resolutions calling for censorship, as in Minneapolis, passed?

Donnerstein: Well, I try to stay out of alliances. I think that the Moral Majority has misrepresented the research tremendously over the years, harping again and again on sexually explicit material.

Penthouse: What do you feel should be the subject of public concern?

Donnerstein: From the research we are doing now—R-rated films called "slice and dice" movies, like *I Spit on Your Grave, Nightmare, Texas Chainsaw Massacre,* and *Friday the 13th.* This type of film usually has a sexual scene preceding a very graphically violent scene. For example, one film, *Toolbox Murders,* has a very beautiful bathtub scene. A woman in a bathtub is masturbating; a beautiful song is playing in the background. It goes on for about three minutes when a killer comes in and chases her around with a nail gun. Then this song comes back on, and he puts the gun to her head and blows her brains out.

But it's interesting that when a clip of the movie is shown on television, the woman's breasts will be covered up because you can't show anything sexual. Yet they will show the entire scene to the point of the nail being driven through her head. In discussions with groups, particularly Moral Majority types, what is most upsetting to them is the bathtub scene. The problem with this is that kids watching this movie are being told you can't see a woman's breasts on television, but it's fine to see her blown apart, mutilated, or raped. What is frightening to me is the misunderstanding of our research.

Penthouse: Frightening in what way?

Donnerstein: The misunderstanding has been, especially by Moral Majority types, that the research has attacked the sexual images, not the violence. Let's hope it never comes to pass, but if there was censorship, it's very obvious which scene would go. The bathtub scene is going, but the gun is staying. I think we know that.

Penthouse: Would you opt for the scene with the gun to go?

Donnerstein: We shouldn't have restrictions. We shouldn't have any form of censorship. We should be very cognizant of some of the potential problems of certain types of images when they are in the wrong hands, but there are ways other than censorship to deal with these problems.

Penthouse: Like what?

Donnerstein: Let us say, for example, that some violent material causes one out of 10,000 to actually commit a violent act. I don't think anybody is going to go ahead and say we should eliminate the material for the other 9,999. An alternative would be for the industry to think about the is-

"Yes—as a matter of fact, we do have an opening for someone like you."

sue. For example, in the research we are doing now, the strongest effects we are getting are with R-rated slasher-type films. What can be done is to make the R rating an age rating, meaning you have to be 18 to see the film.

Penthouse: But isn't that a form of censorship?

Donnerstein: That doesn't infringe on anybody's rights at all. If mom and dad want to go to the video store to get *I Spit on Your Grave* for their kid, or say that their child can buy anything, that's their business. Our film-rating system is a bit backward compared to most other civilized countries. I think we X-rate a film primarily because of sexual content. We should begin to X-rate certain forms of violence, not all forms. Also, by changing the rating system, you are not infringing on the rights of the artists. The artists just have to understand the consequences, and I think they are fully willing to understand. I am not in favor of violating anybody's First Amendment rights, but what it does is reduce a lot of the risk factor involved. It makes it more difficult for children to come in contact with the material.

Penthouse: How serious is the effect television violence has had on children?

Donnerstein: What we have seen over the last decade or so is an increasing acceptance by children of violence as the first alternative to conflict, a general desensitization to violence, and less empathy to victims. They have been told to go out there and be aggressive, bash a few heads, and kick a little you-know-what. Unfortunately, these images are so pervasive that I think it's going to be a little difficult for a lot of kids to be able to step back from it.

Penthouse: Are you saying that you wish these violent images weren't around?

Donnerstein: I wish they weren't. What I'd like to see is an alternative message. I mean, it would be nice to see the media depict alternative ways of dealing with conflict.

Penthouse: Do you think that the result of all this is that we are creating a generation of monsters?

Donnerstein: We have a generation growing up cheering when people are decapitated, pawed at, impaled on spikes, what have you, and all of a sudden it becomes fun. It's a bit dismaying because I don't think that one has to be in the research area to think, What are we training? I mean, you are training a whole generation to be not only insensitive to violence but to find some fun, something to laugh at. That, in the long run, is going to have its problems down the line—not for everybody, but for those who aren't getting other messages.

Penthouse: Are adolescents getting bombarded with more violent material than in the past?

Donnerstein: Yes, and I think that is because technology has drastically changed. When you and I grew up, exposure to violent images was not the same as it is for our children today. We could have had access to the material, but it would have been as difficult as hell for us. But with cable, VCRs, it's all out there for today's kid. For example, a study came out about people living in Wales. It showed that seven percent of the seven-year-olds have already seen or claim to have seen films like *I Spit on Your Grave.* That is a lot of kids in that age group to have seen a film that contains graphic, violent rape scenes.

Penthouse: Do you think this trend will continue?

Donnerstein: You have to expect that, in the next ten years, 50 percent of households might have access to direct satellite communication. That opens up a whole Pandora's box, because while you are downstairs watching "The McNeil-Lehrer Report," the kid is upstairs, tuned in to *I Spit on Your Grave.*

Penthouse: Is there a remedy to all of this?

Donnerstein: You educate people. For example, if there ever was a time for sex education programs, it is now. I mean mandatory sex education programs at an early age that deal not only with biological aspects of human sexuality, but go beyond that. You talk about sociological aspects—male-female relationships, rape, abortion, homosexuality, and media images which adolescents and preadolescents are going to be exposed to, and how to deal with them. A lot of researchers suggest that if you give children critical viewing skills about how to view television violence, you won't get the effects we have been seeing.

Penthouse: Sex education is an excellent idea, but what happens when, as it often does, feminists and Moral Majority members impose their definitions of human sexuality in designing such programs?

Donnerstein: I think there is no question there will be problems, but I'm an old sixties idealist who believes that most of us can work together. I know it can be done because I've seen it done in other places, where it is quite effective. Quite obviously you are going to have, unfortunately, different positions. It is going to require people to see the issue for what it is: that children do not have information. One of the strangest things I find, for instance, are the discussions about teenage pregnancies. Now, what is the easiest way you could think to prevent the problem? It would be to teach them about birth control. But, unfortunately, that just doesn't happen.

Penthouse: Is that because many people are obsessed with talking about sex but not dealing with the important issues?

Donnerstein: No argument about that. That's what the Moral Majority wants to harp on, diverting attention away from such issues as violence. I really don't know how one overcomes the resistance of those groups.

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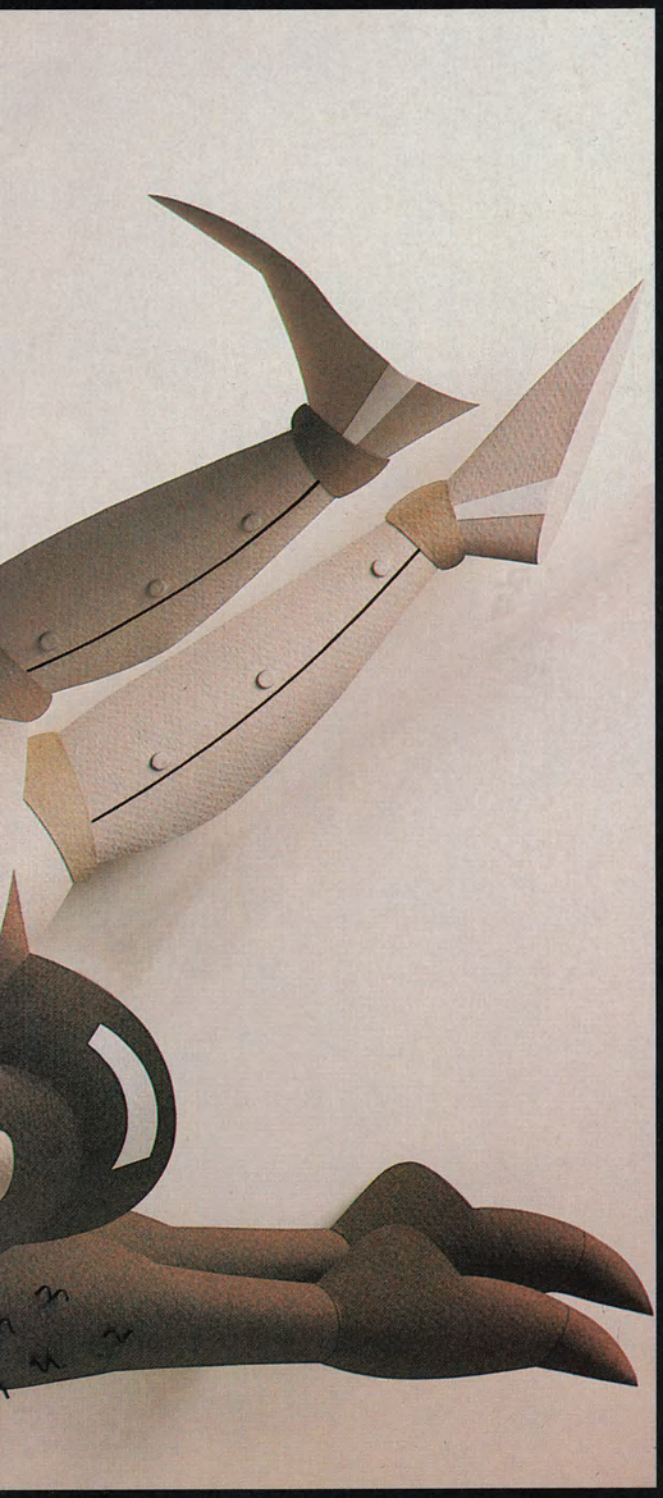
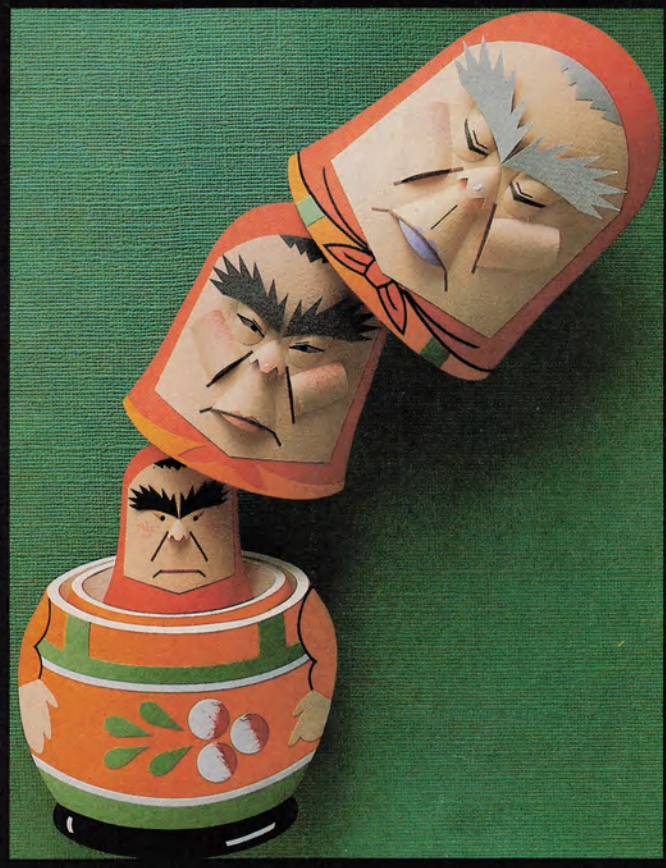


"Humor is an important quality in my work," says Japanese illustrator Ajin. "What I try to do is capture the essence of a person, without making fun of them." This he obviously achieves—using a style that is at once whimsical and comedic, going beyond the cynical bitterness of traditional caricaturists.

Although he's been in the United States only two years, these paper portraits have already made Ajin's national reputation. They have appeared in several magazines, and he's now organizing a gallery show. After this auspicious *Penthouse* debut, we also look forward to seeing his work often in these pages.



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I ♥ PEACE
I ♥ MUSIC
I ♥ EARTH

BOY GEORGE

WONDER
LAND
IN
ALICE

DISASTER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64

that many daughters of DES mothers developed vaginal cancer, and that many grandchildren of DES mothers were spontaneously aborted. In the 1970s, millions were vaccinated for what the Centers for Disease Control anticipated would be a swine-flu epidemic. No such epidemic occurred, but as a result, a hundred people died from the vaccine and several hundred were paralyzed. In the 1950s, some mothers given thalidomide as a tranquilizer gave birth to children with flippers for arms. Thalidomide is no longer on the market, but the point is that the dangers of American medicine are not from an occasional harmful drug that gets by. The dangers are endemic. Amphetamines were popular as diet pills in the 1960s. When the FDA finally began to get them under control, they were replaced by tranquilizers.

"Every minute of every day modern medicine goes too far, because modern medicine *prides itself* on going too far. A recent article, 'Cleveland's Marvelous Medical Factory,' boasted of the Cleveland Clinic's 'accomplishments last year: 2,980 open-heart operations, 1.3 million laboratory tests, 73,320 electrocardiograms, 7,770 full-body X-ray scans, 210,378 other radiologic studies, 24,368 surgical procedures.'

"Not one of these procedures has been proved to have the least little bit to do with maintaining or restoring health. And the article, which was published in the Cleveland Clinic's own magazine, fails to boast or even mention that any people were helped by any of this expensive extravagance. That's because the product of this factory is not health at all."—Robert S. Mendelsohn, M.D., *Confessions of a Medical Heretic*

"The medical establishment has become a major threat to health. The disabling impact of professional control over medicine has reached the proportions of an epidemic. *Iatrogenesis*, the name for this new epidemic, comes from *iatros*, the Greek word for 'physician,' and genesis, meaning 'origin.'"—*Medical Nemesis*

"All other things being equal, the *fewer* doctors there are in a population the *lower* is the mortality rate. . . . [Also] whenever there is a doctors' strike—as there have been in recent years in the United States, Canada, England, and Israel—the death rates in the affected areas actually *fall* . . . ."—*Human Scale*

In a study conducted by Dr. Herschel Jick of the Boston University Medical Center, *The New York Times* reported, it was estimated that 300,000 people are hospitalized in the United States annually because of a drug reaction, making this one of the leading causes of hospitalization.

Even routine annual checkups for healthy individuals may be dangerous, except for those in certain high-risk situations.

"Medical-testing laboratories are scandalously inaccurate. In 1975, the Centers for Disease Control reported that its surveys of labs across the country demonstrated that ten to 40 percent of their work in bacteriologic testing was unsatisfactory, 30 to 50 percent failed various simple clinical chemistry tests, 12 to 18 percent flubbed blood grouping and typing, and 20 to 30 percent botched hemoglobin and serum electrolyte tests. Overall, erroneous results were obtained in more than a quarter of all the tests."—*Confessions of a Medical Heretic*

HEALTH IN AMERICA

Despite the fact that we spend over $355 billion a year on health care, averaging $900 per person, according to Kirkpatrick Sale, the United States still has major health problems:

- One-third of Americans are totally unserved by a doctor; an additional one-third are inadequately served.
- The United States ranks 15th in the world in infant mortality.
- The United States ranks 16th in the world in female life expectancy.
- The United States ranks 35th in the world in male life expectancy.

DOCTORS' SPECIAL POWERS

Doctors have very special powers. Imagine how you would feel if your accountant would not let you participate in your own financial affairs, would not tell you how much money you had, or reveal how it was invested because he had decided that the average person had neither the financial knowledge nor the emotional stability to handle his or her own money. Imagine also that your accountant used technical terms you could not understand and wrote in a hand you could not decipher, and that you were unable to find out much about the world of finance even if you wanted to. Furthermore, imagine that you could not conduct financial transactions, could not even open a bank account, without your accountant's written approval. And to top it all off, imagine that despite the fact that you were a professional with three years of graduate training, your accountant earned five times as much money as you did. The remarkable thing about the medical profession is that not only has it accumulated these exceptional powers, but it has done so in such a way that we do not even question it. Things were not always this way. The American Medical Association has patiently and carefully built its position in our society.

"There were many doctors in this country at the turn of the century, about one for every 750 people. They were trained on a two-year apprenticeship model and earned, on the average, the

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same salary as a mechanic—between $750 and $1,000 a year. College education was not a prerequisite; a medical career was accessible to the child of a factory worker."—Howard Berliner, *International Journal of Health Services*, 1975

"Treatment philosophies and homeopaths predominated, followed by herbalists and, finally, a small number of German-trained allopaths who believed in large doses of medicine and heavy bleeding regimens. This latter group organized the American Medical Association in 1847.

"In 1910, the Carnegie Foundation . . . sponsored the Flexner Report, which changed the whole picture. It took medical education out of the hands of its pluralistic practitioners and centralized it in universities under the direction of the allopaths. The Flexner Report demanded four years of college and four years of medical school with a heavy reliance on basic science. The social dimensions of health were reduced to technical problems. The economic context of disease was ignored and replaced with a scientism comparable to the 'scientific management,' 'scientific agriculture' and 'domestic science,' which corporations had come to believe were compatible with productivity. Medicine became increasingly specialized and fragmented, with an unstated, ever present conception of the body as a machine."—"The Caesarean Epidemic," Gena Corea, *Mother Jones*, July 1980

"The American Medical Association is seldom regarded as a labor union. And it is much more than the ordinary labor union. It renders important services to its members and to the medical profession as a whole. . . . For decades it kept down the number of physicians, kept up the cost of medical care, and prevented competition with 'duly apprenticed and sworn' physicians by people from outside the profession—all, of course, in the name of helping the patient. . . . Physicians are among the most highly paid workers in the United States."—Milton and Rose Friedman, *Free to Choose*

The authoritarian position doctors have assumed may be starting to wear on doctors themselves. Marilyn Ferguson writes in *The Aquarian Conspiracy*: "Not long ago, when physicians represented the pinnacle of status and humanitarian service, proud mothers spoke of 'my son, the doctor.' Pity the poor doctor now: 30 to 100 times likelier than the general population to be addicted to drugs. . . . More often sued—and suicidal."

MEDICAL GENOCIDE?

No one has looked at all the parts of this puzzle because they are so diverse, diffuse, and difficult to obtain. In presenting the findings of scientists and scholars in the field, we hope to shed light on this problem. Until we recognize its severity, nothing can be done to correct it, be it through legislation or antitrust litigation.

Medical fraud. "In 1982, Medicare paid out $48.3 billion and Medicaid $38.2 billion. It is estimated that crooked medical care providers skimmed a total of $11 billion of federal and state taxpayers' money from this $81.5 billion total."—Ralph C. Greene, *Medical Overkill*

It is not unheard of for doctors to bill the government for unnecessary or unperformed surgery. The government is also billed for prescriptions for expensive brand-name drugs while pharmacists substitute generic drugs that cost a fraction as much. Los Angeles hospital officials, when investigated by the FBI, were found to have accepted "favors" from laboratory owners which did not appear on record as income.

Escalating costs. Over the last decade, personal health spending has doubled, and government spending for health has nearly quintupled. However, according to Dr. Robert P. Whalen, the former New York State commissioner of health,

> Despite the fact that we spend over $355 billion on health care each year, the U.S. ranks 35th in the world in male life expectancy.

the gain in longevity has been rather small, and further gains seem unlikely in the future.

In *Medical Nemesis*, Illich notes that there is a significant trend toward high-cost hospital care. Since 1950, the cost of keeping a patient for one day in a community hospital has risen by 500 percent. Hospital construction costs run in excess of $85,000 per bed. Two-thirds of that amount buys equipment that, according to Illich, becomes obsolete within less than ten years. He adds, "Most of today's skyrocketing medical expenditures are destined for the kind of diagnosis and treatment whose effectiveness, at best, is doubtful."

Unnecessary surgery. Evidence indicating that unnecessary surgery is more widespread than suspected has emerged from separate studies. According to Boyce Rensberger, in a front-page story in *The New York Times*, the findings indicate that American surgeons are performing an estimated total of nearly 2.4 million unnecessary operations each year, in which 11,900 patients die as a result of complications. For example, it is estimated that each year 260,000 women undergo needless hysterectomies and half a million children undergo unwarranted tonsillectomies.

Cesarean sections were once performed only as a last-minute, emergency procedure. In 1962, 3.7 percent of all U.S. births were cesarean. By 1978, the percentage had climbed to 13.9, and it continues to rise. When trying to account for the dramatic increase, one finds it difficult to overlook the fact that the cost of a cesarean section is about three times greater than the cost of a vaginal delivery. And obstetricians, who are the specialists most frequently involved in malpractice litigation, run less risk of being sued after imperfect deliveries when cesareans are performed.

Unnecessary tests. There is overwhelming evidence that most diagnostic tests are performed too often; many of these tests should not be performed on symptom-free people at all. In fact, according to the Health Care Financing Administration, up to 50 percent of laboratory tests may be unnecessary.

Each year, too many people are exposed to unnecessary damage from X rays. Dr. John Bailar, formerly of the National Cancer Institute, thinks that mammography, since it must be repeated annually in women under 45, can *increase* the danger of radiation-induced cancer.

There is no hard evidence linking the Pap test for cervical cancer to a decline in the disease, yet American women are routinely advised to have this test annually or even semiannually. Those who can capitalize on the test's overuse have done so by inflating the fear of cancer in women.

At a cost of $4.5 billion annually, over 12 billion blood tests are performed each year. A survey by the University of Utah recently found no difference between the health of persons subjected to these tests and nonscreened subjects. In the absence of symptoms that may indicate heart disease, routine electrocardiograms are pointless; an Air Force study showed that 60 percent of crewmen with EKG abnormalities were actually free of heart disease.

Studies performed by the Health Insurance Plan in New York and the Kaiser Permanente Foundation in California have indicated that members who were given annual physical examinations over a period of 25 years were no healthier, and did not live longer, than people who were not subjected to routine physicals. Checkup costs vary between $150 and $400.

Drugs. In a study involving carefully monitored hospital patients, *The Journal of the American Medical Association* showed that 0.9 per 1000 were considered to have died as a result of a drug or group of drugs. Of the six billion doses of antibiotics consumed yearly in the United States, 22 percent were determined to be unnecessary. In fact, following the administration of unnecessary

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antibiotics, an estimated 10,000 Americans each year die or suffer potentially fatal reactions, according to studies conducted by the Health Research Group and Ohio State University.

Every 24 to 36 hours, according to Illich, between 50 and 80 percent of adults in America and Britain take a prescription drug. Widespread drug use has increased the incidence of unwanted side effects and the chances of ingesting counterfeit or contaminated drugs, dangerous combinations, or drugs that contribute to the breeding of virulent strains of bacteria.

It is no secret that drug-industry profits outrank those of all other manufacturing industries. Drug prices are controlled and manipulated: A product that sells for a certain price where it faces competition may sell for six times as much in a poorer country where it does not. Additionally, markups are phenomenal. For example, one frequently prescribed drug sells for 140 times more than it does under its generic name.

Sales efforts of drug producers are not directed at the consumer but toward doctors, who prescribe, but do not pay for, the products. To promote one of its products, one major drug company spent $200 million in ten years, and commissioned 200 doctors each year to produce scientific articles. The entire drug industry spent an average of $4,500 per practicing physician for advertising in 1973.

Iatrogenesis. Illich coined this term for doctor-inflicted illnesses, and even the U.S. Department of Health, Education and Welfare (since reorganized) admitted that seven percent of patients suffer compensable injuries while hospitalized. Says Illich: "The pain, dysfunction, disability, and anguish resulting from technical medical intervention now rival the morbidity due to traffic and industrial accidents and even war-related activities, and make the impact of medicine one of the most rapidly spreading epidemics of our time. Among murderous institutional torts, only modern malnutrition injures more people than iatrogenic disease in its various manifestations."

Incompetence and the professional veil of silence. Rensberger, in his report on incompetence among physicians for *The New York Times,* said, "Although incidences of careless treatment are well known amongst the medical community, doctors are traditionally reluctant to criticize their colleagues. Medicine's disciplinary bodies are weak, and officials of medical societies and licensing agencies claim that the 'veil of silence' is extremely detrimental to proper regulation of the profession.

"Dr. Robert Derbyshire, who is regarded as an authority on the discipline of unfit doctors, states that 'the philosophy apparently is that a man's reputation is more important than the welfare of his patients.' "

THE NEED FOR A TOTAL CHANGE

Modern medicine has done well with infectious diseases, and can work miracles with traumatic injuries. But it has had virtually no effect on the major degenerative diseases of our time—heart disease, cancer, and arthritis.

These diseases will be conquered the same way that the major diseases of the past were conquered, not by invasive medical procedures, but by improved health practices.

We are at a point today where we must entirely rethink health. Organized medicine as we know it, after being drastically scaled back in size, should remain for emergency care and for the treatment of traumatic injuries, such as automobile accidents. But it has proven itself entirely ineffective in the overall management of health, and must be totally removed from this area of concern. Organized medicine as we know it today must be entirely dismantled, just as the huge monopolies and trusts were dismantled by the antitrust legislation of the early twentieth century.

An entirely new health system must emerge. It should have the following areas of focus:

- The emphasis should be on health and not disease, prevention and not cure. Most of today's degenerative diseases, such as cancer, are difficult to cure, and that may always be the case. However, more research may prove them relatively easy to prevent.
- Health care should be decentralized as far as possible, ultimately into the hands of the family and the individual. Modern technologies already make this possible. For example, a woman no longer needs a doctor with a huge overhead to send a test to an expensive laboratory to find out if she is pregnant. She can instead use a simple home-test kit.
- Procedures that work with nature and with the body in helping it maintain health and fight disease should be encouraged. Invasive procedures that work against nature and against the body should be used only as a last resort.
- Finally, the health field should be opened up to the free market—both economically and intellectually. Consumers must have the right to choose their practitioners, whatever their orientation, and ideas must be allowed to stand or fall on their own merits, not on their conformity to a restrictive orthodoxy.

Editor's note: In coming months we will examine in detail several aspects of America's health crisis. Reprints of this and future articles are available to readers free of cost. Please send a self-addressed, stamped envelope to: Editorial Department, Penthouse *Magazine, 1965 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10023-5965. The author wishes to acknowledge the research contributions of John Lobell and the editing assistance of Susan Borey in preparing this article.*

ADVISE & DISSENT

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 119

move to get beer and wine advertising off the air.

So rather than serve the public interest—by providing genuine education with respect to the use of alcohol—they have so far taken the path of self-interest and put the censor's stamp on a message whose goal is to encourage responsible drinking. We are still working on creative approaches that the networks may be able to find acceptable.

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That issue aside, and even more positive from the consumer's point of view, there is reliable medical evidence that beverage alcohol used in moderation can be beneficial to health. Several studies (one of the most recent reported earlier this year to the American College of Cardiology) have indicated that people who drink moderately have a lower risk of heart attacks. According to Dr. Elizabeth M. Whalen, executive director of the American Council on Science and Health, alcohol raises the level of high-density lipids—the "good" cholesterol—in the blood.

But back to basics. The person whose lifestyle includes responsible use of beverage alcohol should understand that moderation is not based on choosing one form of beverage alcohol over another. (Remember, 12 ounces of beer equals five ounces of wine equals one and one-quarter ounces of spirits.)

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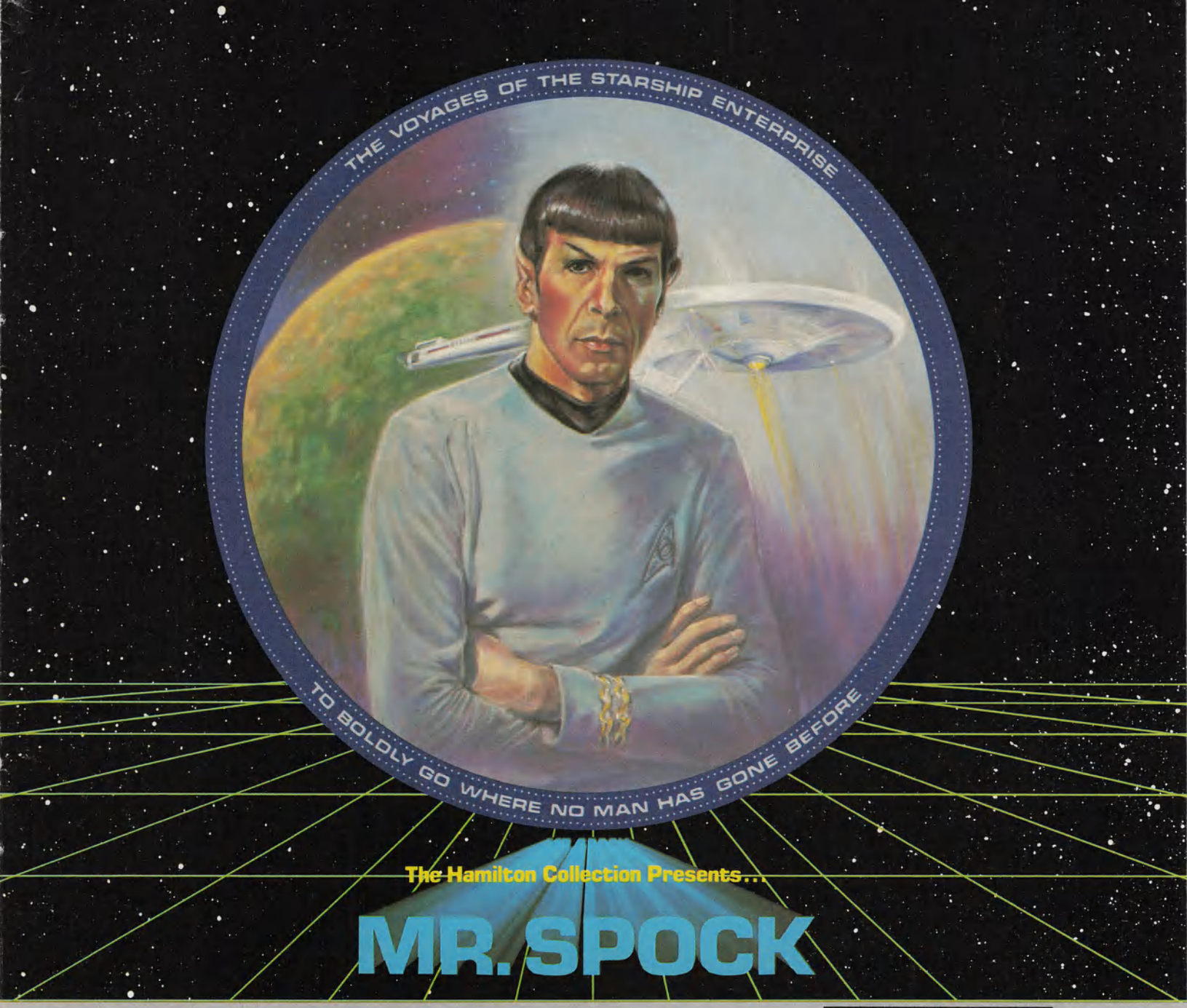

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ABOUT SEX

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94

to learn how to respect each other's feelings. Good sex depends on it.

One of the things that seem to concern a lot of women after the first few years of marriage is unexpected—they never imagined that sex could become "boring"! This young wife wants to know what's going on:

"I've heard about this sort of thing happening, but I never thought it would happen to *me*. My husband and I have been married for a little over six years now, and it seems that he's gotten tired of sex. I mean, we used to do it every night and now sometimes he goes a week or even longer before he wants some. My mother told me that after a year men get bored with sex, so maybe I'm lucky it lasted this long. . . ."

Nobody asks a question like this unless they want a straight answer. It's almost impossible to find a man who is *bored* with sex. You can't get bored with sex, because sex is an instinct built into every human being. It's governed by hormones and nervous impulses and imprinting far beyond the control of any individual. Although it may sound a bit harsh, the truth is that men can get bored with their *partners*. It isn't the sexual relationship that dies out over the years—it's the social relationship, the emotional bonds between a man and a woman. That's the reason the usual advice for reviving a tired sex life between husband and wife is so far off the mark. Amateur sex experts toss around suggestions such as having the wife dress up like a belly dancer or asking the husband to eat whipped cream off her navel. This is the kind of advice that makes fun of both men and women and prevents them from dealing honestly with a very serious problem. What couples in this situation really need to do is overhaul their entire emotional relationship. When that's taken care of, the sexual pieces of the puzzle will fit together perfectly.

The next thing women most want to know about sex wasn't even on the list ten years ago. In those days, by comparison, sex was a simple matter. Now you almost have to be an expert in preventive medicine before you consider turning out the lights. This question comes from a young professional photographer who's worried:

"I'm scared and I don't mind admitting it. I'm 26 and I'm not married and I certainly like to have fun. I've had a lot of sex with a lot of great men but I'll tell you one thing: There's no weekend or one-night stand in the world that's worth waking up with one of these terrible new diseases! So here's the question—how do I manage to keep up my reputation as a swinger and still stay healthy?"

The answer to that one is easy—you don't. With the advent of herpes simplex type II and the awesome acquired immune deficiency syndrome (AIDS), everybody has to shift sexual gears if they want to stay healthy. Syphilis and gonorrhea are bad enough, but they are bacterial diseases and easily treatable with antibiotics. However, herpes and AIDS are viral diseases and, as such, are incurable, and for all practical purposes, untreatable. Once you get them, you've got them until the long hoped-for miracle cure comes along—if it ever does. So sex with strangers has suddenly become copulatory Russian roulette—pull the trigger and see what happens. The best advice is to know your sexual partners, pick them wisely, keep the numbers down to a minimum, and hope for the best. One of the great ironies of modern times is that these two new diseases—both products of the sexual revolution—are the best arguments for monogamy ever to come down the pike. Straight arrows almost never get them.

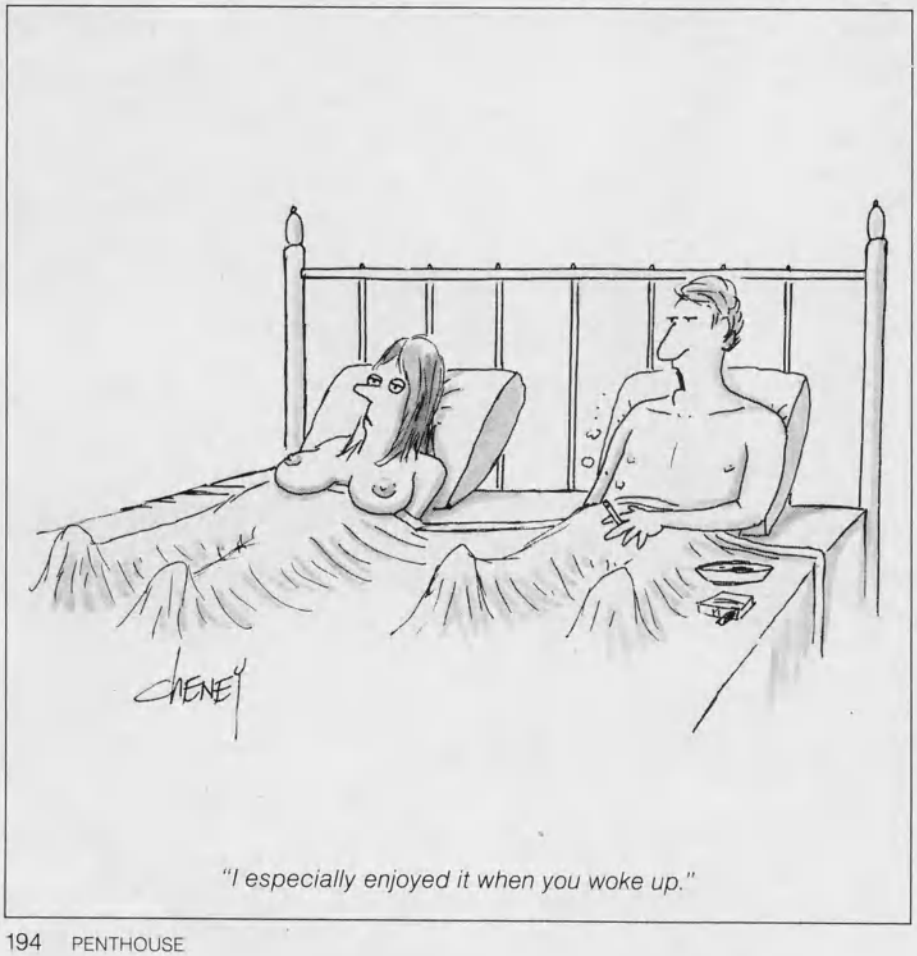
Obviously, feminine curiosity doesn't stop there. A 22-year-old journalism major wants to know what a lot of other women want to know—the truth about sex and drugs:

"Every time I pick up a newspaper or a magazine there seems to be another article about drugs, and they all say something different. What's the real story? What effects do drugs like marijuana and cocaine have on sex? Do they really make it better and more exciting, or is that just someone's fertile imagination?"

Well, it's a little of both. It's no secret that cocaine and marijuana are the "in" sex drugs of the moment. For a lot of people they seem to have replaced the oldest aphrodisiac of all, alcohol. The physiological effects of coke and pot are very different from that of alcohol. Alcohol slowly puts the brain to sleep. That gradually decreases the sexual inhibitions and makes everything a little looser and wilder. Marijuana has a similarly relaxing effect and also distorts perception a little, which softens the impact of all that goes on. Cocaine does it another way: It cranks everything way up, including the sexual drive. There's only one problem. These are drugs, foreign chemical substances, and they are bad for your body and your mind. Besides that, they are fiendishly expensive and against the law. There are better and cheaper and more practical ways to snap up your sex life—like falling in love, for example.

Here's a 26-year-old interior decorator who doesn't mince words. Obviously her question has occurred to a lot of women; it has to do with the way men feel about oral sex:

"In this day and age I think I can come right out and say what's on my mind. Here goes. I love oral sex—that is, when it's done to me. As far as I'm concerned, it's almost as good as doing it the regular way. Maybe I'm just freaked out on it, I don't know. But what I still don't understand is, What does the man get out of going down on me? Unless I'm doing the same thing to him at the same time (which I'm usually not), how can he get any sat-



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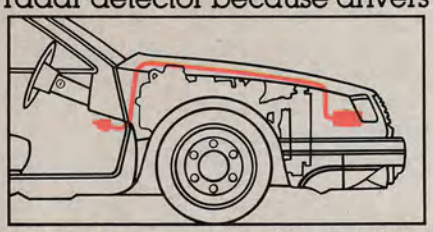

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isfaction from what seems to be driving me out of my mind?"

It's a good question, and the answer to it is a fascinating one. The first attraction that cunnilingus has for a man is the element of counter-stimulation. It's no secret that a huge number of women find oral sex tremendously exciting. Every man learns very quickly that the more he turns his partner on, the more she will turn him on. So there's a big incentive for him to give her what she wants, where she wants it. If it's cunnilingus, that's it.

But there's another factor that's even more interesting. The female sexual organs in mammals are a center of extremely primitive stimulation dating back millions of years, even preceding the human race. In every modern woman, just the same as in her ancestors, the skin of the labia as well as the foreskin of the clitoris are full of a variety of super-specialized glands that secrete all sorts of strange and exotic chemicals. Most of these substances have never been carefully analyzed, much less understood. The few studies that have been done have identified some as powerful airborne scents known as pheromones. In animals, at least, these substances can have an immensely powerful aphrodisiac effect. When a man performs cunnilingus he is exposed to a whole gamut of mysterious and powerful chemicals, and it's very likely that they have a profoundly stimulating effect on him sexually.

As women have become more sexually liberated—and liberal—they have begun to speculate about the same kinds of things that men have been speculating about for years. This letter from a 27-year-old account executive is one of many that come right out and ask about sexual stimulants:

"I don't know how many women have asked this question, but I know that most of us have *wanted* to ask it at one time or another. Is there such a thing as a safe and reliable sexual stimulant? What I'd really like to have is one that works in both men and women. It would sure make life a lot easier!"

Or more difficult, depending upon who used what on whom. As if we didn't have enough trouble already, think of the pandemonium that would ensue if millions of people every day dumped a powerful sexual stimulant in the after-dinner coffee of some carefully selected member of the opposite sex. Actually, there is a whole fistful of sexual stimulants that almost anyone can utilize. Basically they fall into two categories, the *exogenous* aphrodisiacs and the *endogenous* aphrodisiacs. The exogenous type assumes that you or your partner want to do it, but something is standing in your way. It may be fear, timidity, fatigue, or moral scruples. "Exo" stimulants unblock the inhibitors and let the pent-up sexual impulses take over. They include such things as a double martini, Thai sticks, or a line of coke. For obvious reasons, the exo aphrodisiacs find the biggest takers under the age of 40.

On the other hand, the endogenous aphrodisiacs assume that the desire is there but the capacity needs a little nudge. These stimulants work directly on the sexual organs or on the sexual centers in the brain. They include such exotic chemicals as yohimbine, strychnine, ginseng, and of course the male sex hormone, testosterone. Testosterone does work, but it can do bad things to both men and women unless it is administered with great care by a doctor who has had vast experience in such things. Although strychnine is a deadly poison, it has been used for over a hundred years in minuscule doses to stimulate the sexual centers of the nervous system. The only problem is that a tiny miscalculation can quickly send you to the next world, where sex presumably will be replaced by harp solos. Yohimbine might help, as might ginseng, although the effect of both is probably largely psychological. (Of course, a psychological effect is fine—if it works.)

> It's almost impossible to find a man who is bored with sex. But the truth is that men can get bored with their partners.

There is a third category of aphrodisiacs that works both ways—from the outside in, by zapping the inhibitions; and from the inside out, by directly stimulating the sexual center in the brain. There are only two "exo-endo" aphrodisiacs in existence. One is pornography. This particular sexual stimulant works a little better with men than with women, but as women become more aggressive sexually they respond more to pornographic stimulation. (In this case we're talking about "standard" pornography. Kiddie pornography, sadomasochistic games, animal rites, and the rest of the "kinkies" are in a category all of their own.) The other exo-endo aphrodisiac is the mutual sexual stimulation that comes from an exciting emotional involvement with someone you love. There's nothing like it for breaking down sexual barriers and inhibitions and actually increasing the production of hormones by the endocrine glands. The *real* aphrodisiac—no prescription required—is massive doses of love and affection.

There's another aspect of sexuality that women are starting to think seriously about—sex and physical fitness. This 28-year-old dental assistant poses a fascinating question:

"I realize that in this day and age no one needs an excuse for having sex. I mean, just doing it is excuse enough. But I wonder if it's really essential for a woman to have sex? If a woman didn't have intercourse for a long time, would it do her any harm?"

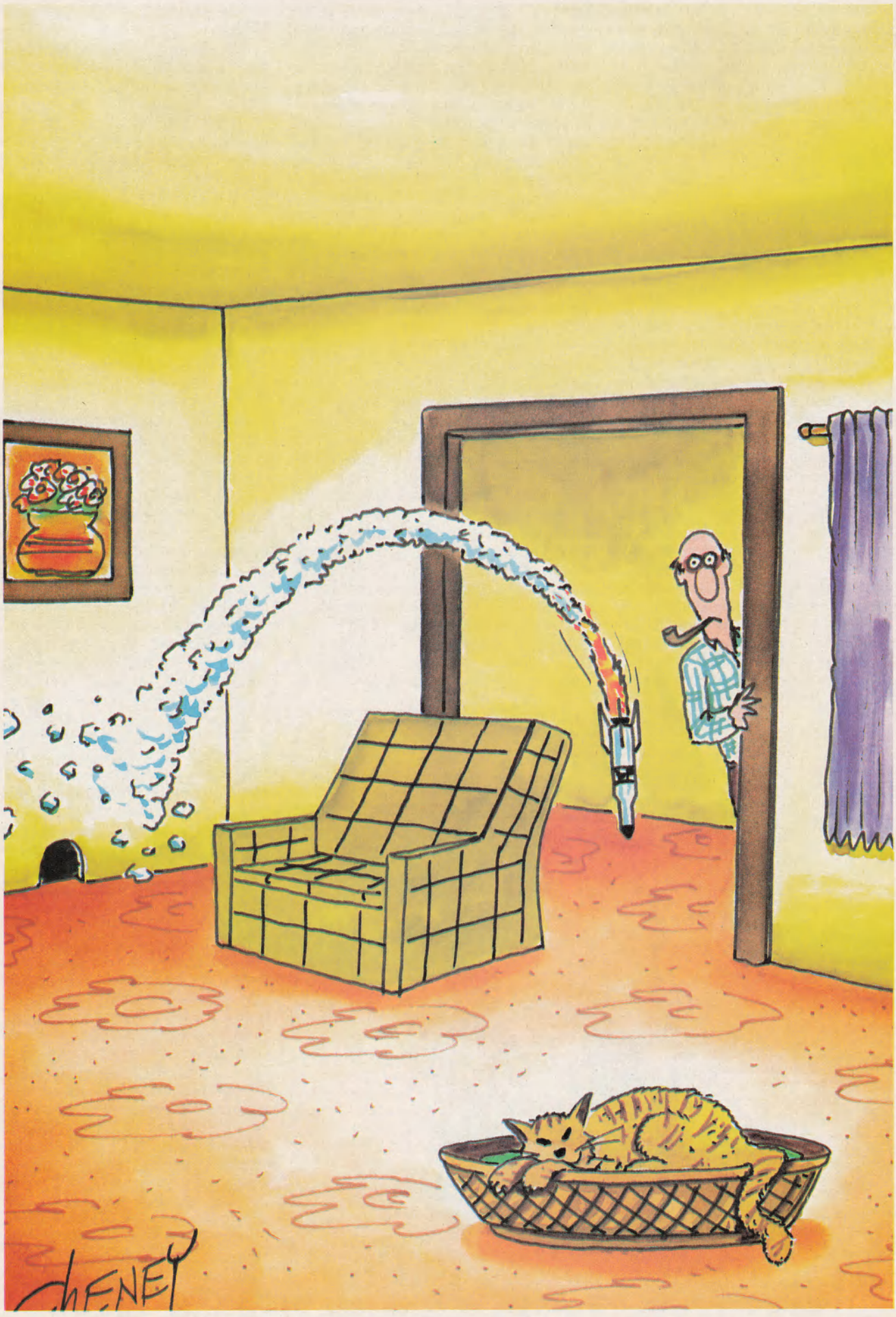
The answer depends on what you mean by "a long time." If it's a question of a month or so, perhaps not. But a healthy woman who goes without sex for six months or a year can run some unnecessary risks. The human body is a very complicated combination of organ systems interacting in extremely subtle ways. Sexual intercourse and, more specifically, orgasm make a lot of very important things happen. From the standpoint of physical fitness, it increases blood circulation, promotes muscular activity, and exercises the joints like jogging never could.

But sex is vital in more profound and subtle ways. Frequent sexual intercourse actually triggers increased activity of the pituitary gland, stimulates the thyroid gland, and increases the secretions of the ovaries and adrenal glands. This means that women who are active sexually will probably find it easier to maintain their normal weight, will usually avoid menstrual abnormalities, and are likely to have skin free from blemishes—all as a result of abundant endocrine secretions. They will also have much more physical energy than women who neglect this essential part of their lives. And last but not least, for reasons which are obvious, they will tend to smile a lot more.

Ever since the beginning of recorded history, women have had the reputation of being the more practical sex. The reason is obvious. When men have sex, they concentrate on the moment. Women are always thinking of their periods and nine months ahead. Birth control seriously affects the quality of lovemaking, and men should take more responsibility in making certain that the kind they use is reliable and not injurious to the woman's health. With that in mind, this letter from a 24-year-old fashion designer speaks for itself:

"I really enjoy sex, but I don't look forward to getting pregnant until I'm married. So you can understand that the whole subject of birth control is very important to me. What I need to know—urgently—is what method of birth control is really the safest and most reliable. I've tried most of them, all the way from the IUD to keeping my fingers crossed until my next period. So if you can just kind of summarize the situation I'd sure appreciate it."

Well, here's the real story. There's a big difference between the theoretical effectiveness of a birth control method and the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way it works out in the bedroom. For example, birth control pills are supereffective contraceptives—approaching about 98 percent reliability—*if a woman takes them with absolute regularity.* If she skips a few pills, the reliability goes way down, nearly to the level of wishful thinking. On the other hand, condoms only work dependably about 78 percent of the time—because of things like spillage, breaking, overflow, etc. But condoms, if used all of the time, are more reliable than the Pill when used 80 percent of the time. So the important thing to remember is: The reliability of the method is a direct result of the reliability of the user.

Safety is another story. The safest of all birth control methods are the ones that never really enter the body. The condom is a good example—it never enters into the chemical metabolism of the system. The diaphragm is another method that leaves people exactly the way it found them. Techniques such as vaginal foam and suppositories barely affect the surface of the vaginal mucous membrane and for all practical purposes stay outside the body.

The Pill is at the other end of the spectrum—it goes into every single cell in a woman's organism, including her heart and her brain and her eyes and her liver. If she has a bad reaction, it can hit her like a ton of bricks. It's well-known that birth control pills have been seriously implicated in such awful things as strokes, blood clots, sudden permanent blindness, and other physiological catastrophes. The coil, or IUD (intrauterine device), is comparable in the sense that it goes deep inside a woman's reproductive system. It actually is a foreign body wedged in her uterus, which interferes with the implantation of a fertilized egg. It can make trouble in all kinds of ways—causing bleeding and infection, and sometimes even poking through the wall of the uterus itself. It's worth mentioning at this point that scientific articles occasionally justify the risks of IUDs and oral contraceptives by insisting that the risks of having a baby are greater than the hazards of these invasive methods of birth control. Even if this is true, there are a lot of ways to keep from getting pregnant while there's only one way, risk or no, to have a baby.

As you can see, the handiest-to-use methods are the ones that bring the biggest risks of side effects. Stopping in the middle of the proceedings to slip on a condom or having the foam leak out halfway through the action may be a nuisance, but the risks of serious side effects are almost nil. What a person really has to do is sit down and decide what chances they are willing to take in return for the convenience and dependability of a particular method. Oh yes, one final word. There are all kinds of statistics about how safe a particular method is. For example, articles have been published saying that the chance of a serious side effect from the Pill or IUD is only one in a million. That may be true, but if it happens to you or to someone you love, it's one chance out of *one*. It's worth remembering that when the time comes to decide.

The changing roles of women bring new problems and new questions. Here's a professional woman who faces a job-related dilemma:

"This is a question that I never thought I would be asking. I'm 29 years old and a junior partner in a New York law firm—the first woman partner they've ever had. I love my job, but there's one little problem. I also love sex. I mean literally, I *love* sex—regular sex and oral sex and all kinds of sex. And it's not just for fun. I *need* sex. Up to now it doesn't sound like too much of a problem, right? Well, here's the clunker. My work is so demanding that I'm lucky if I manage one or two orgasms a week instead of the one or two a day I've averaged ever since I left high school. The big problem now is this: I love my job but I also love my orgasms. I've worked a long time and given up too many things to get where I am, but I can't live without sex—and plenty of it. What do I do?"

It's not an easy question. In an intensely competitive society, everybody has to sacrifice something to advance professionally. Almost always the trade-off is relinquishing emotional satisfaction in return for material rewards. Becoming the first female partner in a giant law firm is a tremendous satisfaction, but it comes at a tremendous price. Having daily orgasms is an incomparable emotional satisfaction—and as with all emotional experiences, there is no way to put a price on it.

The difficulty women have in achieving success in the marketplace—and its effect on their sex lives—is a problem most men should certainly approach with the utmost sensitivity. For men it is a routine expectation to acquire material success through their careers. For women it is groundbreaking. And with this comes added tension—tension that sometimes shows up in the bedroom, where it is least wanted.

These are a few of the things women most want to know about sex. The one element that all these questions have in common is that they are intensely personal. The problems and conflicts of a woman's sexuality arise from the most profound depths of her personality. Not every solution is the right one for every woman—that's why every sexual decision has to be weighed so carefully and personally. It's obvious that understanding human sexuality is a lifetime study that requires honesty, dedication, and, above all, an open mind. But the search and the sacrifice are worthwhile for one reason above all others. Finding the answers to these and other important questions will go a long way toward achieving what every woman, and every man, wants and deserves: sexual happiness and satisfaction in the fullest sense of the words.

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TEXAS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 122

of great systems, the miracle of creation and survival; they were walking reminders of a time when volcanoes peppered the earth and vast lakes covered continents. They were hallowed creatures, for they had seen the earth before man arrived, and they had survived to remind him of how things once had been. They should have died out with Tyrannosaurus Rex and Diplodocus, but they had stubbornly persisted so that they could bear testimony, and for the value of that testimony, they were precious and worthy of defense. "They must continue into the future," Mr. Kramer said, "so that future generations can see how things once were."

"What amazes," Mr. Kramer told the women he tried to persuade, "is their system of giving birth. Invariably four pups, and invariably all four identicals of the same sex. There is no case of a mother armadillo giving birth to boys and girls at the same time. Impossible. And do you know why? Because one fertilized egg is split into four parts, rarely more, rarely less. Therefore the resulting babies have to be of the same sex.

"But would you believe this? The mother can hold that fertilized, four-part egg in her womb for the normal eight weeks or, if things don't seem propitious, for as long as twenty-two months, same as the elephant. She gives birth in response to some perceived need, and what that is no one can say."

As he brooded about this mystery of birth, wondering how the armadillo community ensured that enough males and females would be provided to keep the race going, he visualized what he called "The Great Computer in the Sky," which kept track of how many four-girl births were building up in a given community: "And some morning it clicks out a message—'Hey, we need a couple of four-boy births in the Larkin area'—so the next females to become pregnant have four male babies, and the grand balance is maintained."

Mr. Kramer could find no one who wished to share his speculation on this mystery, but as he pursued it he began to think about human beings, too. "What grand computer ensures that we have a balance between male and female babies? And how does it make the adjustments it does?

"Like after a war, when a lot of men have died in battle. Normal births in peacetime, a thousand and four males to one thousand females, because males are more delicate in the early years and have to be protected numerically. But after a war, when the Great Computer knows that there's a deficiency in males, the balance swings as high as one thousand and nine to one thousand."

So when he looked at an armadillo on its way to dig in his lawn, he saw not a destructive little tank with incredibly powerful digging devices, but a symbol of the grandeur of creation, the passing of time, the mystery of birth, the great beauty that exists in the world in so many different manifestations. An armadillo is not one whit more beautiful or mysterious than a butterfly or a pinecone, but it's more fun. And what gave him the warmest satisfaction: All the other sizable animals of the world seem to be having their living areas reduced. Only the armadillo is stubbornly enlarging his. Sometimes when he watched this mother and her four daughters heading forth for some new devastation, he chuckled with delight: "There they go! The Five Horsewomen of the Apocalypse!"

Another Larkin man had a much different name for the little excavators. Ransom Rusk, principal heir and sole operator of the Rusk holdings in the Larkin Field, had a fierce desire to obliterate memories of his unfortunate ancestry: the grand fool Earnshaw Rusk; the wife with the wooden nose; his own obscenely obese father; his fat, foolish mother. He wanted to forget them all. He was a tall, lean man, quite handsome, totally unlike his father, and at 45 he was at the height of his powers. He had married a Wellesley graduate from New England, and it was amusing that her mother, wishing to disassociate herself from her cotton-mill ancestry, had named her daughter Fleurette, trusting that something of French gentility would brush off.

> Suddenly Ransom Rusk realized that in this fight of his wife's versus the lady armadillos, he was actually cheering for the animals.

Fleurette and Ransom Rusk, fed up with the modest house in whose kitchen the elder Rusk had maintained his oil office till he died, had employed an architect from Boston to build them a mansion, and he had suggested an innovation which would distinguish their place from others in the region: "It is very fashionable, in the better estates of England, to have a bowling green. It could also be used for croquet, should you prefer," and Fleurette had applauded the idea.

It was now her pleasure to entertain at what she called "a pleasant afternoon of bowls," and she did indeed make it pleasant. Not many of the local millionaires—and there were now some two dozen in the Larkin district, thanks to those reliable wells which never produced much more than a hundred barrels a day, rarely less—knew how to play bowls, but they had fun at the variations they devised.

Ransom Rusk, as the man who dominated the Larkin Field, was not spectacularly rich by Texas standards, whose categories were popularly defined: one to 20 million, comfortable; 20 to 50 million, well-to-do; 50 to 500 million, rich; 500 million to one billion, big rich; one to five billion, Texas rich. By virtue of his other oil holdings in various parts of the state, and his prudent investments in Fort Worth ventures, he was now rich, but in the lowest ranks of that middle division. His attitudes toward wealth were contradictory, for obviously he had a hard, driving ambition to acquire and exercise power in its various manifestations, and in pursuit of this he strove to multiply his wealth.

But he remained indifferent to its mathematical level, often spending an entire year without knowing his balances or even an approximation of them. Impelled by an urge to control billions, he did not care to count them. On the other hand, he had inherited his father's shrewd judgment regarding oil and had extended it to the field of general financing, and he always sought new opportunities and, moreover, he knew how to apply leverage when he found them.

He was brooding about his Fort Worth adventures one morning when he heard Fleurette scream: "Oh, my God!" Thinking that she had fallen, he rushed into the bedroom to find her standing by the window, pointing wordlessly at the havoc which had been wreaked upon her bowling green.

"Looks like an atomic bomb!" Ransom said. "It's those damned armadillos." But Fleurette did not hear his explanation, for she was wailing as if she had lost three children.

"Shut up!" Ransom cried. "I'll take care of those little bastards."

He slammed out of the house, inspected the chopped-up bowling lawn, and summoned the gardeners: "Can this be fixed?"

"We can resod it like new, Mr. Rusk," they assured him, "but you'll have to keep them armadillos out."

"I'll take care of them. I'll shoot them." In pursuit of this plan, he went to the hardware store to buy a stack of ammo for his .22 rifle, but while there, he happened to stand beside Mr. Kramer at the checkout counter, and the retired oilman, who had worked for Rusk, asked: "What are the bullets for?" and, unfortunately, Ransom said: "Armadillos."

"Oh, you mustn't do that! Those are precious creatures. You should be protecting them, not killing them."

THANK YOU FOR FLYING THE FRIENDLY SKIES OF GREECE; HAVE A NICE DAY....

"They tore up my wife's lawn last night."

"Her bowling green? I've heard it's beautiful."

"Cost God knows how much, and it's in shreds."

"A minor difficulty," Kramer said lightly, since he did not have to pay for the repairs. And before Ransom could get away, the enthusiastic nature lover had drawn him to the drugstore, where they shared Dr. Peppers.

"Did you know, Ransom, that we have highly accurate maps showing the progress north of the armadillo? Maybe the only record of its kind?"

"I wish they'd stayed where they came from."

"They came from Mexico."

"One hell of a lot comes from Mexico—wetbacks, boll weevils . . ."

"A follower of the great Audubon first recorded them in Texas, down along the Rio Grande, in 1854," Kramer told him. "They had reached San Antonio by 1880, Austin by 1914, Jefferson in the east by 1945. They were slower reaching our drier area. They were reported in Dallas in 1953, but they didn't reach us till this year. Remarkable march."

"Should have kept them in Mexico," Rusk said, fingering his box of shells.

"They're in Florida, too," Kramer continued. "Three pairs escaped from a zoo in 1922. And people transported them as pets. They liked Florida, so now they move east from Texas and west from Florida. They'll occupy the entire Gulf area before this century is out."

"They aren't going to occupy my place much longer," Ransom said, and that was the beginning of the hilarious adventure, because Mr. Kramer persuaded him, almost tearfully, not to shoot the armadillos but to keep them away from the bowling green by building protection around it: "These are unique creatures, relics of the past, and they do an infinite amount of good."

The first thing Rusk did was to enclose his wife's resodded bowling green within a stout tennis-court–type fence, but two nights after it was in place, at considerable expense, the bowling green was chewed up again, and when Mr. Kramer was consulted he showed the Rusks how the world's foremost excavators had simply burrowed under the fence to get at the succulent roots.

"What you have to do is dig a footing around your green, six feet deep, and fill it with concrete. Sink your fence poles in that."

"Do you know how much that would cost?"

"They tell me you have the money," Kramer said easily, and so the fence was taken down, backhoes were brought in, and the deep trench was dug, enclosing the green. Then trucks dumped a huge amount of cement into the gaping holes, and the fence was reerected. Eight feet into the air, six feet underground, and the armadillos were boxed off.

But four days after the job was finished, Fleurette Rusk let out another wail, and when Ransom ran to her room, he bellowed: "Is it those damned armadillos again?"

It was, and when he and Mr. Kramer studied the new disaster the situation became clear, as the enthusiastic naturalist explained: "Look at that hole! Ransom, they dug right under the concrete barrier and up the other side. Probably took them half an hour, no more."

The scientific manner in which Kramer diagnosed the case, and the obvious pleasure he took in the engineering skill of his armadillos, infuriated Rusk, and once more he threatened to shoot his tormentors, but Kramer prevailed upon him to try one more experiment: "What we must do, Ransom, is drive a palisade below the concrete footing."

"And how do we do that?"

"Simple, you get a hydraulic ram and it drives down metal stakes. Twenty feet deep. But they'll have to be close together."

They were hallowed creatures, for they had seen the earth before man arrived, and they had survived to remind him of how things once had been.

When this job was completed, Rusk calculated that he had $218,000 invested in that bowling green, but to his grim satisfaction, the sunken palisade did stop the predators he had named Lady Macbeth and Her Four Witches. The spikes of the palisade went too deep for the animals to risk a hole so far below the surface.

But they were not stopped for long, because one morning Ransom was summoned by a new scream: "Ransom, look at those scoundrels!" And when he looked, he saw that the mother, frustrated by the palisade but still hungry for the tender grass roots, had succeeded in climbing her side of the fence, straight up, and then descending straight down, and she was in the process of teaching her daughters to do the same.

For some minutes Rusk stood at the window, watching the odd procession of armadillos climbing up his expensive fence, and when one daughter repeatedly fell back, unable to learn, he broke into laughter.

"I don't see what's so funny," his wife cried, and he explained: "Look at the dumb little creature. She can't use her front claws to hold on to the cross wires," and his wife exploded: "You seem to be cheering her on," and it suddenly became clear to Rusk that he was doing just that. He was responding to his wife's constant nagging: "Don't wear that big cowboy hat in winter, makes you look like a real hick." "Don't wear those boots to a dance, makes you look real Texan." She had a score of other don'ts, and now Ransom realized that in this fight of Fleurette versus the lady armadillos, he was cheering for the animals.

But as a good sport he did telephone Mr. Kramer and ask: "Those crazy armadillos can climb the fence. What do we do?" Mr. Kramer noted the significant difference; before it had always been "those damned armadillos," or worse. When a man started calling them crazy, it was clear that he was beginning to fall in love with them.

"Tell you what, Ransom. We call in the fence people and have them add a projection around the upper edge, so that when the armadillos reach the top of the fence, they'll run into this screen curving back at them and fall off."

"Will it hurt them?"

"Six weeks ago you wanted to shoot them. Now you ask if it'll hurt them. Ransom, you're learning."

"You know, Kramer, everything you advise me to do costs money."

"You have it to spend."

So the fence builders were brought in, and yes, they could bring a flange out parallel to the ground that no armadillo could negotiate, and when this was done Rusk would sit on his porch at night with a powerful-beam flashlight and watch as the mother tried to climb the fence, with her daughters trailing, and he would break into audible laughter as the determined little creatures clawed their way to the top, encountered the barrier, and tumbled back to earth. Again and again they tried, and always they fell back. Ransom Rusk had defeated the armadillos, at a cost of $238,000 total.

"What are you guffawing at in the dark?" Fleurette demanded, and he said, "At the armadillos trying to get into your bowling green."

"You should have shot them months ago," she snapped, and he replied, "They're trying so hard, I was thinking about going down and letting them in."

"You do," she said, "and I'm walking out."

That was the beginning of the sensational Rusk divorce case, though of course many problems more serious than armadillos were involved, and most of them centered upon the husband. He had wanted the social cachet of an eastern bride, but he had also wanted to remain a Texan. He had wanted to forget his noseless grandmother, his strange Quaker grandfather, and especially his

obese and ridiculous parents, but Fleurette often dragged them into conversation, especially when strangers were present.

And although Rusk had wanted a wife and had courted Fleurette arduously, he also wanted to be left alone with his multitude of projects. Had he married a woman of divine patience and sublime understanding, he might have made a success of his marriage, but Fleurette had proved increasingly giddy and insubstantial. A wiser woman would never have inflated armadillos into a cause célèbre, but once it reached that status there was no turning back.

She charged him with numerous cruelties and more insensitivities. She swore, in her affidavit, that life with such a brute had become quite impossible, and when the case was well-launched, she did the one thing that was calculated to ensure her victory: She hired Fleabait Moomer from Dallas to press her claim for a financial settlement in the Larkin County court.

Ransom's lawyer almost shuddered when he learned that Fleabait was coming into the case: "Ransom, we're in deep trouble."

"Why?"

"Fleabait tears a case apart. When he's in the courtroom anything can happen. Do you really want to go ahead with this?" And when Rusk replied: "I sure as hell do. I want to get rid of that millstone," the lawyer felt he had better explain Fleabait Moomer:

"He's a country genius. Very bright, no morals at all. He'll do anything to win, and I warn you right now that with a case like this he'll probably win.

"He gets his name from his habit of scratching himself like a yokel while he's pleading. Scratch here. Scratch there. But twice in each case he stops, looks at the jury, crosses his arms and scratches with both hands. The jury expects this, and they lean forward with special attention because they know he's going to make an important point. And God help you when he scratches with both hands, because that's when you're going to be crucified.

"He'll charge you with sodomy, with theft of public funds, with the corruption of juveniles, with murder, with surreptitious dealing with the enemy, anything to make you the hideous focus of the case and not your poor, wronged wife. Are you strong enough to go up against Fleabait?"

Ransom said he thought he was, and thus the notorious trial began. It was held in that majestic room designed 70 years earlier by James Riely Gordon, and when the disputants began their inflamed accusations, an observer might well have wished that the dignified hall of justice had been reserved for worthier cases.

The judge was a serious jurist, aware of the sensational nature of the trial he was conducting, but he was powerless against the antics of Fleabait Moomer, who told the jury: "My client, that beautiful and distressed woman you see over there, all she claims in this divorce proceeding is twenty-two million dollars. Now that might seem a lot to you, especially if you have to work as hard for your money as I do." And here he wiped his brow, his wrists, and his fingers. "But it will be my duty to prove that the defendant, that slinkin' man over there . . ."

"I object, your honor!"

"Objection sustained. Mr. Moomer, do not cast aspersions on the defendant."

"That unfeeling, ungentlemanly, ungenerous, and . . ."

"I object, your honor!"

"Objection sustained. I'm telling you again, you must not attack the defendant, Counselor Moomer."

"It will be my task to show you good people of the jury that Ransom Rusk, who inherited all his money from his father and never did a day's work in his life . . ."

"I object, your honor!"

"Objection sustained. The jury will disregard everything Counselor Moomer has said regarding the defendant."

Fleabait, who wore a string tie, suspenders, a belt, and his hair combed forward in the Julius Caesar style, scratched and mumbled and fumbled his way along, playing the role of the poor country boy doing his best to defend the interests of a wronged wife, but on the third day he stopped abruptly, crossed his arms, and scratched himself vigorously while the jury, having expected him to do this, smiled knowingly. When he finished scratching, he asked ominously: "Have you members of the jury considered the

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possibility that Ransom Rusk might have been involved with a gentleman in the neighborhood, whose name I refuse to divulge because of my innate sense of decency?" There was a flurry of objections, stampedes to the telephones, and general noise, after which the trial continued.

The second time Fleabait scratched with both hands, the jury leaned forward with almost visible delight to hear what scandalous thing was about to be revealed, and this time the lawyer said: "You might well ask, 'How did Ransom Rusk acquire his wealth?' Did he do it by ignoring every decency in the book, every law of orderly business relations between men of honor?"

The judge properly ordered this to be stricken, but the jury members were as powerless to forget what had been said as they were to ensure Rusk the impartial justice to which he was entitled. Their recommendation was for the full $22 million, which the judge would later scale down to $15 million. Fleabait had told Fleurette: 'We'll go for twenty-two and be happy if we get twelve.' Of the award, he would take 40 percent, or $6 million.

On the evening of the adverse verdict, and while it still stood at $22 million, Ransom returned to his big house overlooking Bear Creek and watched with satisfaction as the sun went down.

In the darkness, Mr. Kramer stopped by to check on the new fence, and Ransom told him: "I'm happier tonight than I have been in years. Free of that terrible millstone."

"How did you happen to marry her?" The men of Larkin had long known her to be quite impossible.

"Worst reasons in the world. Reasons I'm ashamed of, believe me. Like a lot of Texas boys, I went north to Lawrenceville School, in New Jersey. One of the best. Strong teachers and all that. Well, they had this father's day or something, and my parents came up. Filthy rich. My father weighing three hundred, my mother the cartoon version of a Texas oilman's wife. He a slob, she ridiculous in her jewels and oil-field flamboyance. The worst three days of my life, because all the boys knew they were super-Texas, but out of decency no one said anything unkind. They just looked and laughed behind my back. When, by the grace of God, my parents finally left, I overheard one of the boys on my hall say: 'She was a walking oil derrick, with the dollar bills dripping off. Poor Ransom.' "

In the darkness he shuddered at that searing memory: "Right then I decided that I would never be oil Texas. I dated the most refined girls from Vassar and Wellesley. I talked art, philosophy—anything to be unlike my father and mother. That's how I met Fleurette. I think the French name had a lot to do with it. And her determination to be so refined . . . so eastern."

"To tell you the truth, Ransom, you picked one hell of a lemon. You're well-off, especially if you can afford the settlement."

"Kramer, do you have a pair of wire cutters?"

"In the back of my truck." When he returned with the long-handled instrument, which had once been outlawed in these parts, he was surprised that Rusk grabbed it and marched to the wire fence protecting his former wife's bowling green. With powerful clicks he cut a vertical path from ground to bending tip, then moved to a spot three feet away and cut another. When this was done he called for Mr. Kramer to help him knock the panel flat, trampling it on the ground.

Moving farther along to where he thought the armadillos nested, he cut down two more panels, and then the fence busters, who would have been shot for such action 80 years earlier, returned to the porch, where they sat with flashlights. And when the moon was up, Ransom cried with sheer delight: "Here they come!"

By morning the armored destroyers would have that green looking as if it had been run over by careless bulldozers, and Ransom Rusk, $22 million poorer, plus $238,000 for the fence, was happier than he had been in a long time.

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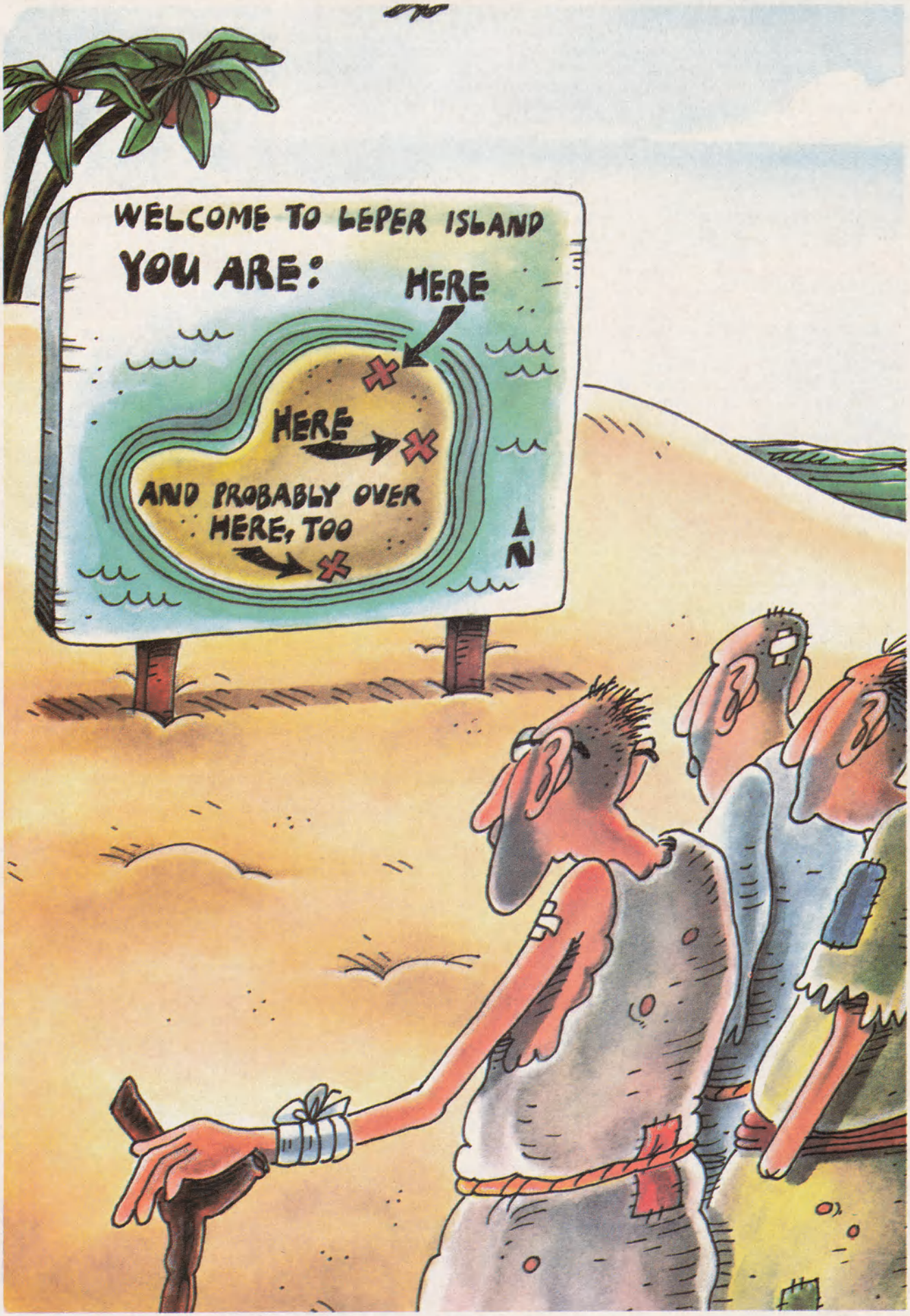
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N

NFL PREDICTIONS

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 144

Smith (69 receptions), and an offensive line so wretched that the team's leading ball carrier, Larry Moriarty, gained only 785 yards. Campbell used this year's collegiate draft to patch up his team's equally atrocious defensive unit, the NFL's easiest to run on in '84.

AFC WESTERN DIVISION

The Seattle Seahawks will appear on national television six times this season, so the networks must like their chances of making it to the Super Bowl. So do I. Chuck Knox, voted AFC Coach of the Year for the second straight season, got his team into the '84 play-offs even though his leading ball carrier, 1983 Rookie of the Year Curt Warner, suffered a knee injury in the season opener and was lost for the rest of the year. At quarterback, Knox went with little-known Dave Krieg, who made his head coach look like a genius. Krieg threw 32 touchdown passes (second only to Miami's Dan Marino), set a Seattle club record by passing for 3,671 yards, and led the Seahawks to a 12-4 record, the best in their nine-year history. Seattle's defense was even more impressive. The Seahawks led the NFL in interceptions (38) and fumble recoveries (25), and had a club-record 55 sacks. "You still win championships on defense," Knox says. He and his excellent staff just may be on their way to one this year.

After they routed Washington in Super Bowl XVIII, most football experts thought the Los Angeles Raiders were a cinch to repeat the feat. They never came close. Activist owner Al Davis and Head Coach Tom Flores have no illusions about the Raiders' biggest shortcoming: They need a new starting quarterback. Jim Plunkett, a battle-scarred 37-year-old veteran, has slowed down; and Marc Wilson, the highest-priced backup in pro football, has never lived up to his college press clippings. The Raiders may have finished 11-5, but they were only 4-4 during the final half of the season. Marcus Allen was again the AFC's combined yardage leader (1,926 yards), but he can't do it alone.

Kansas City's head coach, John Mackovic, would like you to remember that his 8-8 Chiefs closed out last season with victories over Denver, Seattle, and San Diego. "I really feel that those last three games stood for our season, where we are and where we hope to go." Mackovic mostly hopes that quarterback Bill Kenney won't have to go to the hospital this year. A Pro Bowl performer in '83, Kenney missed half the '84 season with a broken thumb. He was able to play in nine games, though, and threw for 2,098 yards and 15 touchdowns. The Chiefs have gotten into the habit of making the most of their college draft picks. This year they needed a running back and got a good one in North Carolina's 230-pound Ethan Horton.

Denver won the West last year when it introduced a new wrinkle to pro football: the big-play defense. The Broncos forced opponents to commit 55 turnovers, eight of which they turned into touchdowns. Denver's defense also collected a team-record 57 sacks and was second in the NFL in fewest touchdowns allowed (26). Still and all, the Broncos wouldn't have been a 13-3 team if second-year quarterback John Elway hadn't continued to mature. In '84 he passed for 18 touchdowns and 2,598 yards. Says Denver Head Coach Dan Reeves, "Elway is going to be a great one. He knows how to avoid the rush, and I've never seen anyone else throw as well on the run." If Elway had another top receiver to take some of the heat off Steve Watson, the Broncos wouldn't be a 50–1 shot to go all the way this year.

It's impossible to tell whether San Diego Head Coach Don Coryell is frowning more these days, but he probably is. The Chargers, 7-9 last season, didn't win a single game against Western Division opponents. That smarts, especially since San Diego's Earnest Jackson was the AFC's leading rusher (1,179 yards) and the Chargers set an NFL record for most pass completions in a season (401). San Diego's big problem, as ever, is its lack of defense. In '84, the Chargers were the NFL's worst team against the pass.

> I'm not one to hold a grudge against a team, but I assure you that the 49ers will not be in the upcoming Super Bowl, and neither will the Dolphins.

NFC EASTERN DIVISION

Even though the Dallas Cowboys, 9-7 last season, missed the play-offs for the first time in a decade, their usually stoic head coach, Tom Landry, is making optimistic noises about his team's chances in '85. "This season we're going to be better off from a unity standpoint than we've been in several years," he says. For that to be true, Landry must finally overcome two years of indecision and decide whether his starting quarterback is Danny White or Gary Hogeboom. Whoever wins out will preside over a rejuvenated team. Last year Landry further refined his patented Flex defense and, as a result, Dallas's defensive unit was suddenly its old Doomsday self. If Landry settles the quarterback question before the start of the season, look for the Cowboys to once again ride into the Super Bowl.

The St. Louis Cardinals learned a painful lesson last year: You can't be a first-place team without a first-rate placekicker. If Neil O'Donoghue, who converted only 23 of 35 attempts, hadn't missed field goals against the Packers, Rams, and Redskins, the 9-7 Cardinals would have been the champions of the NFC East. With the exception of its kicking game, St. Louis's offense is every bit as lethal as Miami's. Quarterback Neil Lomax came into his own last year when he threw 28 touchdown passes and racked up a club-record 4,614 passing yards. St. Louis strengthened its already sturdy defense in the college draft, and if the Cardinals are wise enough to invest in a better placekicker, they won't wind up watching the play-offs on television again.

Joe Gibbs did a masterful job of coaching the Washington Redskins last year. Despite having 14 players on injured-reserve for most of the season (half were starters), Washington won the division title with an 11-5 record. The going may get a lot tougher this time around. Fullback John Riggins, the Redskins' human battering ram, is now 36 and is finally starting to show his age. Rather than rely too much on Riggins, Gibbs pulled off the trade of the year when he acquired New Orleans fullback George Rogers (and three Saints' draft choices) for the Skins' No. 1 pick. The Rogers deal was a steal, but it won't conceal the fact that the Redskins, despite youthful stars like receivers Art Monk and Charlie Brown, are getting a little long in the tooth, as they say.

In 1984, for the first time in his six-year pro career, New York Giants' quarterback Phil Simms finally got through a season without major injury, and he responded by passing for 4,044 yards and 22 touchdowns. New York's ball carriers contributed little to the offense, however, which is why the Giants have signed up fullback Maurice Carthon of the USFL's New Jersey Generals and University of Kentucky running back George Adams, the team's No. 1 draft choice. Led by linebackers Lawrence Taylor and Harry Carson, New York's defense will remain its leading asset.

The Philadelphia Eagles don't have Leonard Tose to kick around anymore. The team's gambling-debt–ridden owner recently unloaded his interest in the Eagles, and now the team can concentrate on playing football—that's the standard line one hears in Philadelphia these days. File that one under "lame alibis," for as we'll see this season, the Eagles' 6-9-1 mark of '84 was no fluke. Although the team's defense is adequate, Philadelphia's feckless birds of prey have no offense. In '84, the Eagles were 23rd in scoring, 26th in total yards gained, and

dead last in the league in rushing. Philly's leading ball carrier, Wilbert Montgomery, took an awful beating last year (courtesy of a powder-puff offensive line), and failed to gain 1,000 yards for the second straight season. Quarterback Ron Jaworski, who also spent several autumn Sundays getting mugged, is now a questionable commodity.

NFC CENTRAL DIVISION

The John McKay era in Tampa Bay is over. Finally. The only coach the Buccaneers ever had finished his nine-year stint with an underwhelming overall record of 44-88-1, including last season's 6-10 skid. McKay's been kicked upstairs, and as the Bucs' new president, his first act of duty was to hire former Atlanta head coach Leeman Bennett as his own replacement. A smiling Bennett likes what he sees. "This is a better team than the one I took over in Atlanta in 1977," Bennett says. He's right. The Bucs' usually ferocious defense fell apart last year, but that was almost entirely due to injuries suffered by several key players. The big news is that in his last go-round, McKay at last produced a legitimate NFL offense. Quarterback Steve DeBerg completed 60.5 percent of his passes for 3,554 yards and 19 touchdowns, and he spread the wealth around: Running back James Wilder and wide receivers Kevin House and Gerald Carter each caught 60 or more passes. Wilder, who set an NFL record with 407 carries, rushed for a Tampa Bay–record 1,544 yards. Keep beamin', Leeman. Your guys have the look of winners.

It won't be easy for the Bucs to get past the Chicago Bears, however. Last year, the Bears won their first division title with a 10-6 record, and they did it despite losing quarterback Jim McMahon for the final six weeks of the season. Chicago's late-season offense consisted of handing or throwing the ball to All-Pro halfback Walter Payton, or having *him* throw the ball. Payton and Chicago's thoroughly intimidating defense—the best in pro football—were enough to carry the Bears to the NFC championship game, where they were finessed to death by San Francisco, 23–0. The Bears' angry defenders last year set an NFL record of 72 sacks. End Richard Dent, nose tackle Dan Hampton, linebacker Mike Singletary, and safety Todd Bell, Pro Bowlers all, play Head Coach Mike Ditka's brand of defense, which is to dismember everyone on the field who's not wearing a ref's striped shirt or a Chicago uniform.

Meanwhile, the Pack is back. Right, you've heard that one before (we all have), but this year it's not hype. The Packers, 8-8 in '84, won seven of their last eight games. Second-year head coach Forrest Gregg is determined to get his team winning early this year. "As far as I'm concerned," he says, "we have no laurels to rest on." The Packers' strength is their explosive passing attack. Lynn Dickey,

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who threw 25 touchdown passes last year, is one of the NFC's five best quarterbacks. Dickey's high-octane receivers include All-Pro James Lofton, Phillip Epps, Paul Coffman, and the vastly underutilized (and troubled) John Jefferson. Green Bay's defense was the league's worst in '83, but in '84 ranked a respectable 16th.

Mommas, don't let your babies grow up to be coaches. In '83, Monte Clark's Detroit Lions won the division title, but last year star running back Billy Sims missed half the season with a knee injury and, not surprisingly, the Lions fell to 4-11-1. Right, Clark was fired. Former Arizona State coach Darryl Rogers, his successor, inherits a team with enough offense to win as often as it loses. Sims is presumably healthy again after knee surgery, and if he avoids further injury he'll probably double his '84 rushing output of 687 yards. Detroit will have a new look on defense—the three-four is all the rage this year—but will still be vulnerable to any team with a decent passing attack this coming season.

After Bud Grant retired in '83, the Minnesota Vikings went on autodestruct. In his debut as an NFL head coach, Les Steckel, boy marine, directed the Vikes to the worst record (3-13) in their history. Steckel himself is now history; his military style of management was almost pathetically passé. Grant's been lured back to restore pride and professionalism to the franchise, but don't expect any miracles—aside from a hatful of draft choices, he has very little to work with. In lieu of a trade, Tommy Kramer will probably start at quarterback, and he's got a quality target in speedy Sammy White, but that's about it for the Vikes' offense. Their defense, the worst in the NFL last year, will remain moribund.

NFC WESTERN DIVISION

The San Francisco 49ers, near-perfect in '84 with a 15-1 record, think they can repeat as Super Bowl champions. After humiliating the Miami Dolphins, 38–16, in the NFL's ultimate game, Head Coach Bill Walsh said, "Without a doubt, this is the best team in football today." He might be right. Last season's high-powered 49er offense registered team records for most yardage (6,936) and most points scored (475), and there's no reason to expect a significant drop-off this year. Overshadowed for much of the season by Miami's Dan Marino, Joe Montana was nevertheless the NFL's top-rated passer, completing 64.6 percent of his attempts for 3,630 yards, 28 touchdowns, and only ten interceptions. Walsh's running tandem of Roger Craig and Wendell Tyler is arguably the best in the NFL. With such an explosive offense, San Francisco's defense almost went unnoticed. Big mistake. Last year the 49ers gave up the fewest points in pro football (227). San Francisco will win the West in a walk.

Last year the Los Angeles Rams (10-6) had the NFL's second-best running game. His name, of course, is Eric Dickerson, a tireless slasher who broke O. J. Simpson's single-season rushing record by gaining 2,105 yards. L.A.'s air game, under the direction of Jeff Kemp, finished 27th in the league. To avoid a possible repeat performance, Head Coach John Robinson got owner Georgia Frontiere to come up with the megabucks necessary to sign 34-year-old quarterback Dieter Brock, who's spent the last 11 years playing in the Canadian Football League. If called upon, Brock will upgrade L.A.'s passing stats, but even though they have a formidable defense of their own, the Rams won't be able to catch the 49ers.

What a bummer. In their 18-year history, the New Orleans Saints have never had a winning team. That was supposed to change four years ago when Bum Phillips took over as head coach. Obviously, it didn't. New Orleans had high hopes of going above .500 last season, but when the Saints finished at 7-9, even long-suffering team owner John Mecom threw in the towel. The Saints are now the property of an automobile dealer named Tom Benson, who's probably had his own share of breakdowns. In any event, Phillips is on the hot seat. He's been the guiding force behind several recent dubious trades, including those that brought quarterback Richard Todd and running back Earl Campbell to New Orleans. Todd finished the '84 season on the bench (he's apparently been beaten out by Dave Wilson), and Campbell hardly ever left it. George Rogers and his 914 rushing yards have since been shipped off to Washington, so Campbell will see plenty of action once on his own.

The injury-ravaged Atlanta Falcons bottomed out at 4-12 last year, and in the process they may have lost their top offensive stars for this season as well. Running back William Andrews, wide receiver Billy "White Shoes" Johnson, and quarterback Steve Bartkowski are all still recovering from serious knee operations. Second-year head coach Dan Henning is nervously holding his breath regarding the trio's current state of health. Running back Gerald Riggs and wide receiver Stacey Bailey filled in admirably for Andrews and Johnson, but aside from being a quarterback with a three-syllable name that ends in *i*, Mike Moroski has very little in common with Bartkowski. Henning's team will improve defensively for the second year in a row, but if Bartkowski doesn't return, it's going to be another long Falcon autumn in Atlanta.

DANNY SHERIDAN'S 1985 NFL PREDICTED FINISHES

AMERICAN FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

AFC EAST:
1. Miami Dolphins (13-3)
2. New England Patriots (9-7)
3. Buffalo Bills (5-11)
4. New York Jets (5-11)
5. Indianapolis Colts (3-13)

AFC CENTRAL:
1. Pittsburgh Steelers (9-7)
2. Cincinnati Bengals (8-8)
3. Cleveland Browns (6-10)
4. Houston Oilers (4-12)

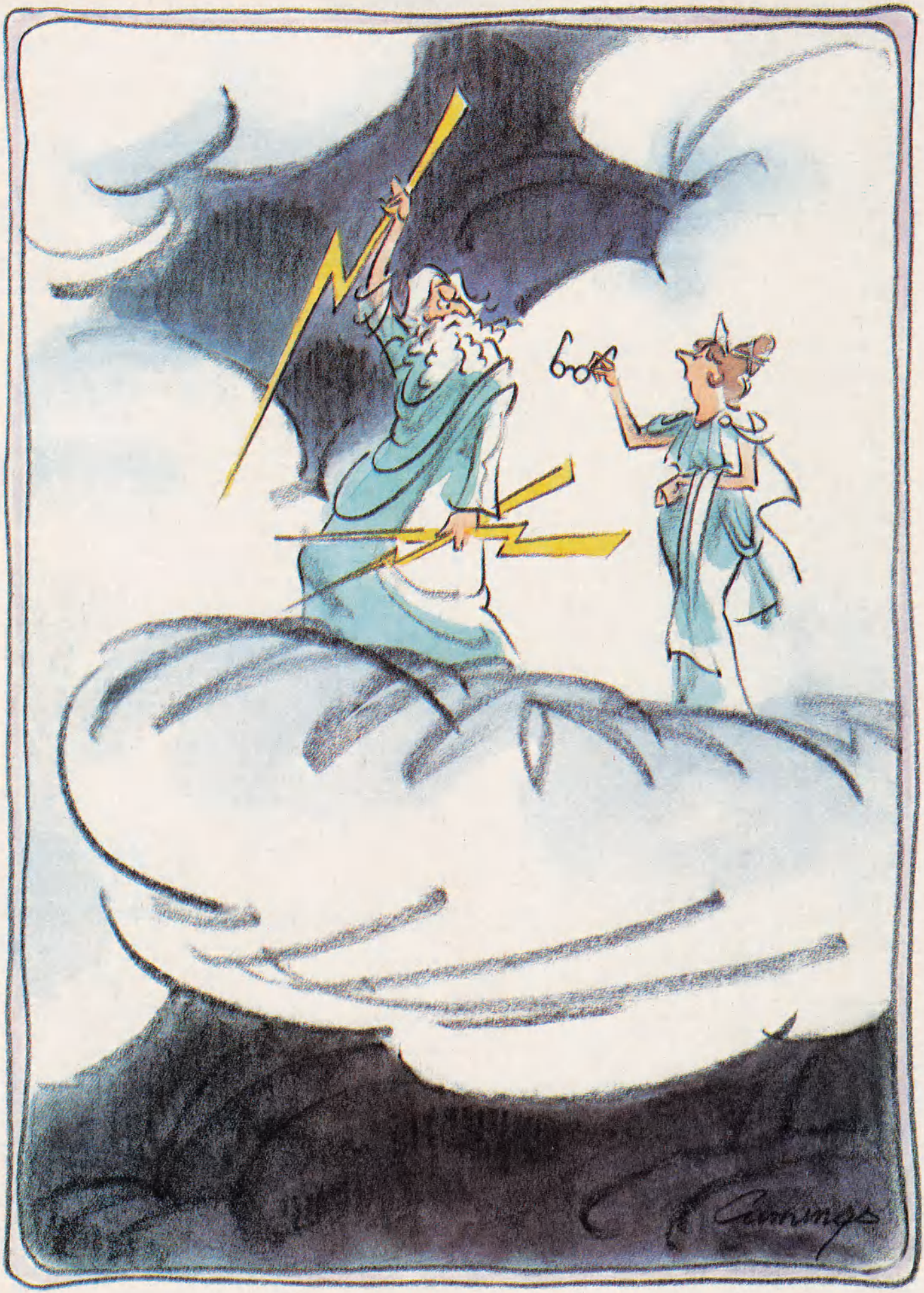
AFC WEST:
1. Seattle Seahawks (13-3)
2. Los Angeles Raiders (10-6)
3. Kansas City Chiefs (9-7)
4. Denver Broncos (9-7)
5. San Diego Chargers (7-9)

NATIONAL FOOTBALL CONFERENCE

NFC EAST:
1. Dallas Cowboys (11-5)
2. St. Louis Cardinals (10-6)
3. Washington Redskins (9-7)
4. New York Giants (9-7)
5. Philadelphia Eagles (5-11)

NFC CENTRAL:
1. Tampa Bay Buccaneers (9-7)
2. Chicago Bears (9-7)
3. Green Bay Packers (8-8)
4. Detroit Lions (7-9)
5. Minnesota Vikings (4-12)

NFC WEST:
1. San Francisco 49ers (11-5)
2. Los Angeles Rams (10-6)
3. New Orleans Saints (7-9)
4. Atlanta Falcons (5-11)



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XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 52

her pussy will smile. You have that most treasured possession, the love of a witty and intelligent woman. Learn to appreciate it.

THREE ON A MATCH

I never read about bisexual men in your column, but I am going with two of them. I want you to know that they are terrific.

They are so much alike they look like brothers, with the same shade of hair color and eyes, and similar builds. When I first made it with them, I had been drinking a bit, but I was not drunk. We were sitting in the living room of their apartment.

While Carl went to get some more wine, Robert sat down next to me, and when Carl came back he sat on my other side. We drank some more wine and then they began to kiss me. It was so soft and gentle and natural that I wasn't put off by it at all. While one would kiss me on the mouth, the other would kiss my throat, and I felt their hands play down around my crotch and breasts. That night I wasn't wearing a bra so they were able to open my sweater and get at me in short-order time. Soon, they both stripped down to the waist. We were all bare above our jeans. Then we necked and stroked one another for a long time. It was like a dream, so gentle and sexy. With four hands stroking my body, I was tingling all over my nerve endings. Two mouths kissing me at once made it even more exciting.

After a while I felt someone guide my hand to a bare penis. I stroked it and squeezed it. I still don't know whose hand it was, but the other guy got the idea and unzipped his fly. Soon I had one cock in each hand. By that time my jeans had come unzipped and my love slit was being fingered. I was moist and ready. One of them kissed me, French style, while the other took my jeans off, and since I wasn't wearing any underwear, I was all bare and ready. That was when one of them, Carl, I think, carried me to the bedroom, and we all got on top of the big bed. After that it was one great big lay. We did everything we could think of, and it was all so gentle and sexy that I loved it.

That night I slept between two very virile men. I slept like a log, but I remember feeling their hands on me all through the night.—B. C.

If you only knew how many women fantasize about participating in a threesome with two men! Usually, particularly at orgies, one finds two women doing their best to please one man. Any kind of male homosexuality is rare.

I myself have often fantasized (and on several occasions even materialized) a scene with two men, preferably a black one and a white one, both basically homosexual but willing to experiment with an occasional woman.

Once, when I was in Bali, I managed to get two perfectly straight men friends into bed with me at the same time. Neither had homosexual inclinations, or so they thought.

I was lying in the center of the bed with my two men kneeling, facing each other, one on either side of me, each with his rigid cock pressed against the appropriate tit. I was thus able to masturbate them simultaneously against my breasts and suck them alternately. Then I started experimenting, as I wanted to see how far I could get them to go with each other. I wanted them to hug each other, but the most I could get them to do was to place their hands on each other's shoulders so as not to fall over.

I pulled their knees close against my own body and finally managed to rub their stiff penises against each other, without them really noticing. I then put my mouth around the heads of both cocks and they came simultaneously, squirting their sperm, not only all over my face, but also over the heads of each other's cocks. I was so excited that I came instantly. Oh, what a great vacation that was!

HAVING IT ALL

I desperately need some help. I cannot go into a lot of detail because of my circumstances—home, children, family, social standing, etc. I am in my mid-thirties. People say I resemble Linda Evans. I have a loving husband, bright, attractive children, and a big home. I am involved in the community and am a regular churchgoer. I have an obsession for a former (and only) lover who is currently in a 15-year-old marriage. My problem is that I crave him tremendously. I would leave everything for him!

Brian is not as athletic as my husband, nor as successful. He is in his early forties and is very handsome. I yearn for him to lick my pussy. Looking down on him and seeing his gray hair glow while he slowly fingered and licked me, and having him lick my breasts and suck my nipples and look up at me with his beautiful green eyes, was a tremendous experience. Then he would stroke my body with his fingertips and French-kiss me. My pussy would flow with juices and he would feed his dick into my mouth and let me suck it hard. Sometimes he would literally fuck my face and finger my pussy and let me suck the come out of him. We had wild, passionate sex in all kinds of positions.

A lot of women I know are turned on by Brian. I cannot let anyone know what we have shared. I took some Polaroids of him between my legs and sucking my nipples. I find myself going to look at them often throughout the day. I even wake up in the middle of the night and get up to look at them. I feel obsessed with this man. I never sucked a man's penis before. I could never suck my husband. He

kisses me a few times, squeezes my tits, shoves my knees into my armpits, has me jack him off to get him hard, shoves his dick into my pussy, and pumps like a machine.

I would see Brian at least once a week and I would do anything for him. I met him in his office or I met him in the evenings. Once I went to his office and brought him back to my home. Brian's had other affairs before me, one which his wife knew about. Then she had an affair—I think to get even with Brian. I was hoping that would break them up, but Brian got her pregnant again and then told me he couldn't see me anymore. He said he wants to give his children a good name and a secure home. Do children matter that much to men?

Sometimes I think about telling Brian's wife about us, or telling one of her friends, so that it would lead to his leaving her. I can't really just go out and find some other man to replace him. I need him! *Now I know the impact of sex on my life and how much more of a woman I truly am. I was so much more alive with Brian.*

Please help me understand, help me find some direction. I'm scared and hurt.—P. L.

Have you ever thought about anyone else's feelings? You have everything a woman could want in life, but you still want more. The obsession you have is not so much for your former lover, but for yourself, what *you* want. So, Brian decided to break off his affair with you and try to be a good husband and father. You ask, "Do children matter that much to men?" The answer is yes. You describe Brian as a wonderful lover. To be a good lover one must be unselfish. To be a good husband or wife, one has to be loyal. So this loyal husband, loving father, and unselfish lover realizes where his duties lie, stands by his wife and kids—and what do you do? You contemplate telling his wife or friends to try to break up his marriage.

I suspect that he stopped seeing you because you are trouble. You walk into his office in the middle of the day and lure him back to your house to fuck him. And that is what you will end up doing if you continue the way you are going—fuck him up completely.

My advice to you is to use your head for something other than sucking cock. *Think*, and think about the other people involved—Brian, his wife and kids, and your husband and your own kids. Stop feeling sorry for yourself because you can't have the moon. Try to find a direction in your life. First, I suggest you try and improve your sex life with your husband. If you could seduce Brian so successfully, you can surely do the same for your husband. Try and give yourself a new image in his eyes with some fancy, unselfish lovemaking.

Take his dick in your hand, suck it till it's good and hard, caress it and him. Coax him to suck your pussy and gaze down at *his* beautiful eyes (you didn't say what color *they* were).

When you have proved to yourself that you can do something for someone else, then maybe if you still feel unsatisfied sexually, you can look around for a new lover. But pick a guy who is free, not someone else's husband. There are millions of horny, unattached men in the United States. With your looks, it should not be hard to grab one of them on a part-time basis.

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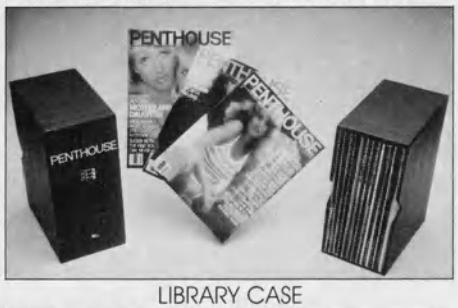

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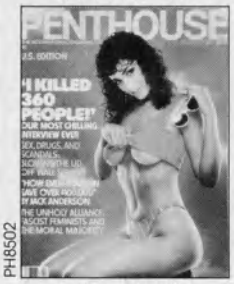

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MADONNA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 149

16, 1959, Madonna Louise Ciccone was the oldest daughter in a family of six. Her father, whose parents had emigrated from Italy, worked as an engineer for Chrysler. (Today Mr. Ciccone is an optics and defense engineer with General Dynamics.) Her mother—"the only other person I have ever heard of named Madonna," her daughter would later say—was a Michigan native of French-Canadian blood. She died when her namesake was not quite seven, and, a year and a half later, Madonna's father married the family housekeeper. Since Madonna was the eldest girl, her stepmother placed her in charge of the household chores.

"I feel like my adolescence was spent taking care of babies and changing diapers and baby-sitting," she says. "I really saw myself as the quintessential Cinderella. You know, 'I have this stepmother and I have all this work to do and it's awful and I never go out and I don't have pretty dresses.' "

Meanwhile, her devotion to, and manipulation of, her father was unflagging. "I was his favorite," she says. Then, in the same breath, "I knew how to wrap him around my finger." But her finger still seems to bear the paternal impression. "He believed that making love to someone is a very sacred thing and it shouldn't happen until after you are married," she recalls. "He was my role model."

There were Catholic schools, then Rochester Adams High School. "I remember liking my body and not being ashamed of it. I remember liking boys and not feeling inhibited," she asserts. "But when you're that aggressive, the boys get the wrong impression of you. They mistake your forwardness for sexual promiscuity. Then when they don't get what they think they're going to get, they turn on you. I went through this whole period of time when the girls thought I was really loose and all the guys called me 'nympho.' I would hear words like 'slut.' I was called names when I was still a virgin."

She graduated from high school in the spring of 1976, after winning a scholarship to the University of Michigan dance department. One night at a college-crowd disco, she met a black musician named Steve Bray. Eventually, she became part of his little R & B band. After a year and a half, in 1977, she left both Bray and the university behind and moved to New York. Her flat on Avenue B and Fourth Street was "my pride and joy, because it was the worst possible neighborhood I could ever live in."

She was given a work-study scholarship in the Alvin Ailey American Dance Theatre. After a few months she left Ailey and began working with Pearl Lang, a former Martha Graham dancer. That didn't last long, either.

Throughout this time, she also worked occasionally as an art model. She posed fairly regularly for photography classes at the New School for Social Research.

She fell in with a musician from Queens named Dan Gilroy. Their band, Breakfast Club, went nowhere, and Madonna moved on. With her old boyfriend Steve Bray joining her in Manhattan, Madonna formed a raggle-taggle group—it changed names often: the Millionaires, Modern Dance, Emmy—that became part of the post–New Wave club circuit. The band broke up, but a demo that Madonna had made (an early version of "Burning Up") found its way into the hands of a manager, who put her on salary. She moved to the Upper West Side, formed another band—which she called Madonna—and began hitting the clubs once again. At Danceteria she hooked up with Mark Kamins, a club deejay with record-industry pull. He took her into a recording studio, made some tapes, took the tapes to Sire Records, and got her a deal. Though both Bray and Kamins figured they would be chosen by Madonna to produce her first album, she went instead to producer Reggie Lucas. By the time the album, *Madonna*, was released, her reputation as a man-eater was greater by far among the gossip-mongers than her reputation as a singer.

Eventually, last year, the album went platinum. There were Top Ten singles: "Borderline," "Lucky Star," and more. There followed another album, *Like a Virgin*, and more hits, straight through to the smash "Angel." There have been movies: a small role in *Vision Quest*, then her big part in Susan Seidelman's *Desperately Seeking Susan*, one of this year's surprise hits. (Her first film, *A Certain Sacrifice*, made in 1980 by Stephen Lewicki, has been distributed only sub rosa.) Though pop culture and permanence are rare bedfellows, one thing is certain: This moment, this year, belongs to the girl from nowhere who wrapped her daddy round her little finger.

And what is that girl made of? She is made of sugar and spice and everything her daddy told her, and she is made of the crucifix that hangs between her breasts. "For several years," she says, "I wanted to be a nun, and I got very close to some of them in grade school and junior high. Nuns are sexy. Crucifixes are sexy because there's a naked man on them." These are words that make one think for a second of Saint Teresa, the sixteenth-century foundress who told in orgasmic terms of being pierced by the Lord's spear of divine love. But Teresa never knew the difference between the two ecstasies. Madonna surely does, and she plays their blurring consummately.

"If I wasn't doing what I'm doing, I would be a nun," she says. Those are the words of one who knows that forbidden fruit is

the greatest temptation, and that nothing incites like the illusion of purity poised for desecration—an illusion she has mastered beautifully.

Central to the Madonna mystique is her notoriety as a sexual shark. It has often been said that she used the men in her life—Steve Bray, Mark Kamins, Reggie Lucas, master mixer John Benitez, actor Sean Penn, and others—as stepping-stones to further her career. People jealous of her success say that she fucked her way to the top. Of course, if she had, like most, fucked her way to the bottom, no one would complain. This really is the lesson that hangs between her breasts—that they only truly love you after they've nailed you to the cross.

More and more, not just at the concerts but all over, one cannot but notice the increasing legion of young Madonnas. Bustiers are plentiful. The men's boxer shorts that Madonna wore in *Desperately Seeking Susan* have inspired a fashion trend. Rosaries are probably selling more briskly than at any time since 1495, when Pope Alexander VI gave the Holy See's approval to them.

If young girls must be mindless in their sense of style, it is good that they are now at least imitating a real live dame instead of the desensitizing androgynes of seasons past; and it is good that their chosen idol is for a change one whose implied message to them is that their power—which, truly can move mountains—is in their flesh, and that the two-edged sword of "sexism" is their greatest weapon. In terms of wildfire fashion—and fashion is always a means of saying something, be it smart or stupid—the message of all the little Madonnas is a fine one: Annie Hall is dead and Boy George is ugly.

Moreover, in Madonna, American boys once again have a sweetheart. She sings to them, not at them, and she radiates the perfect mixture of sinfulness and chastity, which is so captivating to boys during their fun-house years. *If only one of us could burst through this picture tube,* her videos seem to imply, promising to each and every TV-suckled boy-child the fleshly blessing, the holy, rosary-rattling thing without which there is no ascension from the fun house. She represents a glimmer, at least, of reality—even if that reality be a lie—within the drone and flicker of the Moloch tube. In a land obsessed with death and impotence, she radiates a brighter thing.

There is no telling if anyone will recall the name of Madonna five years from today. For now, though, she rules with her hips. Her first, celebrated tour is over; it ended in New York in June, the month she announced her plans to marry Sean Penn. But her fame has yet to peak. She beckons on—"Will you marry me?"—and the answer grows louder—"Yes!"—and louder still. God bless the child dressed in white.

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 32

clean her off and shoveled their come in her mouth.

This kind of action went on all night and ended at eight in the morning. I know I'll never have another night like this one. I don't think I could stand the excitement if I did.—*Name and address withheld*

STRAWBERRIES 'N' CREAM

I am 23, about five-foot-seven, and 115 pounds. I work out with weights and do aerobics daily. My tits are round, firm C cups, and I have a voluptuous tight ass perched atop long, tan, sleek legs.

I'm an aspiring actress and singer but also a waitress at a local French restaurant. Although I rarely mix business and pleasure with customers, I do find the head chef quite sexy.

Jean Marc is the kind of man who stands with authority over all who work for him. He may strike fear in the hearts of many employees, but in me he stirs uncontrollable lust. It's obvious that he never wears underwear and his muscular legs and ass are defined through his jeans. I'd always wondered what else was hidden there.

One evening around midnight, I was breaking down my station. Part of my job is putting the desserts away in the large walk-in freezer. I was carrying two large cheesecakes when I opened the door and found Jean Marc standing there inside taking inventory.

As I reached up to put the cheesecakes on the shelf, Jean Marc leaned over to help me. I gasped as he slid his hands down my back and around my waist. My arms were still upraised, my fingers touching the high shelf. He slowly moved his hands up over my breasts, gently pinching my now-hard nipples. I turned around and we kissed—slowly at first, then fiercely.

We were both so horny. I had wanted this to happen for so long! I pulled my skirt up and showed him my neatly trimmed pussy. I wasn't wearing panties, and my pussy glistened, it was so wet. I reached over and picked a ripe strawberry from a basket nearby and slowly worked it in and around my pussy. Jean Marc laughed aloud and took the strawberry from my dripping cunt. He put it in his mouth and sucked it, then spit the stem on the floor. Then I spotted a container of chocolate sauce. I dipped my hand in it and smeared it all over my pussy. Jean Marc squatted down and began to lick the sweet syrup from my pussy lips and thighs. I parted my legs, begging him not to stop.

All this time I couldn't help but notice the large bulge outlined in his pants. I unbuttoned his jeans and slowly pulled down the zipper. He let out a low moan as my finger pulled his straining cock free.

While cupping his balls in one hand, I spread chocolate sauce over his thick, uncircumcised tool with the other. I tasted the sweet cock that bobbed in front of my face. It was delicious! I sucked his cock, teased his balls with my tongue, and grazed my teeth along the hard shaft.

I stood up and turned my back to him. Bending over and spreading my legs, I thrust my ass at Jean Marc as I held onto the shelf in front of me.

He pushed his dick against my cunt, teasing me, never quite entering. I was so hot my knees were getting weak and I squirmed uncontrollably. The second I felt the tip of his cock at the opening of my love slit, I pushed back—hard.

His prick sank to the hilt. He groaned and began muttering in French. We began to fuck—him pushing me, and me moving back and forth on his big pole. The large baker's shelf was starting to rock as my fingers gripped the wire mesh. I knew I was going to come any second. He slowed his pace and moved back a bit. I thought I was going to die! He pulled my sweater over my tits and rubbed them with one hand and my clit with the other. Suddenly he shoved his thick dick back inside me.

My clit was swollen to the size of a quarter. I let go of the shelf and wound my arms around his neck, pulling his head down. I twisted my head around so I could kiss him. He groaned and gasped for breath. I started to come, my body convulsing against him. Jean Marc shuddered as he came deep inside me.

We stood frozen (almost literally!) in the walk-in and caught our breath. A few minutes later I pulled down my sweater and straightened my skirt. We kissed again. I smoothed my hair, turned, and smiled at Jean Marc as I walked out to finish my work.—*Name and address withheld*

For more provocative, stimulating, and controversial letters, read the exciting **Forum Magazine** now on sale at your newsstand, or for this month's copy, send $3.00 to **Forum Magazine**, P.O. Box 358, Belleville, New Jersey 07109.

CAMERA CREDITS

Our Pet of the Month, Christine Dupré, who appears on page 99, was photographed by Suze Randall with a Nikon 35mm camera, a Nikkor 80-200 zoom lens, and a Tiffen 81A filter. Allan J. Wash photographed Charlie Dean, who appears on page 66, with a Nikon F2 camera body, a Nikon MD2 motor drive, and Nikkor 24, 85, 135, and 180 lenses. Our love set, which appears on page 128, was shot by Earl Miller with a Nikon F2 camera, Nikkor 55, 85, and 135 lenses, Norman strobes, and Harrison filters.

GAMES

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 224

is not part of number names. It's "one hundred one," not ". . . and one.")
J. 12

7. MAIL. Zero. If seven letters match their envelopes, so will the eighth.

8. DISKO. A: One groove. B: Four inches. The record turns, not the stylus, so the number of grooves is not important. The stylus travels half the diameter of the record, less the outer blank area and half the inner blank area, for approximately four inches.

9. CARDS. From left to right: a five of clubs, a ten of clubs, and a ten of spades.

10. SUM. From left to right the cards are a six, a nine, and an eight.

11. FORMERLY KNOWN AS . . . 1-C, 2-O, 3-B, 4-K, 5-A, 6-D, 7-M (a city in New Mexico), 8-H (a Pennsylvania city), 9-P, 10-F, 11-E, 12-I, 13-L, 14-J, 15-N, 16-G.

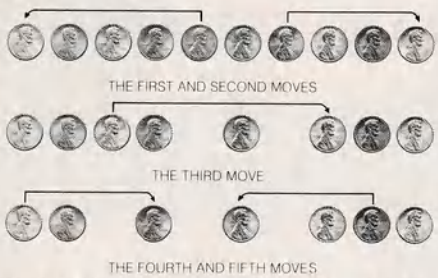
(SCORING. 14–16: Excellent—you know your way around; 10–13: Good—you can probably find your way back; 5–9: Bone up before you ask a travel agent for tickets to New Amsterdam; 0–4: Stay put—you don't know your Assyria from your Elba.)

12. DRINK. Ten cents. The expensive one was $2.10. (If you said $2 and 20 cents, that wouldn't add up. Two dollars is not $2 more than 20 cents, it is only $1.80 more.)

13. TAKE FIVE.

14. SORRY, BUD. $1.19. One 50-cent piece, one quarter, four dimes, no nickels, and four pennies.

15. TAKE TEN.



16. LOST. Pick up the sign and point the correct arrow back to Boondock, the way you came; then all other arrows will point the right way.

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Sweet chastity
THE RUSSIANS HAVE SENT ONE OF THEIR BEST AGENTS TO ENSNARE JOHN VAIN. IT IS PART OF A DEVIOUS PLAN TO BRING ABOUT THE DOWNFALL OF THE PRESIDENT OF TRANSYLVANIA, VINCENT VON FRANKENSTEIN. THE PLAN IS WORKING SO FAR— BROTHER, IS HE ENSNARED!
DOESN'T JOHNSY-WONSY WANT TO PLAY "PAUL REVERE" ANY-MORE?
LET'S GO SEE IF ANY OF THE HOUSEMAIDS KNOW HOW TO PLAY THAT GAME!
YES, OF COURSE I DO, MY DEAR—BUT YOU MUST REALIZE THAT I AM NO MERE MORTAL. I HAVE GREAT RESPONSIBILITIES!
WE GREAT STATESMEN ARE THE SERVANTS OF THE PEOPLE. HOW COULD FRANKENSTEIN MANAGE WITHOUT ME?
WE MUST DRESS FOR DINNER. DUTY CALLS!
by RON EMBLETON and BOB GUCCIONE

LIFE IS SO UNFAIR! NO MAN SHOULD BE THIS FAVOURED BY THE GODS!
IF I'VE GOT TO KEEP THIS UP FOR LONG I THINK I'LL SHOOT MYSELF!
BEAUTY! BRAINS! DEVASTATING SEX APPEAL! I EVEN TURN MYSELF ON!
BEWARE OF HUBRIS, JOHN VAIN! IT'S BROUGHT ABOUT THE DOWNFALL OF BIGGER MEN THAN YOU!

DINNER AT CASTLE DREER. NOT ONE OF THE USUAL DIPLOMATIC DINNER PARTIES, ANKLE DEEP IN CELEBRITIES AND OTHER ASSORTED FREE-LOADERS, BUT A QUIET, INTIMATE FAMILY DINNER. THE PRESIDENT DOES NOT LIKE TO BE KEPT WAITING!
IF MY SOUFFLÉ GOES FLAT HE CAN HAVE MY RESIGNATION! I DON'T COOK — I CREATE!
EEEK!
WANNA PLAY, "PAUL REVERE"?
CAN I GET YOU ANOTHER GLASS OF CHAMPAGNE WHILE YOU'RE WAITING, MRS. PRESIDENT?
THIS WON'T DO! HE'S LATE! WHERE THE HELL IS THAT LITTLE CREEP, JOHN VAIN?
HE'S BEEN IN HIS ROOM FOR DAYS, MR. PRESIDENT.
SURE, IGOR BABY— FILL IT UP!
YOU CAN GET ME ANOTHER BLOODY MARY, TOOMBS — AND DON'T SPARE THE BLOOD!

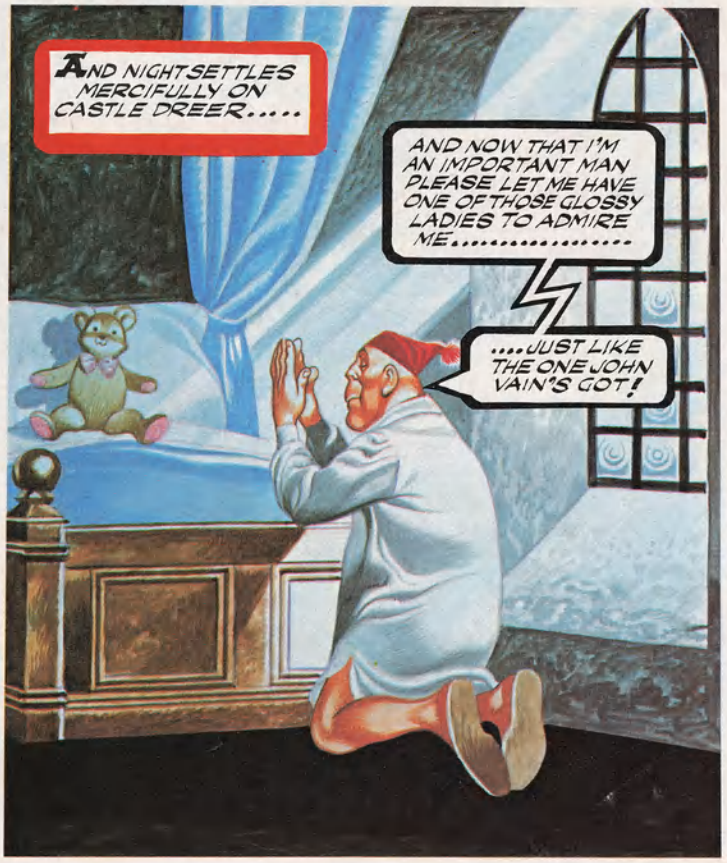
ANNOUNCE ME, TOOMBS.
ER... YES... OF COURSE! THE BARON JOHN VAIN... AND..?
?..
HI, FELLERS— WELCOME TO THE PARTY!
?

MY FIANCÉE— THE PRINCESS KATRINA ROMANOFF!
RUSSIAN?
WHITE, OF COURSE —NOT RED!

WILL YOU BE STAYING LONG, PRINCESS?
AS LONG AS JOHNSY-WONSY WANTS ME TO!
SHE'S KISSING HIM—IN FRONT OF EVERYBODY!
THE LITTLE CREEP MUST BE PAYING HER!
WHO DOES SHE THINK SHE'S KIDDING! HE'S GOT AS MUCH SEX APPEAL AS A GERIATRIC ORANGUTAN! SHE'S UP TO SOMETHING!

AND AFTER COFFEE, BRANDY, ASSORTED SWEETMEATS, AND CIGARS, ETC.....
HO-HUM! TRINA-WEENA IS TIRED, JOHNSY-WONSY!
EXCUSE US—LITTLE WOMAN MUST GET HER REST.

THAT WOMAN HAS GOT TO GO! WEAK FOOLS LIKE JOHN VAIN CAN LOSE THEIR HEADS OVER WOMEN LIKE THAT! I NEED HIM UNDER MY CONTROL!
WELL, AFTER THAT I NEED A STIFF GRENADIER! GOOD NIGHT, VINCENT.


AND NIGHT SETTLES MERCIFULLY ON CASTLE DREER.....
AND NOW THAT I'M AN IMPORTANT MAN PLEASE LET ME HAVE ONE OF THOSE GLOSSY LADIES TO ADMIRE ME.....
....JUST LIKE THE ONE JOHN VAIN'S GOT!

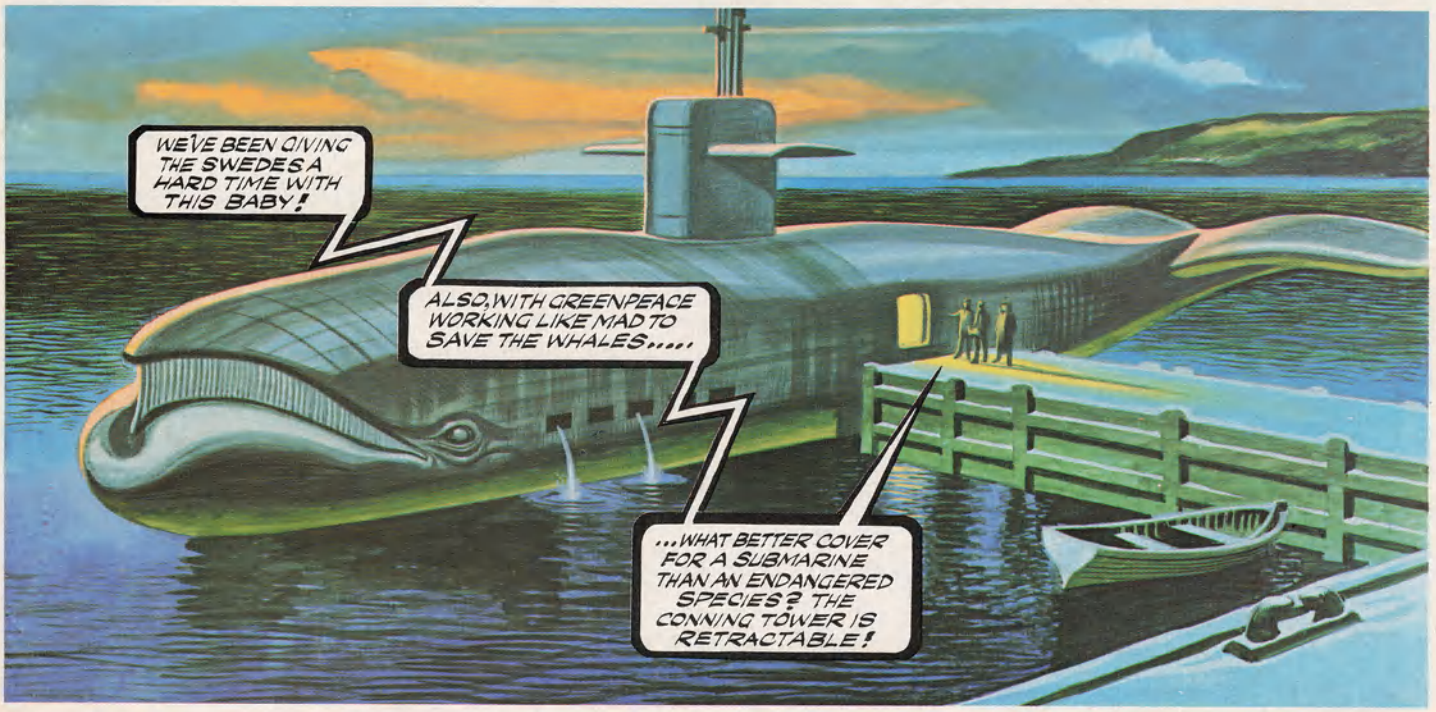
IN RUSSIA, COLONEL ALEXEI SADISTINOV, GRAND MASTER OF THE K.G.B SPECIAL SERVICES BUREAU, PREPARES TO LAUNCH ANOTHER OFFENSIVE IN THE COLD WAR.
WELL, DOCTOR - HAVE YOUR EXPERIMENTS WORKED? HOW ARE THINGS WITH OUR RELUCTANT LITTLE STUD HERE?
YES. THERE'S NO DOUBT THAT THE DARK GLASSES NEGATE HIS POWERS. I CAN'T SAY WE UNDERSTAND IT COMPLETELY - BUT IT WORKS!
DO YOU MIND IF WE HAVE A PRACTICAL DEMONSTRATION?
NO - OF COURSE NOT. I'LL CALL IN MY SECRETARY.

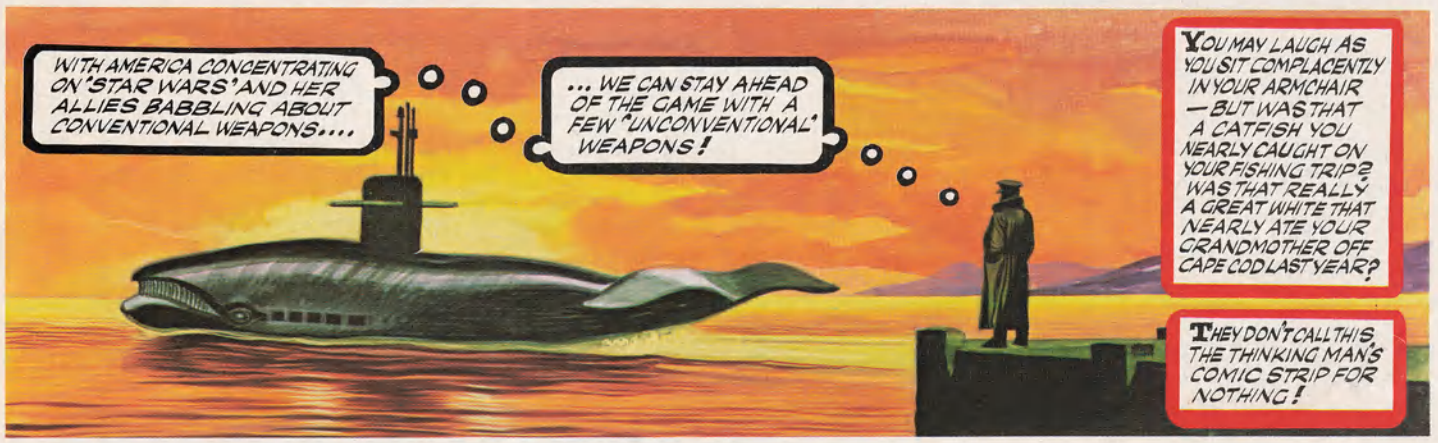
YOU SENT FOR ME, COMRADE DOCTOR?
THERE! YOU SEE — NO REACTION WHATSOEVER!
WELL, WELL! TAKE YOUR CLASSES OFF, PENISOVITCH!

GASP!
PANT!
GASP!
OH, NO!

GET HER OFF HIM!
I'VE NEVER SEEN ANYTHING LIKE IT BEFORE!
THERE IS AN HISTORICAL PRECEDENCE — THE INCUBUS! ALTHOUGH HIS POWERS ARE USUALLY ATTRIBUTED TO THE SUPERNATURAL!
THERE'S NOTHING SUPERNATURAL ABOUT THIS CLOWN!

YOU'VE FINISHED YOUR TRAINING NOW AND YOU KNOW YOUR BRIEF!
YES. I'M TO CONTACT YOUR AGENT IN WASHINGTON WHEN I GET THERE. HE WILL SET IT ALL UP. I JUST HAVE TO CONFRONT SWEET CHASTITY AT THE RIGHT TIME IN THE CHOSEN PLACE!
AND YOUR DEVASTATING PHYSICAL ATTRACTION WILL DO THE REST!
WE MUST COMPROMISE THE MAXIMUM NUMBER OF PEOPLE IN CIRCUMSTANCES THAT WILL GIVE THE SORDID LITTLE SCENE THE MAXIMUM PUBLICITY! IF WE PLAY OUR CARDS RIGHT WE COULD BRING DOWN THE REAGAN ADMINISTRATION!
THIS IS OUR NUMBER ONE SUBMARINE COMMANDER. HE'LL DROP YOU OFF THE AMERICAN COAST.
ISN'T THAT? COUGH! DANGEROUS?
NOT IN THE LEAST!


WE'VE BEEN GIVING THE SWEDES A HARD TIME WITH THIS BABY!
ALSO, WITH GREENPEACE WORKING LIKE MAD TO SAVE THE WHALES.....
...WHAT BETTER COVER FOR A SUBMARINE THAN AN ENDANGERED SPECIES? THE CONNING TOWER IS RETRACTABLE!


WITH AMERICA CONCENTRATING ON 'STAR WARS' AND HER ALLIES BABBLING ABOUT CONVENTIONAL WEAPONS....
... WE CAN STAY AHEAD OF THE GAME WITH A FEW "UNCONVENTIONAL" WEAPONS!
YOU MAY LAUGH AS YOU SIT COMPLACENTLY IN YOUR ARMCHAIR — BUT WAS THAT A CATFISH YOU NEARLY CAUGHT ON YOUR FISHING TRIP? WAS THAT REALLY A GREAT WHITE THAT NEARLY ATE YOUR GRANDMOTHER OFF CAPE COD LAST YEAR?
THEY DON'T CALL THIS THE THINKING MAN'S COMIC STRIP FOR NOTHING!

Here's your sweet 16.

GAMES

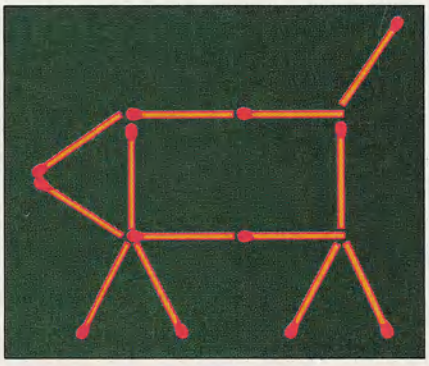
BY SCOT MORRIS

To commemorate our 16th birthday we give you a solid, foursquare selection of puzzles and quizzes. Beware of first impressions: Truth, like beauty, may be skin-deep.

1. PRODUCT LINE. Aspirin, cellophane, escalator, kerosene, linoleum, trampoline, yo-yo, and zipper. These aren't the props to be found in the latest punk-sex video, but they do have something in common. What is it?

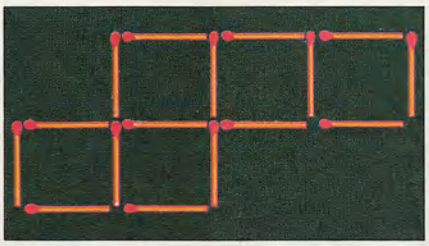
2. SONGWRITING 101. Besides being oldies but goodies, what do these songs have in common: "You Are My Sunshine," "It's All in the Game," "Rum and Coca-Cola," and "Heartbreak Hotel"?

3. TURNING DOG. The matchstick dog below is shown facing west. The problem is to make him face east. You can do it easily by moving three matches, but can you do it by changing the position of only two matches? (The dog must keep his tail upturned.)



4. FIVE TO FOUR. Lay out 16 matches (as shown at top of next column) to form five squares of equal size. The challenge is to move only two matches and make four squares, all of the same size. All the matches are used in the solution, and no loose ends are left.

5. IT CAME FROM CENTRAL CASTING. *The Thing, House of Wax, I Was a Teenage Werewolf, The Blob.* Besides being grade-B horror movies, what do these four flicks have in common?



6. GENERAL INFORMATION QUICKIES. Here's a quick trivia test to help you exercise your gray cells.

A. In what way are a cucumber and an avocado *opposites*?

B. In Queensland, Australia, men wear panty hose and nobody doubts their masculinity. Why?

C. What is the largest city in the world that is not built on a river or by the sea?

D. What is the smallest U.S. city with a National Football League team?

E. In what way does Parker Brothers, the game company, outdo the United States Treasury?

F. What do the steps on the Eiffel Tower have in common with the French Revolution?

G. Ignacy Jan Paderewski was the highest-paid concert pianist of all time, according to the *Guiness Book of World Records*. What did he have in common with the premier of Poland during World War I?

H. Gateway Arch in St. Louis is 630 feet high. How wide is it?

I. How high will you have to count before you use the letter *a* in spelling the English name of a number?

J. How many times a year is *Gentleman's Quarterly* published?

7. MAIL MIX. Our secretary typed eight letters to eight different "Games" column readers, and then addressed the eight envelopes. Unfortunately, the letters got all mixed up. If she puts letters in envelopes at random, what is the probability that exactly seven letters will go into the right envelopes?

8. DISKO. The next Prince album, we are told, will be 12 inches in diameter, with an outer lip half an inch wide. The diameter of the unused center of the album, carrying the label, will be three inches. Grooves cut into the record will average 100 to the inch.

Question A: Approximately how many grooves will there be on each side of the album?

Question B: How far will a phonograph stylus travel when one side of the record is played?

9. CARDS. Picture three playing cards laid out side by side. A ten is just to the right of a five. A ten is just to the left of a ten. There is a club just to the left of a spade, and a club just to the right of a club. What are the three cards?

10. TO SUM UP. Use the same arrangement of three facedown cards. All three are spot cards. From the following clues, what is the value of each?

1. The total value of cards 1 and 2 is 15.
2. The total of cards 2 and 3 is 17.
3. No card is a seven.
4. No card has a value higher than nine.

11. FORMERLY KNOWN AS . . . Times change, and so do places. On the numbered list below, are the former names of some countries and cities around the world and, lettered, the new, improved, and much-preferred names. Your job: match them up.

1. Abyssinia
2. Belgian Congo
3. British Honduras
4. Ceylon
5. East Pakistan
6. Gold Coast
7. Hot Springs
8. Mauch Chunk
9. Northern Rhodesia
10. Persia
11. Saigon
12. St. Petersburg
13. Siam
14. South-West Africa
15. Stalingrad
16. Constantinople

A. Bangladesh
B. Belize

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A total of six prizes will be awarded: One 1st prize of a new Dodge 600 Convertible. Approximate value based on list price, F.O.B. Montreal is $15,000. Delivery will be made to Chrysler dealership nearest winner's address. Winner is responsible for license, registration and auto insurance.

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On Sept. 6, 1985 at 11:00 a.m. in Toronto, Ontario random selections will be made from among eligible entries received. Selected entrants will be contacted and in order to win, must first correctly answer, unaided, a time-limited, arithmetical, skill-testing question to be administered during a telephone interview. Decisions of the judging organization are final.

Contest is open to all residents of Canada who have reached the age of majority, except employees and members of their immediate families of 132127 Canada Inc. and Penthouse International Ltd., their representatives, distributors, publicity agents and the contest judging organization. By entering and accepting a prize, winners agree to the use of their name, address and photograph, without payment, in any forthcoming publicity. Contest is subject to all Federal, Provincial and Municipal laws. Inquiries from Québec residents respecting the conduct of this contest and awarding of prizes may be submitted to the Régie des loteries et courses du Québec.

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Contest closes Sept. 5, 1985 **0985**

GAMES

C. Ethiopia
D. Ghana
E. Ho Chi Minh City
F. Iran
G. Istanbul
H. Jim Thorpe
I. Leningrad
J. Namibia
K. Sri Lanka
L. Thailand
M. Truth or Consequences
N. Volgograd
O. Zaire
P. Zambia

12. DRINK UP. You have two bottles of beer, a premium brand and an economy brand. The good one cost $2 more than the cheap one. You spent $2.20 for both. How much did the economy brand cost?

13. TAKE FIVE. You have five coins and the challenge is to arrange them so that each coin touches the other four. It's easy to place four coins in mutual contact, as shown below. But can you do it with five?

14. SORRY, BUD. What is the maximum amount of money you can be carrying in U.S. coins—not counting dollar coins—without being able to give someone exact change for a nickel, a dime, a quarter, a 50-cent piece, or a dollar?

15. TAKE TEN. Put ten coins in a row, as shown. You may pick up any coin, jump over two adjacent coins, and place it on the next coin. The challenge is to make five such moves and leave five stacks of two coins each. You may jump over single coins or two-coin stacks.

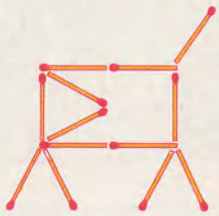
16. LOST IN AMERICA. You are driving alone along a dark country road and you pass through Boondock. The lights are on at the Boondock Tavern, but you decide not to stop. About 20 minutes later, you reach an intersection where five roads meet at one spot. Unfortunately, the road sign has been knocked over and damaged, so much so that you can't tell how it originally pointed. You can identify the five arrows pointing to Boondock, Crockettville, Hicksburg, Resume Speed, and Kalamazoo. You are alone at the crossroads; there's no one to ask. How do you find out which of the roads leads to Kalamazoo, your destination?

Answers:

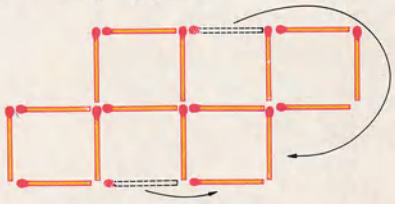
1. PRODUCT. These are all former brand names that have become generic terms. In the case of aspirin, the name was taken away from the Bayer company in a judicial decision by Judge Learned Hand, who felt that the word had come to be generic for the headache pill made from salicylic acid. As a result of this decision, the companies behind Xerox, Kleenex, Frisbee, Coke, and Scotch tape routinely send nasty notes to magazines that spell their names without capital letters.

2. SONGWRITING. They are all songs written by people not usually known as songwriters. "Sunshine" was by Jimmie Davis, twice governor of Louisiana; "Game" (a Tommy Edwards hit in 1958) was by Charles G. Dawes, vice-president under Calvin Coolidge; lyrics to "Rum" were written by comedian Morey Amsterdam; and "Hotel" was penned by Mae Axton, Hoyt Axton's mother.

3. DOG.



4. FIVE TO FOUR.



5. CENTRAL CASTING. They are all movies in which actors who were to become famous appeared: James Arness and Michael Landon in the title roles of *The Thing* and *Teenage Werewolf,* respectively, and early appearances by Charles Bronson in *House of Wax* and Steve McQueen in *The Blob*.

6. QUICKIES.

A. Of all raw vegetables, a cucumber has the least number of calories per ounce, an avocado the most.

B. Australian lifeguards wear panty hose as protection against jellyfish.

C. Mexico City

D. Green Bay, Wisconsin

E. Each year, Parker Brothers prints more play money for its Monopoly games than the Treasury prints for real.

F. The number of steps match the year of the revolution: 1792.

G. Paderewski actually *was* Poland's premier.

H. Base and height are both 630 feet.

I. One thousand. (Incidentally, "and"

CONTINUED ON PAGE 215

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TITLE	SELECTION NUMBER	TITLE	SELECTION NUMBER	TITLE	SELECTION NUMBER
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ROMANCING THE STONE	0894092	CASABLANCA	0507082	EXCALIBUR	6021022
COTTON CLUB	3100032	TOOTSIE	1509042	TIGHTROPE	6051052
THE BIG CHILL	1527022	THE GRADUATE	3103002	BACHELOR PARTY	0926012
WARGAMES	0828002	THE AFRICAN QUEEN	0511022	CARNAL KNOWLEDGE	6000072
RISKY BUSINESS	6033082	ON GOLDEN POND	0523082	BODY DOUBLE	1713062
THE NATURAL	1649052	THE LONGEST DAY	0577032	REVENGE OF THE NERDS	0925022
STAR WARS	0564162	DIRTY HARRY	6017082	GREYSTOKE–THE LEGEND OF TARZAN, LORD OF THE APES	6045042
YENTL	0895082	STRIPES	1513082		
HIGH ROAD TO CHINA	6022012	FUNNY GIRL	1511002	EDUCATING RITA	1593012
CADDYSHACK	6023022	CHRISTINE	1580062	THE ROAD WARRIOR	6028052
MAKING MICHAEL JACKSON'S THRILLER	7103012	OCTOPUSSY	0856052	SUPERMAN III	6040092
		PORKY'S	0775112	TWILIGHT ZONE–The Movie	6034072
KING KONG (The Original)	5502022	CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND–Special Edition	1510012	ANNIE	1516052
POLICE ACADEMY	6049002			THE MUPPETS TAKE MANHATTAN	0923042
ARSENIC & OLD LACE	0735102	THE RIGHT STUFF	6043062	ALIEN	0002322
THE COMANCHEROS	0762242	NATIONAL LAMPOON'S VACATION	6039022	THE MAGNIFICENT SEVEN	0534212
KARATE KID	1710092	BODY HEAT	6020032	THUNDERBALL	0709042
PRIVATE BENJAMIN	6018072	ARTHUR	6024092	BUTCH CASSIDY & THE SUNDANCE KID	0517302
SHE WORE A YELLOW RIBBON	5504002	ROOSTER COGBURN	1018082	PURPLE RAIN	6048012
RED RIVER	7507032	NEVER SAY NEVER AGAIN	6042072	THE MALTESE FALCON	0508072

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COMING IN THE OCTOBER PENTHOUSE

THE PIZZA CONNECTION

The Mafia is back—with a vengeance! Federal investigators have recently discovered that the multibillion-dollar heroin trade is actually controlled from a handful of rustic Sicilian villages. Pulitzer Prize–winning reporter William Sherman, who helped break part of this story earlier this year on ABC's "20/20," documents just how this "pizza connection" works, explains why a vacuum in the leadership of the American Mafia enabled the Italian hoods to muscle in, and vividly describes the incredible violence unleashed by the modern-day Godfathers of Palermo, Bagheria, and the real-life town of Corleone, Sicily.

THE MISS AMERICA FARCE

One year after the Vanessa Williams scandal, it's Miss America time once again in Atlantic City—and once again, writes Venus Ramey, "The big-money boys and ambitious contestant molders are crushing natural, wholesome, creative spontaneity out of the entrants." Ms. Ramey should know whereof she speaks: She was Miss America in 1944. In this hilarious and outspoken "Advise & Dissent," she contrasts the old days, when "artifice would automatically disqualify contestants," with today's redone girls and their "dental bonding, artificial hairpieces, false eyelashes, and false fingernails. Caught in the rain, part of them could fall off—or at least start squeaking!"

THE 20 WORST COLLEGE FOOTBALL TEAMS

Ever since 1977 Larry Linderman has risked life and limb by nominating the worst college football teams in these pages. Last year, one irate coach snarled: "*Penthouse* should stick to what it knows best—and that's *not* football." His team promptly proceeded to have one of its worst years ever and will be immortalized once again on next month's list—as will an all-new No. 1 worst team in the land. No matter where you go to school, or *if* you go to school, you can't afford to miss Larry's little list.

SEX ON CAMPUS

Football isn't the only game played in college, of course. Ellen Sherman recently visited several campuses to report on today's sexual smorgasbord. These days, students know more, she discovered—and what they know, they know earlier. But along with this increased awareness and enjoyment of each other's bodies, Sherman also found many other changes. As a Dartmouth freshman told her: "It used to be the women at the parties who looked scared. Now they're the ones who case the guys out. I don't think guys really know how to deal with it." If *you* want to know how to deal with today's college scene, Ellen's article is a must.

THE UNTOUCHABLES

In today's world of ever-increasing danger from toxic fumes and chemical fires, what kind of protection do we have? In a dramatic photo essay next month, *Penthouse* profiles Haz Mat No. 1, a new, exclusive, gung ho unit in the New York City Fire Department. Using the latest technology, these guys fight toxic fires, clean up chemical spills, and plug holes from which poison gases are escaping. If a Bhopal disaster struck here, we'd depend on these men to save our lives.

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